

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

10¢

BEBE
DANIELS
by

THE
AMAZING
MOTHER
OF
HOLLYWOOD

P. McEVoy • ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS • JIM TULLY
OMER CROY • TAMAR LANE • HERB HOWE • GRACE KINGSLEY

"Here... try **Kissproof**, my dear...
you'll not need lipstick again today!"

"This is the **FOURTH** time I've had to fuss with lipstick today! Lipstick is certainly a necessary **EVIL**!"

"**NECESSARY**, my dear, but **NOT** an evil! That is, when you use lipstick that **STAYS ON**!"

"Well, of course, that **WOULD** be different. By the way, **YOU** never seem to be making up your lips. What do **YOU** use?"

"Why, **Kissproof**, my dear—I wouldn't be without it. I just put it on in the morning and **FORGET** it. Here, **TRY** **Kissproof**—you'll not need lipstick **AGAIN** today!"

Your lipstick should do more than make your lips beautiful—it should *keep* them that way.

If you are using a makeshift lip color that needs continual retouching—that stains everything your lips touch—change to **Kissproof**, the new modern lipstick that **LASTS**!

5,000,000 users of this magic beautifier find that it keeps lips lovely hours longer than any other lipstick.

And **Kissproof** has a truly uncanny ability to make ordinary lips charming! Its ravishing color tints all lips with warm, *natural* loveliness that is simply irresistible.

Give your lips a treat by changing to this lasting lipstick today. You'll be agreeably surprised at how long it stays on—how perfectly *natural* it makes your lips appear.

These exquisite **Kissproof** cosmetics in all wanted shades, at toilet counters the world over. **Kissproof** Lipstick, black and gold case, 50c. Swivel case, 75c. **Kissproof** Face Powder, striking **NEW** box, Boudoir size, \$1.00. Debutante size, 50c. **Kissproof** Compact Rouge, **NEW** black and red enamel case, 50c. **Kissproof** Lip and Cheek Rouge, **NEW** black and red enamel case, 50c. Also **Delica-Brow** lash beautifier, liquid or cake, 75c.



Try This

Complete Kissproof Make-up

Stage and screen stars and beautiful women everywhere find that *harmony of color is not enough*. That unless each cosmetic that they use *lasts*, thus doing away with continual retouching, the entire effect is destroyed.

Here is the complete **Kissproof** make-up that they endorse—so natural—so *lasting*!

First, give cheeks the natural blush of youth with **Kissproof** Compact Rouge. It will truly surprise you how seldom it need be used!

Then, for that soft, satiny, marble-like beauty gently rub on **Kissproof** Face Powder. It will seem to become a part of you—soft, exquisite and *clinging*!

Next, for the perfect Cupid's Bow, just a touch of **Kissproof** Lipstick makes lips glow with new, natural, lasting beauty.

Some prefer **Kissproof** Lip and Cheek Rouge, equally beautifying to lips or cheeks. A natural, permanent coloring.

As a final touch of loveliness, flick lashes and brows with **Delica-Brow**, the water-proof lash and brow beautifier.

It costs no more to use this lasting make-up. Try a complete **Kissproof** make-up today. You'll be astounded at how long your improved appearance *lasts*—how truly *natural* your complete make-up will be.



The coupon below brings you sufficient quantities of the **NEW** **Kissproof** cosmetics for 10 days of complete **Kissproof** make-up. You'll appreciate the difference. This is a Special Limited offer. So send coupon today!

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The modern **LASTING** make-up

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4-TG

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538 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Send me complete **Kissproof** Make-up Kit and 12-page **Clever Make-up Booklet**. I enclose 10c to partly cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

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 LATEST BEACHES FAMOUS BEST SELLER - NOW THE TALKING SCREEN'S BIGGEST SENSATION

The Greatest Picture
 of His Great Career!

RICHARD
BARTHELMESS
 in
"SON OF THE GODS"
 with COLOR and
 Constance Bennett

Never have the Talkies told such a sensationally novel story! Never has the star of "Weary River" and "Tol'able David" been so fascinatingly brilliant! Never has a Barthelmess picture been produced on such a magnificently lavish scale as "SON OF THE GODS"! Millions from coast to coast have called it big—gripping—thrilling. See for yourself if they aren't right!

[A Frank Lloyd production. Screen version by Bradley King. Color scenes by the Technicolor process. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation]

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 VITAPHONE PICTURE

First National Pictures
 VITAPHONE Picture
 REG. TRADE MARK

The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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Will
you pay 50¢
to get rid of
dandruff?



It isn't at all surprising that many thousands of women—and men—have found the solution to the troubling dandruff problem, in a 50¢ bottle of Listerine.

Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

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and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of humiliating dandruff, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it *full strength* on the scalp. Then massage the latter vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of

it. If your hair and scalp are exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

NOTE TO MEDICAL AND
DENTAL PROFESSION:

When prescribing a mouth wash for *germicidal* purposes, make certain that it is a germicide, and not merely a preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.



LISTERINE
for dandruff

the safe antiseptic
kills 200,000,000
germs in 15 seconds

10c size on sale at all Woolworth stores

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

THE success of the popular tenor, John McCormack, in the Irish talkie drama, "Song o' My Heart," in which he sings eleven numbers, will add to the demand for this favorite's always popular Victor records. You will find quite a few of the "Song o' My Heart" numbers recorded—and charmingly recorded.

Victor has just issued another Maurice Chevalier record. One side carries Victor Schertzinger's "Paris, Stay the Same," one of the hits of "The Love Parade." The other is devoted to the number, "You've Got That Thing," the Cole Porter hit of the musical comedy, "Fifty Million Frenchmen." You surely will want this record for Chevalier's piquant "Love Parade" number.

THREE films, "Puttin' On the Ritz," "Be Yourself" and "Chasing Rainbows," run strongly in the month's popular new records. One of the best of the "Puttin' On the Ritz" records comes, *via* Victor, from Lou Reisman and his orchestra. This carries a fox-trot version of Irving Berlin's corking number, "Puttin' On the Ritz," and a good fox-trot adaptation of "Singing a Vagabond Song," also from Harry Richman's talking picture.

For Columbia, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians have a lively "Puttin' On the Ritz" fox-trot record, carrying "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie" and "With You." Both carry vocal refrains.

Irving Kaufman sings two "Puttin' On the Ritz" numbers for Columbia, "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie" and "Singing a Vagabond Song."

Fannie Brice's musical film, "Be Yourself," gets a strong play from the record makers. Miss Brice herself sings two numbers from her film for Victor, "Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love" and "When a Woman Loves a Man."

Bernie Cummins and his New Yorker Hotel Orchestra have made a good dance record of these two numbers for Victor.

For Columbia the Ipana Troubadours have made a special "Be Yourself" fox-trot record, carrying

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"Paris, Stay the Same"

Maurice Chevalier (Victor)

"Puttin' On the Ritz"

Reisman Orchestra (Victor)

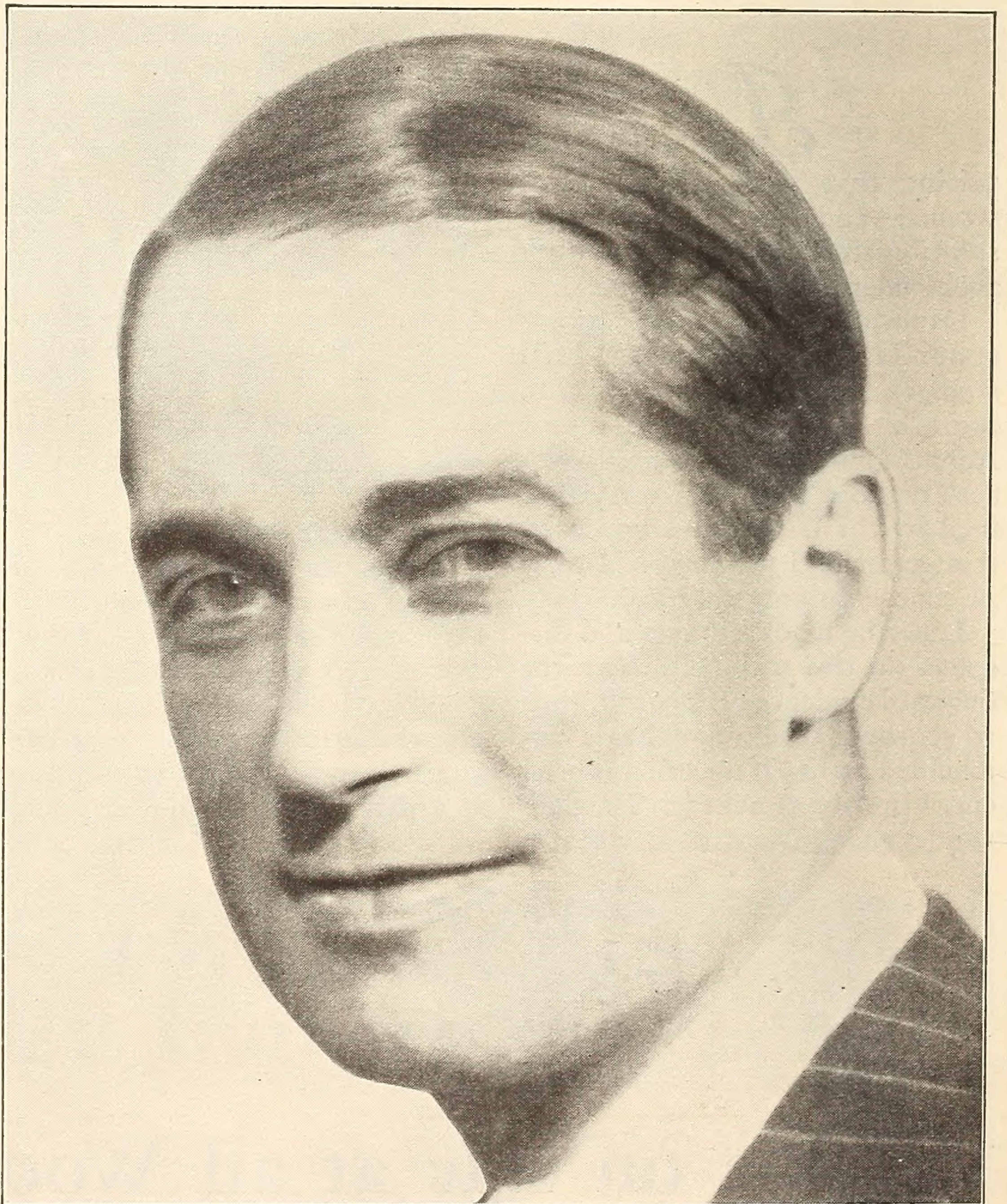
"Cooking Breakfast"

Fannie Brice (Victor)

"Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love" and "Kickin' a Hole in the Sky." For Columbia, too, Jan Garber and his Greater Columbia Recording Orchestra play a fox-trot version of "When a Woman Loves a Man." On the reverse side is "Puttin' On the Ritz," Mr. Berlin's highly popular number.

A TUNEFUL dance record comes, *via* Columbia, from Ben Selvin and his orchestra. It carries "Happy Days Are Here Again," from "Chasing Rainbows," and "The One Girl," from "The Song of the West." The Rondoliers, also, have made a good vocal rendition of "Happy Days Are Here Again" for Columbia.

Waring's Pennsylvanians have made a danceable version of two "No, No, Nanette" numbers for Victor.



Victor has another charming number from Maurice Chevalier. This presents "Paris, Stay the Same," from "The Love Parade," along with another piquant song.



AND

Read what women all over the country say:

"I have done my last gray, dingy wash!" says Mrs. W. E. Stockton of 2324 Scotten Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. "How white and clean Rinso makes the clothes!"

"Rinso makes such creamy, cleansing suds in our hard water—the dirt just *soaks* out," writes Mrs. A. C. Pitts, 3260 Gough St., San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. John McCrossin of 218 West 20th St., New York, N. Y., says, "There's no scrubbing to wear out the clothes—they last much longer now." And Mrs. Frank Penny of 4412 Sheridan Road, Chicago, says, "The Rinso way is wonderfully easy on my hands. They're scarcely in hot suds at all."

Millions use Rinso. Thousands write us letters like these.

The whitest washes in America are not scrubbed—not boiled ...washed snowy by these safe, active suds!

YOU see them on the line everywhere! Snowy-white and sparkling in the sun. So sweet and clean you can *smell* their freshness!

And these whitest washes in America are just *soaked* clean. Not scrubbed. Not boiled. Just soaked in famous Rinso suds. No wonder clothes last much longer!

All you need on washday

Even in the hardest water, Rinso is all you need for the week's wash. No bar soaps, chips, powders, soft-

eners—just Rinso. Its thick, creamy, *lasting* suds loosen dirt. See how much *whiter* clothes come from tub or washer. See how your hands are spared.

And Rinso is so economical! Granulated, *compact*, one cupful gives more suds than two cupfuls of lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

Great in washers, too

The makers of 38 leading washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter clothes. Get the BIG house-

hold package and follow the easy directions for best results. Use Rinso for dishes, too—for pots and pans—and for all cleaning!

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



THE GRANULATED SOAP FOR TUB OR WASHER

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Group A

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You're sure to like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—

to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount.*

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox.*

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists.*

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount.*

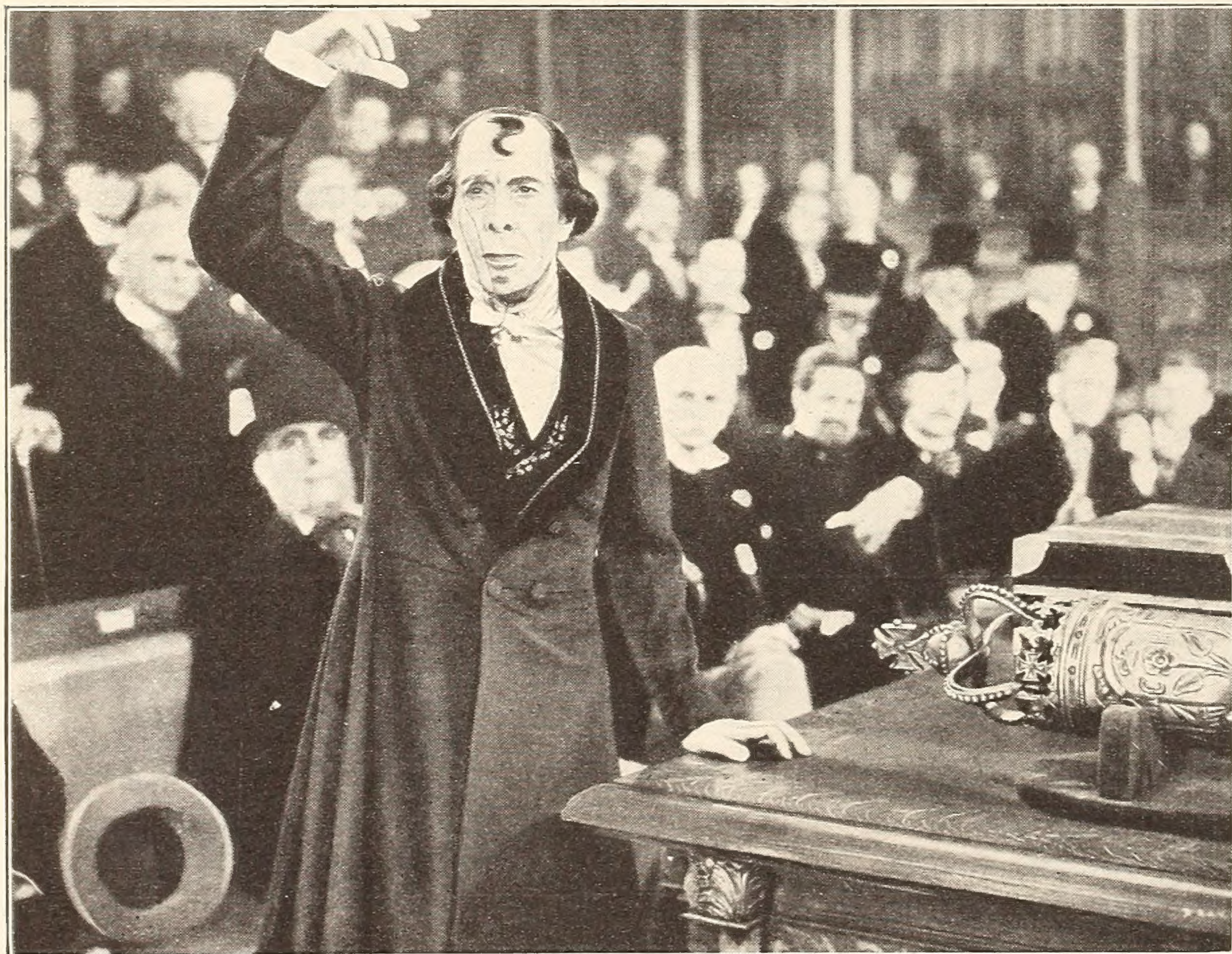
Hallelujah. King Vidor's splendid and sympathetic presentation of a negro story. Dialogue and musical background of negro spirituals. With an all-colored cast. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

The Cock-Eyed World. Funny but rough sequel to "What Price Glory?" The comedy hit of the season. With Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Lily Damita. *Fox.*

Group B

Men Without Women. The action takes place in a submarine trapped on the floor of the China Sea. The harrowing reactions of the crew face to face with death. Grim and startling—and full of suspense. *Fox.*

Seven Days' Leave. The tender and moving story of a London charwoman in the maelstrom of the World War. Beautifully acted by Beryl Mercer as the scrub-



"Disraeli," with George Arliss in his fine characterization of the great British premier, has been one of the favorite motion pictures of the past six months. This was intelligently told and adroitly directed—and it was glorified by Arliss' fine work.

woman and by Gary Cooper as the soldier she adopts. *Paramount*.

Son of the Gods. Notable for another fine Richard Barthelmess performance. The yarn of a young Oriental who collides with racial prejudices. Superb performance by Constance Bennett as the girl he loves. *First National*.

This Thing Called Love. A racy and daring study of marriage and divorce with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe giving brilliant performances. *Pathé*.

The Marriage Playground. Another study in divorce, based on Edith Wharton's "The Children." Sympathetic story and beautiful acting by Mary Brian. *Paramount*.

Half Way to Heaven. Buddy Rogers as a kid aerialist in love with a pretty trapeze performer, Jean Arthur. Buddy was never better. Pleasant entertainment. *Paramount*.

Sally. Delightful eye and ear entertainment, with Marilyn Miller won over to the talkies. Miss Miller is altogether delightful. *Warner Brothers*.

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen debut as a young bandmaster trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. *Radio Pictures*.



John Barrymore's latest picture, "General Crack," has moments of fine acting and unusual charm. Here is a persuasive romantic scene between Barrymore and Armita, the little Spanish actress.

The Kiss. Greta Garbo's last silent film. All about a young wife on trial for murdering her husband. The jury does just what it would do if you were on it. Well acted, particularly by Miss Garbo. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

The Thirteenth Chair. Margaret Wycherly in Bayard Veiller's popular stage thriller. Well done, indeed. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

The big moment of "The Rogue Song," when the roistering Cossack brigand, played by Lawrence Tibbett, invades the boudoir of the Russian princess, acted by Catherine Dale Owen. Mr. Tibbett does some robust singing in this screen operetta based in Franz Lehar's "Gypsy Love."



WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Janis
Dorothy Jordan
Kay Johnson
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Robert Montgomery
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Fay Webb

El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
June Collyer
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor
Lola Lane
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe

Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie

Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Ruth Taylor
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Armida
John Barrymore
Betty Bronson
Joe Brown
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

Davey Lee
Lila Lee
Winnie Lightner
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marion Nixon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Junior Coghlan

Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill
Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford

Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

Jacqueline Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Mary Astor
Ben Bard

Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler



Photograph by Hurrell

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



JOHN BOLES



Photograph by Preston Duncan

BLANCHE SWEET



Photograph by John Miehle

DOLORES DEL RIO



Photograph by Richee

GARY COOPER



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

KAY JOHNSON



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

JEANETTE MACDONALD



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Miss Gish now is at the crisis of her career. She makes her talkie début in Molnar's "The Swan," a flashing high comedy of royalty from behind the scenes. How will she fare in the audible films? These are trying days for the film famous.

**LILLIAN
GISH**

The New Movie Magazine



Gossip of the Studios

MR. AND MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE took a great interest in pictures during their recent trip to Los Angeles. They were Mary Pickford's guests at the Breakfast Club and afterwards

Mary conducted them through several studios. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, where they spent an entire afternoon, they were luncheon guests of Louis B. Mayer and Miss Pickford and met most of the stars. Later they watched pictures being made and got as much kick out of it as the usual studio visitor. Marion Davies, making "The Gay Nineties," occupied the best part of the time, and the former President and First Lady got an enormous thrill out of listening to words and songs

they had just heard, "played back" to them a few seconds later from the big horns on the wall. They were photographed with Miss Pickford, Mr. Mayer, Miss Davies and Will Hays and also made a short movie at the Breakfast Club. On leaving Los Angeles they went to spend six days at William Randolph Hearst's famous ranch, "The Enchanted Hill," at San Simeon, about two hundred miles north of Hollywood.

For the Breakfast Club and the studio tour, Mrs. Coolidge wore a sport suit of brilliant orange, with a brown fur and a small brown felt hat. Everyone was much delighted with her gaiety and the fact that she seemed to be having the time of her life.

* * *

Do you know that Beverly Hills, thanks to it being the home of so many stars, receives 12,600,000 pieces of mail a year? That in spite of the fact that it is a very small community and sends out only 5,500,000 pieces a year.

* * *

MARIE PREVOST gave a big party in one of the private dining-rooms of the Roosevelt Hotel in honor of Buster Collier's birthday. Small tables were arranged around the wall and the supper was served

buffet style. A dance floor was left bare in the middle and Marie had a special colored orchestra to play for her guests. The hostess wore a gown of emerald green chiffon, which touched the floor, and a corsage of gardenias. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue—the latter in a frock of eggshell georgette.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cohn; Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton; Mrs. Mae Sunday, in a trailing dance dress of purple chiffon; Bebe Daniels, in a new creation of pale yellow, with flowing sleeves and cape; Mrs. Phyllis Daniels; Margaret Livingston, looking stunning in a tight-fitting affair of print, bright red and green figures against a background of cream taffeta; Kathryn Crawford, in a backless evening gown of soft blue satin, with a girdle of crystal; Catherine Dale Owen; Jeanette Loff, in bright pink crêpe de chine; Doris Arbuckle; Louella Parsons, in a print chiffon with soft flounces that touched the floor; Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mrs. Dwan in black satin and pearls; Dan Danker, Wesley Ruggles, Norman Kerry, Joe Schenck, Lew Cody and Wallace Davis.

Marie had everyone send Buster wires of congratulation, and a little black boy in buttons arrived about every five minutes with a yellow envelope—some of them very witty.

Hoot Gibson, Reggie Denny, Wally Beery, Ben Lyon and Clarence Brown, the director, all own and pilot their own planes.

THE Embassy Club continues to be the most popular place to lunch among the feminine contingent of the film industry, with the masculine element strong for the Brown Derby.

Dropping into the Embassy at different times this month, we saw Lilyan Tashman Lowe, in a sport suit of chartreuse, having luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wasserman, of New York. Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Ina Claire)



Richard Barthelmess: Just returned from a long vacation touring the Continent.



John McCormack: Having watched his film score in New York, he goes to Ireland.



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Betty Compson: With her husband famous for hospitality at Flintridge.

was lunching with Mrs. Barney Glazer, both in severe black, which is Ina Claire Gilbert's favorite for both daytime and evening. Marion Davies was present with her sisters, Rose and Renee. Mrs. Basil Rathbone, with Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett and Lillian Kemble Cooper, of stage fame. Dorothy Dalton (now Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II) with some friends, and Dorothy Mackaill, the only woman at the famous Bachelors Table,

where any day you will find Barney Glaze, Herman Mankiewicz, Gene Markey, Harry d'Arrast, George Fitzmaurice, John McCormick, Carey Wilson, and Al Hall.

* * *

When you see "Hell's Angels" you will be looking at something which cost \$33,333.33 for every minute you watch it.

* * *

MR. and Mrs. Frank Borzage—Frank directed "Seventh Heaven" and other successes—had a farewell dinner party for Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack, just before the famous Irish tenor and his wife and daughter, Gwendolyn, left for Ireland. The Borzage house was decorated in green, and the centerpiece on the dinner table was a huge Irish harp, in reality a cake. After dinner there was dancing, bridge and music. The guests included Mary Lewis, Virginia Valli, Fania Maranoff, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman) Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peck (Janet Gaynor), Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hovey, Edmund Goulding, Eddie Sutherland, Charlie Chaplin, Charles Farrell, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Quigley.

* * *

Trained mice get two dollars a day in Hollywood.

* * *

NO party ever given in the Hollywood folk colony could rival the house warming of Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick, for charm, interest and beauty, as well as for distinguished guests. Mrs. McCormick, of course, is Colleen Moore, and, while she doesn't have time to do a great deal of entertaining, when she does she is a charming hostess.



The new home of the McCormicks in Bel-Air is remarkably well suited to entertaining, with its big drawing-room and stately hall, its gay sun porches and balconied dining-room.

Almost a hundred guests were there on this special Sunday evening, and small card tables were placed all over the house in most attractive fashion, without giving an air of crowding.

After dinner, Colleen presented a marionette show in her own little theater—a show personally directed and supervised by the star herself. Little acts had been specially written for the occasion by Carey Wilson, and included humorous incidents about many of the guests present, including Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, Elsie Janis and her mother, and Sam Harris, the New York stage producer. These efforts were greeted with loud cheers by the audience and the subjects of the gay jests seemed to enjoy them as much as anybody present.

The skits were entitled "The Private Life of Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire," "Seventh Heaven as Charlie Farrell would have played it with Virginia Valli instead of Janet Gaynor as Diane," "Elsie and Ma," and "Sam Harris Goes Hollywood." It is doubtful if anything cleverer has ever been presented in a private home anywhere.

The house was brilliant with great jars of early spring flowers, arranged to match the color schemes of the rooms.

The most effective gown of the evening was worn by Hedda Hopper, a stunning affair of gold and blue and henna brocade which trailed for several feet on the floor, and was held in place over the arms and at the waist with heavy, jeweled chains. Colleen herself was in a simple frock of printed chiffon in green and beige. Mr. and Mrs. George Hill (Frances Marion), Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II (Dorothy Dalton), Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Edna Murphy), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Bebe Daniels, Carey Wilson and Carmelite Gerharghty, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Ina Claire), Harold Grieve and Julianne Johnston, Blanche Sweet, Elsie Janis, Mrs. Janis, Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harris, Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), Ben Lyon, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Dorothy Mackaill, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Mr. and Mrs.

Henry Hobert (Olive Tell), and many others.

* * *

Jack Oakie's legal name is Lewis D. Offield.

* * *

BEBE DANIELS opened her big beach house one day last month to entertain for a group of her old friends from New York—Julian Bach, Everett Jacobs and

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Percy Mendelsohn. Mrs. Daniels was ill and Bebe was held up late at the studio, so the party had to start without either hostess, but little Marie Mosquini substituted efficiently. Those things will happen in Hollywood society. Bebe's guests included Joe Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn (Frances Howard Goldwyn looked lovely in a chiffon dinner dress of brilliant red just from Paris), Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wolheim, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, and Kathryn Crawford (Miss Crawford has a favorite model evening dress which she wears, in several colors of soft satin. The back is cut to several inches below the waist line, the front is a tight bodice, held in place by a girdle of costume jewelry and the skirt just misses the floor, in a series of trick drapes), Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart (Olive Tell), Virginia Valli, and others.

* * *

THE best Hollywood opening of the month was that of "Happy Days" at the Cathay Circle Theater. Many new gowns—of the prevailing Spring mode—were in evidence. We saw Joan Bennett wearing a long ermine wrap trimmed in sable over a pretty girlish gown of eggshell chiffon. Fifi Dorsay came in a black lace gown and an ermine wrap. Patsy Ruth Miller wore the popular débutante color—eggshell—in satin. Jeanette MacDonald had on a beautifully cut wrap of blue velvet, and a gown of blue chiffon trimmed with pearl gray fox. Miss Armida, the new Spanish idol, draped a vivid Spanish shawl over a flaring red taffeta. Norma Talmadge had a new black velvet cape, knee length, with a huge collar of white fox, and a gown of her favorite white satin. Sally O'Neill wore a color scheme which was lovely under the lights: a light rose chiffon dress, and a draped wrap of velvet in a deeper shade, trimmed with mink. Mrs. Antonio Moreno was all in red, chiffon dress and velvet cape to match. Mrs. Harold Lloyd looked smarter than ever in chartreuse satin, with a short wrap of summer ermine. Julia Faye came in heavily beaded chartreuse satin, and ermine. Vera Gordon, all in black, a black crêpe dress and a long black velvet cape.

* * *

Lila Lee is going to do a Western picture called "Under Western Skies." In it, she must ride a horse. Despite all her years in pictures, Miss Lee could not ride. So Lila trundled herself up to Bill Hart's ranch north of Hollywood and spent a couple of days getting pointers from the famous two-gun man and practising under his instructions.

* * *

A LOT of Hollywood people have been taking early Spring vacations, and have been missed around the Hollywood parties. The Barthelmesses have been in Europe for months but have returned. Tales of a gorgeous New Year's Eve party

which they gave at Saint Moritz have been going the rounds here. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny have been spending the month at Reggie's wonderful cabin near Big Bear. Mrs. John Robertson has been down at La Quinta, Indio, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert joined her there for a week. Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson have been away at Palm Springs. Richard Dix took a two-week lay-off between pictures and spent it at Arrowhead.

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook—who are busily re-modeling and re-arranging the old home of Wallace Reid which they recently purchased from Dorothy Davenport Reid—also drove up to Arrowhead for a week. William Haines and Roger Davis drove up to the gorgeous ranch of George Gordon Moore for a few weeks, where they played polo and tennis to their hearts' content. Janet Gaynor has sailed for Honolulu—and thereby hangs a tale told in another place. Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) and Mrs. Peg Talmadge have been down at Agua Caliente. And next month things are bound to be a little quiet because Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe are leaving for New York for a month—and Hollywood will miss Lilyan Tashman's gay dinner parties very much.

Mary Brian and Dick Arlen have worked together in seven pictures.



Laura La Plante: Leaves Universal and plans a world tour with her husband.



THE engagement of Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, to William Goetz has caused Hollywood hostesses to start busy plans for entertaining. Miss Mayer is one of the most popular girls in the film colony and report has it that the wedding will be quite the grandest thing we have yet witnessed. Bessie Love, Carmel Myers and Leatrice Joy are announcing showers and luncheons, and many other affairs will be planned on short order, for while no definite date has been set, the ceremony will take place within a month or two, it is understood. Miss Mayer was a guest, with her father and mother and sister, Irene, last year at the White House, where they were entertained by President and Mrs. Hoover.

* * *

A PARTY with a most tragic finale was the little surprise birthday gathering arranged for Lew Cody by some of his

The Who's Who of Hollywood—and what the



Bebe Daniels: Her car overturns and her mother, Phyllis Daniels, is hurt.

phone call that Mabel had passed away quietly at a little after twelve. Those who had arranged the party were Norman Kerry, Cliff Edwards, Jack Gilbert, Marshall Neilan, Walter O'Keefe, Jack Pickford and Hoot Gibson, all old time friends of Lew's.

* * *

George Fawcett, the character actor, has written a lot of poems. What is more they have been published. Dozens of 'em.

* * *

NO one really knows Hollywood unless they spend an occasional Sunday at the open house suppers of Jimmy Cruze and Betty Compson at Flintridge. The most interesting people in the film colony drift in and out. Stimulated by Jimmy's wit and conversation and Betty's ease and tact as a hostess, the affair gains the color of a smart salon in Paris.

* * *

MOTION pictures started it, talkies helped it along, and now the new color pictures have added to the general mess. We refer to the words which Hollywood has added to our language—or slanguage.

No sooner had we become used to hearing cameramen, emerging from their sound-proof cells, call "the shot" just made in golf terms—"That was par—or a birdie—or an eagle" as they judged it, than a whole new vocabulary came into existence for the color films.

A few of the newer ones are:

FILTER: A colored prism placed in back of the lens of a camera, through which the scene is registered on the negative.

STRAWBERRY: Red filter.

MINT: Green filter.

LEMON: Yellow filter.

SWABBER: Gent who cleans the color camera.

FRYER: A color light. (They are hotter than the gates of Hades. Actors melt under them.)

"Clean 'em up" means to remove filters from the cameras and wipe off dust which gathers from rapidly turning film. This must be done

every 500 feet to preserve clearness of photography. **MAIN SPRING:** The delicate spring, accurate to .0001 of an inch, which holds the filters in place and prevents blurring of the colors. **FURNACE:** Color set on a hot day. **BATTERIES:** Rows of colored lights. **LILY:** A wilted color. **ASTIGMATISM:** Colors overlapping on the film. **SUBTRACTIVE COLORS:** Those obtained by removing a color from some other color. Such as removing yellow from green and getting blue. **JELLY:** A thin piece of gelatin placed over a sun-arc to slightly dim the light. **BLUE MIRROR:** New mirror with border of different colored lights which actors must use when making up for color pictures.

* * *

A flower stand near the Paramount Hollywood studios did \$2,000 worth of business in one month from the studio alone.

* * *

A DOCTOR in Hollywood has a machine which tells you what kind of a person you are. Said machine showed that Vivian Duncan, who always plays the nice, quiet, sad little girl, who is happy but occasionally, is the liveliest of the sisters. And that Rosita, who plays the laughing, cut-up Topsy parts is really the saddest of the Duncan sisters.

* * *

LAURA LA PLANTE and Universal have come to the parting of the trail, after being together for eight years. Laura still had two years to go on her present contract but asked for her release. She hasn't been any too happy about her rôles. She and her husband, Bill Seiter, popular director, are planning a trip around the world. After that Laura will start thinking about the future.

* * *

The first motion picture in Los Angeles was shot twenty-two years ago last month. The studio was a building and yard which had just been vacated by Sing Loos, Chinese laundryman. Tom Santchi played in it.

* * *

ALL of "Tin Pan Alley" is trekking to Hollywood and the flow of golden dollars for song writers which the talkies started. But further, the talkies are raising merry Ned with the stage—the New York stage. All the actors who were formerly tickled to death to get a part in a New York production are now in Hollywood, trying to break into pictures. This makes it tough on the New York producer who has to look high and low for his casts.

* * *

Maybe it's a little late to call Gloria Swanson "the dark lady of the Sennetts"—but it's a good line, anyway.



film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

BARNEY DAVIS, ten years old, hiked from Arizona to Hollywood. Arriving, he looked up Sue Carol, whom he had met and admired when she was on location in Arizona. She took him in, fed him, had a conference with her hubby, Nick Stuart, and the result was that Barney was sent back to Arizona, where his newspaper selling activities are the sole support of his mother.

* * *

Al Jolson goes to the fights staged by the Hollywood American Legion every Friday night. Bill Haines, Alan Hale, Richard Dix and Lew Cody can also be seen there most of the time.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD had some noted visitors last month. Prince Joachim Charles Guillaume Frederic Leopold, nephew of the former Kaiser, and his friend, Baron Frederic Cerrini, came to town. The Prince said he wanted to meet all the stars but that his main reason for coming to Hollywood was to see Marie Dressler.

"She is the only one in Hollywood I know," said the Prince. "I met her in Naples and think she is more fun than anyone I have ever known." That sentiment will receive unanimous support from the picture colony. The Prince wears a monocle.

* * *

The average talkie takes twelve to sixteen days to make once the shooting starts but, in that time, fifty percent more film is used than was formerly needed for the old silent pictures. The cameras turn over faster and more of them are used.

* * *

KAY JOHNSON, who registered such an enormous hit in Cecil De Mille's "Dynamite" was in a recent automobile accident. Her coupé was side-swiped by a car coming in the opposite direction and turned over three times. She received a bad shaking up but escaped real injury. She is fully recovered.

* * *

NOAH BEERY, villain of villains, was operated on for appendicitis a few weeks ago and for a long time was in grave danger. He finally pulled out of it and is okay now. You may remember that he and his wife, separated after seventeen years of marriage, were recently reconciled.

* * *

Buddy Rogers made a whale of a hit when he was giving personal performances at the Paramount Theater in New York. And when Buddy and Rudy Vallee both played the same bill at the Brooklyn Paramount—well, the reserves had to be called out to enable Rudy and Buddy to get out of the theater.

LOS ANGELES had an auto show. In it was an auto. Said auto being twenty-two feet long from bumper to bumper. Cost of said auto being twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars. It was a Mercedes.

Al Jolson saw it and told the salesman to wrap it up and send it home for a present to Mrs. Jolson — the former Ruby Keeler.

* * *

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis were married for seven years straight on February eleventh.

* * *

BEBE Daniels' mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, was slightly hurt in an automobile accident. Her car was hit and turned over on its side. Her chauffeur was unhurt. Marie Mosquini, a close friend of both Bebe and Mrs. Daniels and former leading woman in comedies, received a concussion of the brain, two broken ribs and cuts and bruises.

Will Rogers is a tough guy to work with because he makes up his lines as he goes along. These impromptu lines generally make the other actors laugh when they are not supposed to laugh.

* * *

MERV LEROY, director, took a trip from Hollywood clear to New York, just to see one performance of the stage play, "Top Speed," which he is to direct. He was in New York only a day and a half.

O. O. McIntire, the columnist, says that "Disraeli" is the best talkie made to date and that the best silent picture ever made was "The Covered Wagon."

* * *

BUCK JONES is going to make sixteen "hoss drammers"—Western pictures—for the Tee-Art studios. Two million dollars is involved in the contract. Which does not mean that Buck will get that much dough-day but merely that they will spend that much on the sixteen pictures. Buck used to be a Fox Western star—and considerable matinée idol. Everyone hopes that Buck scores.

* * *

Dorothy Revier had been married for a year to Charles Johnson, former husband of Katherine MacDonald, and no one knew it.



Ben Lyon: He really pilots and owns his plane. He's a real flier.





Peg Talmadge and her famous daughters, Norma and Constance. "Norma's the most talented, and Constance is the funniest," says Mrs. Talmadge, in analyzing her children

The Real Peg Talmadge Whose Daughters, Norma, Constance and Natalie, Became Famous Film Players

MY secret ambition in life is to spend three months on a desert island with Peg Talmadge, the mother of the famous Talmadge sisters.

The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that it is a worthy ambition.

At the end of those three months I would have material for seven novels, nineteen short stories, four biographies, and several books of advice to old and young, male and female. I would know more about Hollywood (especially if Peg thought there was a chance we might never be rescued) than anyone else alive. The only disadvantage would be an enlarged diaphragm, rather like an opera singer's, from excessive laughter.

I mean, if Anita Loos got all her inspiration and a good many of her best lines for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" from Peg on a mere four-day trip across the continent, three months on a desert island ought to give anyone material for a lifetime.

In Hollywood the trouble is that everyone else feels the same way about Peg.

IF you call her for lunch, she has a week's dates ahead with Mary Pickford, Frances Marion, Marie Dressler, Bebe Daniels, Lilian Tashman, or one of her daughter's husbands. If you want her for dinner, she's probably week-ending at Agua Caliente or taking a trip to New York with Fannie Brice. If you meet her at a party, it's as difficult to

get her alone as it would be to have a friendly chat with Grant's Tomb. The gang is usually three deep and your only chance is to follow her into the ladies' dressing room and grab a few words as she powders her nose.

Maybe some day one of her daughters will be able to equal Peg in charm and wit and popularity. But that day is not yet, in spite of the fact that they are young and beautiful and Peg is neither.

Probably she never was beautiful. It wouldn't make any difference, anyway, because ten minutes after you start talking to Peg you don't know what she looks like. It is necessary to stop and think before giving a description of this woman, who has been the prime moving

factor in the success of her three daughters, because Natalie Talmadge Keaton is just as successful in her chosen field as Norma and Constance are in theirs.

As Peg says herself, "It takes more brains to be a good wife and a good mother than it does to be a motion picture star. None of my girls is dumb, thank God, but Natalie's the smartest. Norma's the most talented, and Constance is the funniest. I like brains, and I like talent, and I like to laugh, so we get along beautifully."

MRS. TALMADGE is actually a short, dumpy woman with a broad face and little, very bright eyes. Her hair is slightly gray and she has long since ceased to bother about such things of

PEG TALMADGE'S ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTERS

"It takes more brains to be a good wife and a good mother than it does to be a motion picture star."

"Boredom is an admission of mental inferiority."

"I'd rather you'd have a little remorse in your old age than a lot of regrets."

"Life is greater than theories, than people, than beliefs."

"Money doesn't mean a thing, but the lack of it means a lot."

The AMAZING MOTHER

the flesh as powder and lipstick. Her clothes are fashionable and probably expensive, but once Peg gets them on you would never suspect it. Peg is as indifferent to her appearance as a woman can be. My recollection is that she has one more than the requisite number of chins, but I'm not sure.

Frances Marion, the greatest scenario writer who has ever been in Hollywood, says that she would rather talk to Peg Talmadge than any woman she has ever met.

She knows so much. She is without one illusion, and she loves life and people. It is my impression that she is just as interested in their difficulties, sins and disasters as she is in their triumphs and virtues. That interest is terribly keen, terribly alive. You feel it burning in her, for all her habit of sitting very quietly, and talking in a low voice without an awful lot of inflection.

"Boredom," she told Constance one day, when Connie mentioned the growing ennui of some of her friends, "is an admission of mental inferiority. Don't forget that, my girl. No one with half their brain cells working can possibly see and hear and read and do all the interesting things in this world in the number of years allotted to man for his lifetime. People who are bored are simply

All her Life Peg Talmadge has Stood like a Rock, Fought, Worked, Sacrificed for her Children

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

lacking the mental capacity to understand, the emotional capacity to enjoy. I haven't spanked you in a good many years, but I'd be apt to do it quicker if you started being bored than for any other reason.

"GET everything decent you can out of life. If you've got any

sportsmanship in your nature you won't want to do anything very wrong. And I'd rather you'd have a little remorse in your old age than a lot of regrets. It's better to say 'I wish I hadn't' and try to even up your score by doing something big and kind for somebody, than to say 'I wish I had' and whine about it."

Nobody ever puts anything over on Peg. Her wise little eyes look straight at you when you are talking and if you talk straight they are inspiring and appreciative. Peg doesn't like dullness, but she can be kind to it. The only thing she won't put up with is pretense. Try to get by with any kind of a bluff, and you will find yourself called in a dry, definite way that leaves you as limp as a last year's dishrag.

As she loves life without finding it necessary to mask it with illusions, so she loves her children without having to look at them through the rose-colored glasses of mother-love.

(Continued on page 124)

Peg Talmadge with her daughters, Norma and Constance. With Constance is her husband, Townsend Natcher. Seated is Gilbert Roland



"C'est MON HOMME"

Maurice Chevalier is First a Philosopher of Laughter and Secondly a Frenchman

BY HERB HOWE

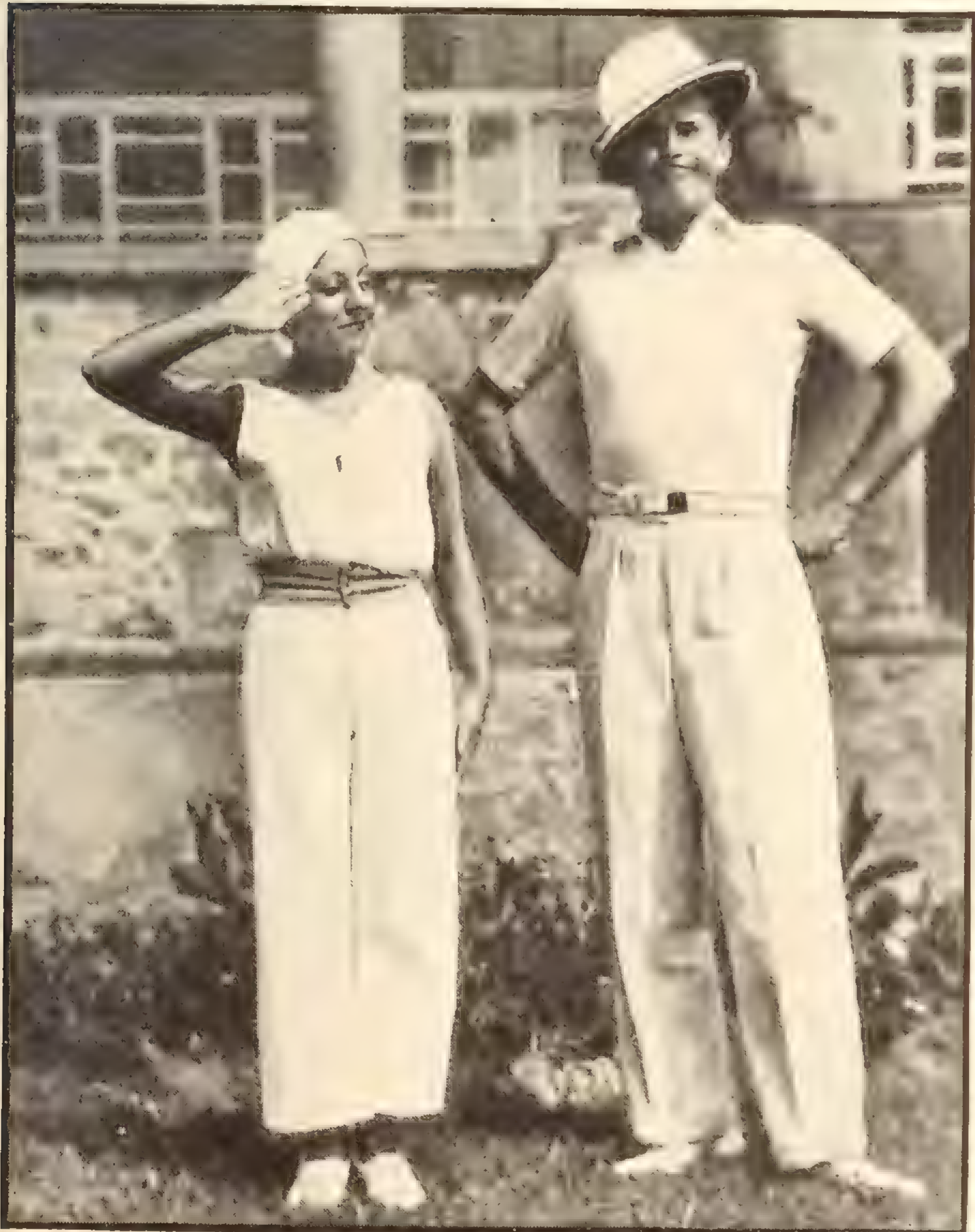
BON soir, m'sieu, voulez-vous promener avec moi ce soir?" . . . Sirens cooing in the shadows of the chestnut trees along the Boulevards.

That's the French girl to most overseas Americans. Am I right, buddy? . . . 'member the battle of Paris? You tell the cock-eyed world, big boy! . . . Them French mamas sure am hot, no-o-o foolin'!

For the folks at home she is the eye-oscillating, high-hat kicking hussy of the musical shows. Just as



Maurice Chevalier has been adopted by Hollywood. Here he is leaving his hilltop home, overlooking Hollywood, for a day's work at the studio.



the Frenchman is either a comedy or a wax-mustached, top-hatted boy with ogling eyes and frantic fingers. Or was, until Maurice Chevalier came along.

"It is my dream," said Maurice intensely, "that America should know the French girl as she really is. Always she has been presented the crazee ooh-la-la girl, jumping at mens, kissing them."

I put my fingers in my ears. I felt my reason would totter from its throne if he said she was a good girl. Le bon Dieu knows we have no illusions to spare. There's little enough wickedness left in the world. We who secretly cherish the old-fashioned sins cling to the idea of Paris as possible refuge against that day when the law enforcement leaguers decide to shoot everyone in the land and start afresh—*clean*.

No, I swear by the blot on the ancestral 'scutcheon, this feeble pen shall ne'er depict the French girl in a Salvation Army bonnet.

Unplugging the auricles and swallowing hard I was relieved to hear Maurice saying:

" . . . She is no more like that than the idea the Frenchman he is, the silly, opera bouffe fool with silk hat, who makes the goo-goo eyes at every girl. . . ."

"You have corrected that, monsieur."

(Con't. on page 115)

Maurice Chevalier and his wife, Yvonne Vallee, a favorite on the French stage. This snapshot was made at the Chevalier home at Cannes, France, last year.



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS

AT least that is the title of Buddy Rogers' new comedy, in which he has four lovely flapper heroines. It is called "Safety in Numbers." However, Buddy doesn't look here as if he fully believed the title. He appears apprehensive—and you can't blame him. The young women who are exercising their blonde and brunette wiles upon our young Kansas hero are, left to right, Josephine Dunn, Carol Lombard, Kathryn Crawford and Virginia Bruce.

LAUGHS of the FILMS



What do you consider the funniest talkie joke of the month? THE NEW MOVIE will pay \$5 for the best written letter relating the best talkie joke. If two or more letters prove of equal merit, \$5 will go to each writer. Address your jokes to Laughs of the Films, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ROXY USHER Makes

The Startling Confessions of a Glorified Usher in the Cathedral of Motion Pictures

By J. P. McEVOY

DEAR Mr. Editor:

I am a Roxy usher. I don't say this in a boastful way, but only with sincere, simple, manly pride in my chosen profession. As a matter of fact, I am not really a full-fledged usher yet, as I have several months of intensive training and one more examination to take before I get my degree. But the head usher says he has no fear but that I will make the grade, and Mr. Roxy himself smiled at me once as he rode up from the pit on top of the grand organ.

I am telling you all this because I want you to understand what my new ambition is, so that you will help me. You see, I am very proud to have dedicated my life to pictures, because they bring happiness to one and all, great and small, and possibly to you too, Mr. Editor. Now as you can well imagine, I have seen

many pictures while serving my apprenticeship as junior usher in Roxy's great Cathedral of the Cinema, and the thought came to me one day, just like an inspiration. It was more like a voice, Mr. Editor, a voice that called out, "Oswald! You too can write talking pictures." It was just as clear as that, Mr. Editor. And it started me thinking. So I watched all the pictures with keener interest, and then one night I made a big decision. I'll never be able to write those wonderful plots and stories, I said, but I can—yes, by Gad, I *will*—write dialogue.

WELL, Mr. Editor, that's what I want to consult with you about. I have studied all the dialogue of all the pictures I could see, not only during my working hours but during my leisure. And I think I know just what the public wants. I have also



Another Smashing Exposé of the Writing Racket

attended some lectures at Columbia University, and read some wonderful speeches by Will Hays in which he said, "The future of the talking picture is as far-flung as all of our tomorrows." I also read a most profound analysis of talking-picture dialogue. It was in a joint interview with Clara Bow and Harry Richman, and it inspired me so, I went right home and wrote pages and pages and pages of dialogue, which I have finally succeeded in boiling down into the following specimens which I am sending you enclosed herewith viz. and to wit:

THE first one, which I have marked number one, is dialogue for a love story. A girl and boy are talking. They could be called Charlie and Helen, or, if it is a costume drama, Romeo and Juliet.



The thought came to me one day, just like an inspiration. It was like a voice calling, "Oswald! You, too, can write talking pictures." It was just as clear as that. And it started me thinking.



Othello: Sez you. Peter Pan: Sez me.
Othello: Oh, Yeah? Peter Pan: Yeah

Sample No. 1. Dialogue for a Love Story

Juliet: Lithen, big boy—
Romeo: Aw gee, kid—
Juliet: Boop-boop-a-doop—
Romeo: Aw gee, kid—
Juliet: Button up your overcoat, I belong to me—
Romeo: Aw gee, kid—
Juliet: Ska—ska—hey hey—boop-boop-a-doop—
Romeo: Geeeee—

THE second sample, which I have marked number two, is for any mystery story. You may need a few more screams, but otherwise I think I have here all the dialogue necessary for a full-length picture.

Sample No. 2. Dialogue for a Mystery Story

Chief: You can tell by the fingerprints it's the Wolf of Wall Street.
Sarge: Naw, it ain't the Wolf, it's the Green Parrot.
Victim: Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeh! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! HELP!
Flossie: So you're the District Attorney, tee hee.
The Eye: It was very simple, once I applied elemental psychiatry and the Mendelian Law, to the sly little wench, eh, Chief?
Chief: Ho! ho! ho!

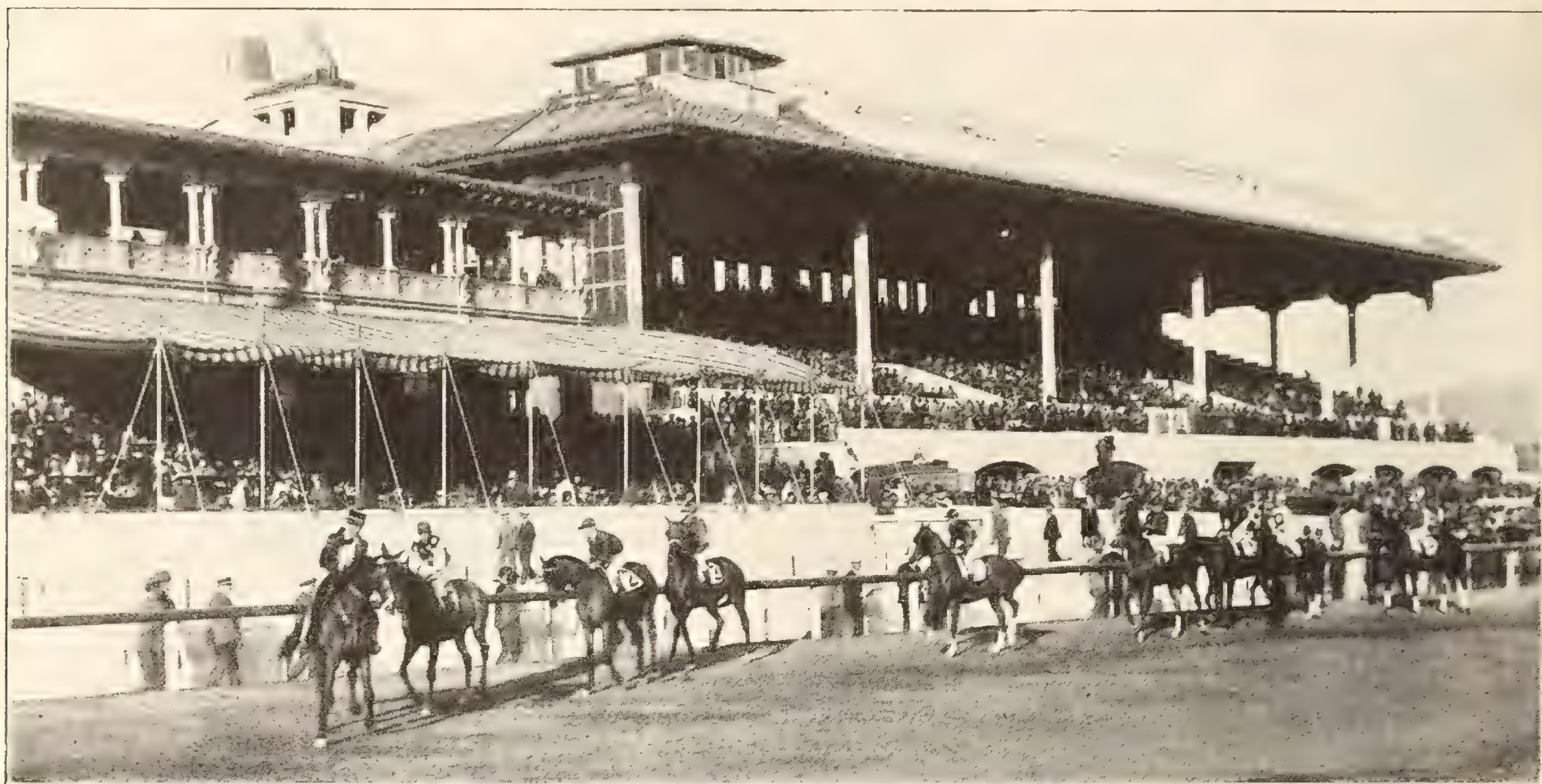
THE third sample, which I have marked number three, is for a crook drama or gang-war epic.

Sample No. 3. Dialogue for a Crook Drama

Scartooth: Let's take Butch for a ride, Snake.
Snake: What's he done?
Scartooth: He rattled de cup on de beer mob.
Snake: Who's gonna put him on de spot, Gyp de Gat?
Scartooth: Soitanly. What's de swag?
Snake: Five grand if we gives him a lily.
Scartooth: I gets de skoit, see?
Snake: Don't muscle in on de molls, dey's poison, savvy?

THE fourth sample, which I have marked number four, is a smart drawing-room comedy of English manners. This is very smart, very drawing-room, very English, and full of manners. (Continued on page 128)

HOLLYWOOD'S



P & A Photos

The Agua Caliente Race Track, newly completed. This track is supplanting the famous Tia Juana track. Above, the entries parading before the grandstand.

FROM a dry, barren stretch of sandy desert to one of the most famous gambling and pleasure resorts of the entire world—all in the short space of two years.

This is the amazing history of Agua Caliente, the colorful little hamlet situated just over the Mexican border a few miles from San Diego, which features plunging and big stakes at the gaming tables to such an extent that it has already earned the reputation of being the Monte Carlo of America.

Not only is Agua Caliente a favorite haunt of film celebrities, but it is rapidly becoming a Mecca for tourists from all over the globe, who find in the quaintness and glamour of this Mexican village a charm and appeal that are distinctly different from anything offered by other noted resorts.

LOCATED approximately twenty miles south of San Diego, Agua Caliente is reached by automobile or railway in less than an hour's time. The majority of visitors travel by auto, a fine concrete road leading all the way from San Diego direct to the Casino. The first stop is at the Mexican border line, where the customs officials inspect both car and contents. The Mexican inspection is a very simple one and, on days when the tourist trade is large, the customs inspectors reduce their activities to a mere formality and pass the cars through the line with a cursory glance. A rigid inspection comes from the American officials when the tourist attempts to get back across the border into the good old U. S. A.

Once over the border into Mexico, Agua Caliente is but a two or three-mile drive. The old road leads through that other celebrated Mexican resort, Tia Juana, but a new concrete road has just been completed which goes straight from the customs bureau to Agua Caliente. A great deal of rivalry exists between the two resorts—Tia Juana, of course, is not the same high type of resort as Agua Caliente but the former is envious of the latter's popularity and success.

Agua Caliente, as a matter of fact, is sort of an outgrowth of Tia Juana, and thereby hangs an interesting tale. For several years Tia Juana itself enjoyed considerable fame—notoriety would be more exact—as a gambling and whoopee center for repressed and suppressed Americans. Gambling, drinking and vice of many kinds flourished on every hand in Tia Juana. The town was wide open and the sky the limit. I have seen as many as twenty-five American tourists lying in a drunken stupor on the sidewalk when Tia Juana was in full swing.

PRACTICALLY every saloon and café in Tia Juana had its own gambling devices, and does even today. The one "high-class gaming establishment" was known as "The Foreign Club." It was necessary to have a membership card to gain entrance, although these cards were to be had by almost anyone simply for the asking. The only important essential to get by the door at the Foreign Club was a white shirt and collar. No one in work shirt or working clothes was allowed to enter. The betting stakes at the tables were also a trifle higher than elsewhere, but not on a par with Agua Caliente.

In those days the Foreign Club was the rendezvous of the motion-picture fraternity and all of the "socially elect" who were in the habit of stepping down to Tia Juana for a lively week-end. In later years, however, Tia Juana became embroiled in so many sensational scandals and fell into such ill repute generally that the better type of tourist trade steered clear of the town. Resort promoters came to the conclusion that Tia Juana could never be successfully developed as a nationally popular Spa. They decided to start in all over again, with a clean sheet, so to speak, and Agua Caliente is the result.

Everything about Agua Caliente is ultra-modern and ritzy. This is immediately apparent shortly after one drives through the town of Tia Juana and arrives at the big Archway leading into the Agua Caliente estate. To the left as one rolls down the long driveway is the

PLAYGROUND

How Movie Stars Have Transformed the Desert Sands Into America's Monte Carlo

By TAMAR LANE

soothing green turf of the golf course, on the right is the whippet race-track, with banners flying from the top of the grandstand.

Gone are the wooden shacks and shanties of Tia Juana; in their place are attractive concrete and stucco buildings, of architectural beauty. The lay-out of these buildings is very impressive and the general scheme is greatly enhanced by splendid shrubbery and landscape gardening. The atmosphere is one of smartness and refinement.

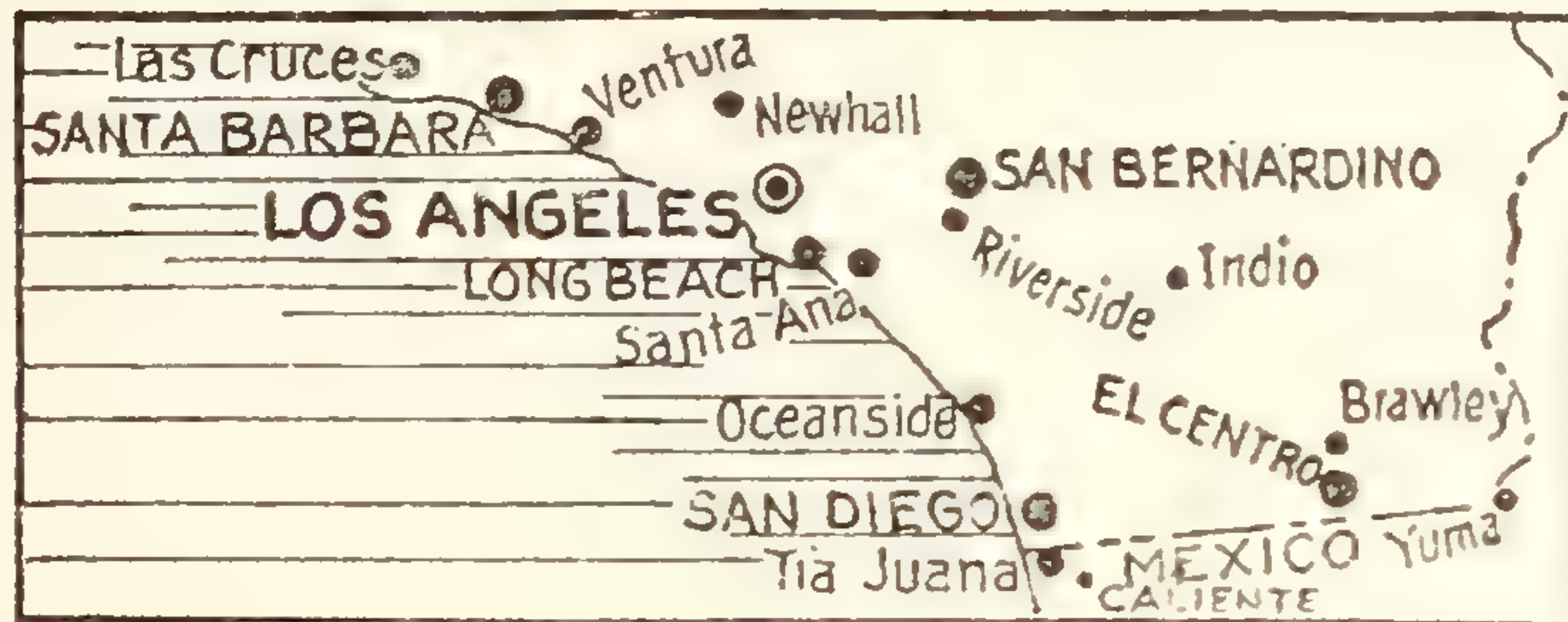
STRAIGHT ahead, across a broad lawn, is the hotel. To the right of the hotel is the café and gambling casino. There is ample parking space for hundreds of cars. Other buildings are in process of construction, activity is everywhere.

Agua Caliente has none of the ear-marks of a gambling villa. It more closely resembles a fashionable Summer hotel or pleasure resort. This, of course, is the impression one receives from an exterior view. Once across the threshold of the Casino it is an entirely different story. Mexican police officers are stationed at various vantage points. They are hardly needed at Agua Caliente, which is quite well behaved. Once in a while, however, there is apt to be a disturbance on the part of a few tourists who have become unruly, due to an excess of drinks. Most of the visitors seem satisfied with just enough drinks to get a pleasant "edge" on.

The tourists and visitors begin to arrive shortly before noon and by luncheon time there is hustle and bustle on every side. The Patio café, which is just inside the main Casino building, is the popular gathering place for the midday meal. Here one enjoys a delightful luncheon of Mexican or American dishes, to the tune of Spanish melodies, and perhaps a song or dance by talented Latin performers. Also, and more to the American taste, one may order refreshing and stimulating drinks that have long since disappeared from the American table.

LEAVING the Patio café one passes into Agua Caliente's main center of attraction—the gambling Casino itself. Even the art director for a Hollywood studio could not have designed the gaming parlor more effectively. It is an expensive, high-ceilinged affair with gayly decorated walls. There are the expensive candelabra and huge, shining, crystal-like chandeliers which one always expects to be part and

The Agua Caliente Patio Cafe, adjoining the gambling Casino. This is a popular gathering place for the mid-day meal. The center is reserved for dancing and special entertainment.



parcel of a famous gambling hall.

Spotted all over the room are tables large and small upon which are resting the various gambling games and paraphernalia. Gathered about these tables are groups of excited players, all trying to win some easy money "bucking the tiger." It is

interesting to note the faces of the players. Some are wreathed in smiles; these have huge piles of winning chips stacked up before them. Others are red of face, beads of perspiration standing out on their brows; they spasmodically reach their hands into their pockets—now empty. The wheel of chance has turned against them. Then there is the player of stoic countenance, the typical "poker" face, which registers neither success nor loss. This is the real gambler, the player who sits at the table for hours at a time, scarcely thinking of food or drink. He has learned not to display his emotions.

All kinds of wheel, card and dice games are in evidence. Visitors move from one table to another, trying a hand or two at each game. If they meet success at a certain table, they usually remain until luck turns against them, whereupon they transfer their activities to another game. Roulette seems to be the most popular, perhaps because it allows of more persons playing. Then, there is something fascinating about the little ball spinning about on the big wheel, meting out huge profits to the lucky winners.

There are usually plenty of film personalities at Agua Caliente, and the Casino is one of their favorite



Keystone Service, Los Angeles

Just Over the Mexican Border Is Agua Caliente



The exterior of the Agua Caliente Hotel, showing the line of cars of newly arriving guests. The season has been so profitable that the hotel is being enlarged.

hang-outs, particularly in the evening. During the day cinema celebrities are more prone to hold get-together parties in their own rooms or go for a round of golf. During a stroll through the Casino or about the hotel grounds, however, one often sees many celebrities.

In fact, one of the most popular pastimes in Hollywood at present is dashing down to Agua Caliente over the week-end and spending a hectic Saturday and Sunday bucking the various games of chance that operate so successfully for the famous Casino. After a dizzy forty-eight hours of this sort of thing the screen stars frequently return to their respective studios much poorer but, unfortunately, none the wiser for their experience.

The fame of this small border hamlet has grown to such an extent that, on week-ends, the gambling hall is so crowded that there is little or no elbow room at the tables, and the players stand in rows three and four deep. Noted stars, directors, scenarists, executives, etc., are sprinkled at every table, many of them playing for stakes so high that a thrilled crowd has gathered about them.

A large number of the film celebrities are in such a hurry to get to Agua Caliente each Saturday or Sunday that trains are not fast enough to carry them—they charter special Maddux-T. A. T. airplanes to take them direct to the field which adjoins the resort. The extent of this air traffic will be realized when I

cite the official fact that the Agua Caliente route is the most heavily traveled air-line in the world.

Of course, a large number of those present at the Casino are merely tourists from the hinterlands or visitors from near-by cities. The Hollywoodites are in the minority. But it was Hollywood which first gave Agua Caliente its support and it is the fame of the screen celebrities that draws many of the visitors to Agua Caliente, where they hope they can rub shoulders with the élite of filmdom.

THE Casino would have probably died an early death if it depended merely upon tourist trade. The recklessness of these visitors is usually limited to a couple of one-dollar bets at the wheel of chance and, perhaps, luncheon in the patio café if Ma forgot to bring the lunches in the excitement.

It is the cinema celebrities, professional gamblers and sports who entertain with a lavish hand and plunge recklessly against the various gaming devices. Much of this, no doubt, is done in a spirit of bravado but it is great profit and publicity for the "house."

The American bar is located at the back of the gambling casino. It is a glorious and ornate affair, reminiscent of many noted New York bars of pre-Volstead renown. It dazzles with the brilliancy of polished mirrors and glassware, while on the shelves vast bottles of whiskies, gins, brandies, vermouths, wines and cordials calculated to water the mouth of any but the most confirmed prohibitionist. Some of the American visitors fairly whoop with joy when they see this line-up of tempting bottles and the bartenders are kept busy shoving glasses over the bar to soothe the thirsty Yankees.

HIGH prices prevail for cigars, cigarettes, drinks—in fact, everything.

This is done to ward off the hoi polloi. No cigars are sold under 25 cents, no drinks sold under one dollar—even for a glass of beer. One dollar is the minimum bet allowed at any game.

Even such re-



Mack Sennett, the famous producer of screen comedies, tries out the new Agua Caliente golf course, just opened. Most any week-end you can find a number of famous Hollywood film folk on the greens.

Where Hollywood's Stars Spend Their Holidays

strictions do not keep out a small percentage of the rougher element, but this type of visitor is kept well in hand by a large staff of attendants and speedily ejected upon the slightest provocation. No one is allowed in the Casino unless he is well-dressed.

During the daytime the tourists predominate. They arrive by the carloads and exit from their autos with expressions of mingled awe and apprehension. The very fact of being in a strange country is a thrilling event, especially when it is in a fierce land noted for its revolutions and anti-American feelings.

Most of these tourists are respectable, middle-aged couples, obviously out on what is a daring lark for them. A great many have small children along with them, while here and there is even a mother with a babe in arms. Several of these attempt to enter the Casino with their children but are stopped at the door. No children are allowed. Not one of these parents would dream of taking their children into an American barroom or gambling hall, yet here they are walking blandly into Mexico's celebrated gambling casino, with small infants! Obviously, it is just like circus day as far as they are concerned. They scurry pell-mell out of one building into another, casting furtive glances in every direction, as if expecting a Mexican bandit to pop out at any moment and kidnap them.

IT would never do to let the folks back home know that they have patronized such a resort, but as long as they are on the ground it is evident that they are determined to make the most of it. Parking the children outside with grandma or one of the attendants, they boldly stride up the steps into the Casino and proceed to recklessly plunge a five-dollar bill against the house. Warming up a bit, they may even saunter nonchalantly over to the dazzling bar, rest their foot on the rail, and order up a couple of hard drinks—although, remember, the folks at home must never hear of this.

After an hour or so of this, with face flushed and brain reel-



Just outside the main entrance of the Casino, with crowds of tourists basking in the Mexican sun and watching the new arrivals.

ing a bit from dissipation, they pile back into their cars and hurry for the line before the border is closed for the evening. Those who fail to get to the border on time must remain in Mexico over night.

The hotel at Agua Caliente is usually booked up far in advance and has only a comparatively small number of rooms. There are also several private bungalows which are in great demand, particularly by members of the film colony. The past two seasons have been so profitable for Agua Caliente that the hotel is being enlarged, a swimming pool is being installed and several tennis courts are also under construction. Many other features will be added this year in an effort to make Agua Caliente an all-around pleasure resort, in addition to being the Monte Carlo of America.



P. A. McDonough, San Diego

One of the only two pictures ever taken inside the Agua Caliente Casino. This is the gambling hall proper, the gaming tables having been moved back from the floor to make way for a celebration. At the back you can see the shining bar where liquors are dispensed. The management does not allow pictures to be taken inside the gambling hall.



LILA LEE

She grew up on the stage and screen. First known as "Cuddles," in Gus Edwards' vaudeville turn, she was selected for film stardom. Starting auspiciously, she fell short of stellar stature. She had been forced to electriclights too quickly. So she retraced her steps—and now she's again among the screen favorites.

Photograph by
Preston Duncan

His BEST FRIEND and SEVEREST CRITIC

What a Wife Thinks About When Her Husband Makes a Big Film Success

BY MRS. LAWRENCE TIBBETT

I FIRST saw Lawrence Tibbett on a Friday.

We decided to get married on a Friday.

His first appearance on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House was on a Friday.

His sensational success of January 2, 1925, as Ford in "Falstaff" was on a Friday.

These things were running through my head on this night, another Friday, as I was being driven to Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood for the world premiere of Lawrence's "The Rogue Song."

Good things had always come to us on Fridays. My head kept telling me that as my heart kept pounding doubt into me.

AS we drove up to the theater I began to have real premonitions. Something about those cold, white lights seemed to strip me of my poise, take away from me my protection. They made me feel afraid. Something about a great number of people all massed together, focusing their gaze upon you, makes a lump come into your throat. You feel rather grateful yet—afraid.

There is nothing like a succession of anxious crises in an evening. This one had many. They started three thousand miles away from Hollywood.

A telephone call to New York brought us the first news that the premiere of Lawrence's first celluloid adventure

Mrs. Tibbett broadcasting from the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood at the premiere of her husband's film, "The Rogue Song." Mrs. Tibbett here tells all about this event of the evening.



Lawrence Tibbett, the Metropolitan Opera baritone and film star, with his wife, Grace Tibbett.

opening of Lawrence's picture. Hadn't we talked of it for months? Our plans were to go together, rather secretly, and in our own way enjoy or suffer as the case might be; but at least to be there and go through the joyful or sorrowful thing together. And now it looked as though neither of us would be there.

But finally, on a Tuesday, the doctor said that I might venture across a vast and weary stretch if I was extremely watchful and careful of the youngsters.

So we virtually turned the train into a hospital and, through this determination of mine to be there if earthly possible, it began to come true. I was headed West for Lawrence's opening.

ARRIVING at the station but a few hours before the curtain was to go up, we covered the waste places of Pasadena, Hollywood and Beverly Hills in thirty-five minutes, aided and abetted by reporters, motorcycle cop escorts and a fast-moving automobile. Everything that was to come that evening was bound to be good after such a ride—with the shrilling sirens which cleared the way, putting the twins into a fit of ecstasy.

Then the first shock and thrill of opening the door to a new home, with no time to think about
(Continued on page 114)





Photograph by Otto Dyar

Emil Jannings saw Ruth Chatterton in Los Angeles in a stage play. He was so impressed with her that he insisted that she play opposite him in "Sins of the Fathers." Up to that time Miss Chatterton had resisted the screen. Supple, resilient, she was able to keep in dramatic step with the subtle and powerful Jannings. That started her to film success

ADVENTURES in INTERVIEWING

In which Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow and Movie Mammals
Come under the Study of the Vigorous Mr. Tully

By JIM TULLY

THE most accomplished of the women screen stars I have interviewed is Ruth Chatterton.

A woman of charm and intelligence, she has capacity for life, depth of emotion, and great understanding.

In the opinion of many, among them Jesse L. Lasky, she is the finest dramatic actress in America.

Unusual among people who arrive in Hollywood, she had none of the tribulations leading to eventual success. She was a Broadway star at seventeen.

Miss Chatterton was born in New York City, of American parents with roots in England and France. She was educated in a private school at Pelham Manor.

Accompanied by a chaperon, she and schoolmates spent the Christmas holidays in Washington, D. C. They attended several matinées. Then, at fifteen years of age, she decided to become an actress.

Upon her return to New York, she applied at a theater for work. To her surprise she was given a position in the chorus of a musical comedy. Followed the usual parental objections, and the usual victory for the daughter.

For the next five months she remained with the musical comedy, accepting with a sense of humor tedious rehearsals, dreary hotels, bad food—all the strange manner of life which young ladies in private schools enjoy only vicariously.

During the next season she had the good fortune to be engaged by a stock company which had as featured players Lenore Ulric, Pauline Lord, and Lowell Sherman. All were later to become famous.

ONE of Ruth Chatterton's outstanding qualities is an eagerness to learn. These players taught the young girl the dramatic technique which she was later to develop to a superlative degree.

Several seasons of rigorous training followed, during which she played minor rôles in Broadway productions.

The great chance came when she was chosen as Henry Miller's leading lady in "Daddy-Long-Legs." Her work in this play made her famous.

A year later she was starred in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

At this period J. M. Barrie's popularity in America was at its peak. After Miss Chatterton was co-starred with Henry

Miller in "A Marriage of Convenience," some unkind person decided that she was a "Barrie" type. She appeared in two plays by the whimsical Scotsman, "Mary Rose" and "The Little Minister," and survived both.

Seven years ago, at the pinnacle of her fame, Ruth Chatterton was offered \$1,500,000 if she would sign a contract with Mr. Selznick to appear in films for five years.

She did not accept the offer, believing at the time that her best expression was on the stage.

TO refuse three hundred thousand dollars a year is a mistake, unless, of course, some other person offers more. If such an offer was made, Miss Chatterton did not hear it.

(Continued on page 110)



When Jim Tully went to interview Clara Bow, she exclaimed, "Sure thing, I've got nothing to hide." Miss Bow, says Mr. Tully, is one of the few women in films who will tell more than the interviewer can use. "Impulsive and straightforward," he says, "she is no more subtle than a buzz saw."



GARY COOPER — Risked his life for a film fall.



NORMA SHEARER—Nearly burned to death in fire.



JANET GAYNOR—Narrow escape from drowning.



RICHARD ARLEN—Over a fifty foot cliff for \$50.

Their Narrow ESCAPES

By GRACE KINGSLEY

WINNING their places in the sun through baptisms of fire and flood—actual, literal fire and flood—that's the history of most of our movie stars.

What do these stage stars who now are coming into picturedom know about climbing to stardom by the extra route?

They never clinched their teeth and stayed in a burning building until their clothes caught fire and they were nearly suffocated, as did Jack Gilbert when he was an extra; they never galloped around wild mountains on a stage coach, driving six horses and precipitating a wreck on the edge of a hundred-foot chasm, as did Monte Blue when he was a mere extra doubling for a heroine; they never jumped into deep water when they couldn't swim, as did little Janet Gaynor in search of her laurels.

THE fires that the stage folks passed through were electrical effects or bits of red silk blown by an electric fan! Their horseback riding was all done off-stage, and you heard the clack-clack of the cocoanut-shells, while their fights, too, were performed off-stage, and they'd come on, all in rags and panting heavily, to tell you about it!

They will tell you of their struggles, these stage folks, but the screen folks had real struggles.

And of the lives that have been lost, of the players who might have become great if they had lived—who really knows?

Harold Lloyd's Stunts

"MY most dangerous stunt when I was an extra?" Harold Lloyd said. "Well I remember once when I was with Universal, doubling for somebody and going over the side of a battleship, down at San Pedro, with a prop anchor hitched to me. There was danger of my getting tangled up with the ropes and sinking like a rock. I went down and down till I thought I'd never rise; but I managed to cut myself loose and bobbed to the surface all right."

Harold is inclined to kid about his adventures, so he told me with a twinkle about rolling down Angels' Flight, though it must have looked anything but angelic at the time.

"Angels' Flight" is the name of a historic old incline

in Los Angeles, which leads by way of cable cars, outfitted with steps, from the business district to the top of a hill. Harold's job in the Willie Work comedy was to roll from the top of Angels' Flight, an almost perpendicular distance of about three hundred feet, to the bottom.

"I did it once," related Harold with a grin, "and they found there was something wrong with the scene, so I had to do it a second time! That second time I couldn't stop rolling, and landed in the middle of a busy street!"

Janet Gaynor's Escape

EVEN delicate little Janet Gaynor didn't escape doing dangerous stunts.

In the Fox picture, "The Johnstown Flood," Miss Gaynor was supposed to be tossed about in the flood waters. The scenes were made in the Santa Cruz River at its flood time, and playing around in the swirling waters of a California river at flood time is no fun.

Miss Gaynor could not swim, either, and although, of course, there were men in a boat watching her, they did not realize her peril until it was almost too late. In any case she had to go under to make it realistic.

"George O'Brien had to rescue me," related Miss Gaynor. "Nobody could come near me, though, of course, as long as the camera was grinding. There is always a lot of confusion at such moments, and even George didn't know at the time how close I came to being actually drowned. He didn't know it was reality rather than acting that I was going through. Of course, I was supposed to be close to drowning in the story.

"The water kept sucking me under, after I fell off the raft, and I couldn't keep the water from getting into my nose. I thought, 'Well, I guess this is all my career unless George comes pretty soon!' Never shall I forget how happy I was when George's strong arms closed around me, for by that time I felt my senses slipping away from me."

Thru Smoke and Fire

YOU probably think of Norma Shearer as a smartly gowned darling who has never taken any chances. You're wrong. Even since she played leads, she has been through fire and flood. And when she was an



RONALD COLMAN—
Blown up for art's sake.



LAURA LA PLANTE—Drove
a car into a smash-up.



GLORIA SWANSON—
Fired by Charlie Chaplin.



JACK GILBERT—Scorched
in a mine fire.

They Took Their Lives in Their Hands to Win Screen Stardom

extra—though most of the time she appeared as a college girl or a society bud in drawing room pictures—twice at least her life was imperilled.

"I was in a burning building once, the inmate of a school for girls. I had to run, with burning stuff falling all around, singeing my flimsy night-clothes. But I got through with very slight burns.

"I think the greatest danger I passed through in those extra days of mine was when I was supposed to be canoeing with a group of extra girls in a college picture. I could swim, but the four other girls couldn't, so all the attention of the men set to watch us was focused on them, while I was supposed to take care of myself.

"The canoe was supposed to overturn. It did, and we were all thrown into the water. The camera caught the scene and stopped grinding, and the men dived to rescue the four other girls. As for me, I had caught my clothes somehow on the wood of the canoe, and when it overturned, I was under it. I tried to keep my head above water, but the canoe was constantly hitting it, and I was afraid I should be knocked unconscious.

"Finally the men evidently decided there was something wrong, and came to my rescue."

Jack Gilbert's Close Call

MANY adventures had Jack Gilbert in the old Inceville days, just as had all the extras of those wild cowboy times.

"Probably the closest call I had," said Jack, the other day, as we chatted in his neatly appointed dressing room at the M.-G.-M. Studios, "was in my very first picture, when as an extra, down at Inceville-by-the-Sea, I played a dead man in a burning mine that had just exploded.

"We were lying, a bunch of us, on the bottom of the mine, and the property men threw kerosene over everything to make it burn better.

"The blaze roared fiercely all around us. But the director yelled, 'Lie still!' Maybe you think that was easy to do! Anyhow I managed it, though the flames came nearer and nearer, and I felt my eyebrows and

hair singeing. But it was my big chance. If I made good, I thought, I might have an opportunity to play real parts.

"Finally when my trousers burst into flame, I leaped. I wasn't going to stay there any longer! The director jumped on me, just as a property man seized a blanket and put it around me to smother the fire. But I have always felt that that was one time when I did my duty by my art."

Gilbert, though far from an expert horseman, did many dangerous riding stunts, including rushing down the steepest of mountain sides, when one misstep of his pony would have landed him in a gully a hundred feet below.

Extra for Chaplin

MAYBE you think that Gloria Swanson arrived at stardom all in a minute.

You are all wrong. Miss Swanson, at the very beginning, did something that is very little known. She played an extra with Charlie Chaplin for one day!

That was in the old Essanay days, and before she appeared in the Sennett comedies.

Gloria herself tells about it now with a twinkle in her eye, though at that time it was very serious.

It seems that Charlie had called for some extras for one of his old comedies, the name of which Gloria doesn't even remember. They were to be in a mob scene and a couple of girls were to do a funny fall.

Charlie, however, is very careful to see that no beautiful girl is badly treated in his pictures. He told me once, for instance, that he never permitted a woman to receive a blow. It was resented, he said, by the public.

However, the fall that Gloria had to take was unavoidable. It would have been a good fall, too, she says, if she had only comedy sense—but she declares that she had none, at least for pictures, in those days.

"I tried the fall two or three times, but it was just no use," said Gloria, "and the more I fell, the less funny I thought it was. Finally, at the end of the day, Charlie said that I just wouldn't do—I seemed not to appreciate the humor of the situation in which he had placed me—and I was fired!" (Continued on page 104)

Just Among Those PRESENT



Photograph by White

One of Marguerite Clark's greatest stage successes was as the charming and fanciful heroine of "Prunella." Miss Clark later made this into one of her best motion pictures. Above, Miss Clark and Ernest Glendenning in the stage version of "Prunella."

ON the east of the picturesque Evangeline country, a low house almost hidden in a grove of trees. Wide, vine-covered galleries, suggestive of ante-bellum days. An old-fashioned garden

enclosed in hedges of blossoming roses. The brilliant-plumaged cardinal and the mocking-bird dart in and out the odorous magnolia trees.

Peaceful in its dignified setting is that estate on the outskirts of the town of Patterson, Louisiana.

Along the garden path, with shears and culling basket on her arm, comes the chatelaine of the lovely home, a dainty figure in ruffled flowered gown. Four or five diminutive Chihuahua dogs dash up and down the path before her, ludicrously important in their chase of indolent butterflies.

It is Marguerite Clark, in

perhaps won her husband. For it was when she and other screen stars came to the South on a Buy-a-Bond service that she met her husband, Harry B. Williams, one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of the state.

At the very height of her stage and screen career, Marguerite Clark withdrew from public life for marriage.

That was ten years ago. Is she happy now? Is she satisfied? Has she ever regretted her retirement? What does Miss Clark think of the screen now? What does she think of the new-born talkies?

Here you will find the definite answer to all these questions. Miss Clark speaks for the first time from her retirement.

a setting far more becoming than any of the pictures that made her the idol of the movie-going public ten years ago; whose fan mail from all parts of the world broke Hollywood records—and who gave up homage and fame for love.

ANOTHER picture of Marguerite Clark. Her husband's family home in New Orleans. A big stone mansion set on a high-terraced lawn in an exclusive neighborhood of the most fascinating city in America.

She walks down the wide stairway from the second floor, conventionally but modishly gowned in golden brown. A bit of mechlin at throat and wrist; a small string of pearls around her neck; no rings. Her beautiful auburn hair, with its natural wave, brushed simply from her forehead. Quiet. Self-poised.

Cordial and charming her welcome. So unchanged her appearance that one cannot help but blurt, "You look exactly the same as you did ten years ago." And in return one gets the same dazzling, mischievous smile that sold hundreds of Liberty Bonds in New Orleans eleven years ago and per-

haps won her husband. The courtship moved quickly. One took no chances of letting so bewitching a girl out of sight, especially when stories were told of a line of disappointed suitors from ocean to ocean who could testify to her determination never to marry. "For no reason at all," she said, when telling about it, "I had decided that I would not get married. It wasn't that I had set my heart on a career: it was simply that marriage had not entered my thoughts."

But she did marry, which proves that all young Loch-invars do not come out of the West.

Marguerite Clark Is Content to Sit Back and Watch the World Go By

BY BARBARA BROOKS
of The New Orleans Item-Tribune

There was no golden honeymoon on her husband's yacht; no browsing around the Far East; no intriguing shopping in Paris as one might ordinarily expect, when a beautiful girl marries a millionaire. Instead, Marguerite Clark was forced to put her shiny new wedding-ring in her jewel box, forget she had had a distinguished name fastened to her already-famous one, and return to Hollywood for a year. For she was under screen contract. "I made nine pictures that year," she said reminiscently. "The first one, 'Scrambled Wives,' was released, I believe, in 1921."

"WERE you sorry to leave the screen?" I asked her. "No," she answered, "and I have never regretted for one moment that I gave it all up. I have not wanted to go back, either, although since the talkies have been created, I have had offers to return, which I have refused."

"What made you decide to go on the stage in the beginning?" I asked her. "Won't you tell me all about it? Did you have the urge for a career?"

"Well, I was only thirteen years old when I went on the stage," she said. "Somehow a decision was made for me. My father and mother were dead and my sister



Marguerite Clark and her husband, Harry Williams, at the New Orleans air field, where Mrs. Williams is christening her husband's newest plane. This picture was made a few months ago.

Photograph by Cameragrams



Marguerite Clark Williams' very latest picture, snapped at the air field of the Wedell-Williams Air Service in February of this year. The passing years have left little Miss Clark quite unchanged.

took care of me. When the offer came, she was the one who apparently had the ambitions for me. We had to go about it surreptitiously, for none of our relatives had ever been on the stage and probably would throw up their hands in horror at our becoming stage folks. There was one relative, a rich old uncle, who we thought would be particularly shocked. There wasn't much danger of his finding out what I was doing for he spent most of his time in Europe. By the time he came back, I was pretty well established, so we thought we might as well break down and confess how we had deceived him.

"And to our surprise," Marguerite laughed merrily at the memory, "instead of his being displeased, he was frankly proud of me, and he showed his pride quite materially."

"I LIKED the stage. I liked the people: they were so friendly, so frank, so genuine. Of course, sister was with me constantly; I was educated on the wing, you might say, for we had to engage a governess every time we went to a new town. Life was full—and happy. I didn't have time to learn how to do the things that most girls my age were learning: I couldn't play bridge, nor other games. Tennis, golf, and outdoor sports were denied me. But I had plenty of wholesome exercise, and I took a vast interest in learning my parts. I suppose I was a precocious youngster, for I was the only child in the company and perhaps there was a tendency to spoil me."

"And the movies? How did they get you?"

"Again the decision was taken from me," she said. "I wasn't particularly anxious to leave the stage, for I loved stage work. But when the offer came from Hollywood, sister thought I might as well try it—and I made good, I suppose," she ended.

Made good, I mused. I remembered performances of "Prunella" and other pictures where the sign "Standing Room Only" was put up nightly in New Orleans. For New Orleans adopted

(Continued on page 116)



Star Sketches:
Charles (Buddie)
Rogers

By Albert T. Reid

BUDDIE started his career in Olathe, Kansas, distributing sales bills for his father. From the first he had great charm for the young ladies. . . . A boys' band was organized and he drew the baritone horn. The people of Olathe had to acquire a taste for his music, like olives. . . . Broadened his technique and leadership directing the jazziest of animals when he helped tend a shipload of 800 Missouri mules bound for Spain. . . . Worked his way through the University of Kansas playing for dances. Besides directing the orchestra, he plays every instrument. . . . A local picture exhibitor entered Buddie's photo in the Lasky School Contest. The rest was easy. . . . In New York it took a police escort to get him through the streets. . . . His real ambition is to break into the eighties in golf.

Among the Hollywood Belittlers

The Famous Broadway Columnist Traces Some Flip Cracks to Their Source

BY WALTER WINCHELL

THE average New Yorker is well acquainted with the numerous Broadway columns in the newspapers, but since several of these columns are syndicated throughout the nation, the hinterlander, too, can tell you the latest joke on the Hollywoodehead. He has read it, probably, in one of these columns.

When Winnie Sheehan was in New York we asked him if it was a fact that most of the movie impresarios were dialecticians who made such amusing retorts or cracks. "That's the funniest part about those jokes," replied Winnie; "the magnates who have dialects in Hollywood could be counted on one hand. Seriously, though, Hollywood has few foreign-speaking chiefs. Most of them are actors and actresses. However, when a wisecracker wants to pin a gag on somebody he usually pins it on Carl Laemmle, who is one of the sanest of the bunch out there and who never makes stupid remarks. Then Sheehan was reminded of a gag. It is the one about Al Jolson, who was at Palm Beach.

THE famous star encountered a stranger in the foyer of a smart hotel.

"My name's Jolson," said Al, "I'm having a good time here—are you?"

"No," was the sad reply, "mine's Goldberg, I forgot to change MY name."

Marshall Nielan (Mickey Neilan to you!) is blamed for most of the quips that come from Hollywood. Arthur Caesar, who once pot-shot Broadwayites, now is included high on the Hollywood list of belittlers, and then there is Wilson Mizner, whose sayings and puns and jokes will be told over and over again long after he is gone.

MIZNER once was New York's best playwright. He joined the Hollywood clan a few years ago, but his stuff didn't impress the men who govern the industry. Why, nobody seems to know, for Mizner's wit, cunning and genius were responsible for much entertainment on Broadway.

He decided that the movies didn't want him, so he opened The Brown Derby, the popular rendezvous for the celebrated out there. It has enjoyed huge success. The other week-end an old-timer cornered Mizner.



Walter Winchell knows his Broadway better than any other writer. You can depend upon Winchell knowing about it before it happens.

"How come you flopped out here as a scenario writer and become such a big hit as a restaurateur?" he was asked.

"It's very simple," replied Wilson; "I found out it was easier to stick a steak into their heads than an idea."

Well, this was a very amusing crack and all that sort of thing, but according to Mr. Sheehan and other executives the lads are funnier on the corner pavement than they usually are on the studio set. But that argument might be combated by reminding him that such humorists as Bugs Baer, Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker and others who failed in Hollywood continue to draw down huge wages being funny in the newspapers and magazines.

TO hear some of the Hollywood mob explain it, out there it takes two years before a player or writer gets wise to the fact that he is "through." Nobody has the courage to tell him that he is, so he keeps trying, trusting that the morrow will bring better fortune. It would be a grand thing if someone went around Hollywood with a wand and touched the has-beens, which would signify that they no longer had any value to the pictures. But even then, one imagines, they wouldn't believe it.

Poor Mabel Normand, she suffered so before the end came, but we didn't know her well and we will follow the counsel of Will Rogers, who urged people not to write about her career or passing unless they knew her. "Only those who knew her could write about her," Rogers advised. It was a touching story, however, that Eddie Doherty wrote in one of the New York dailies about her. Doherty told how the newspaper crowd helped make her sick and

(Continued on page 97)



WE HAVE WITH US

BY HOMER CROY

HOOT GIBSON: Let your gaze wander down the table and come to rest on the blond gentleman with blue eyes, and let your gaze linger studiously, for he is a very strange and remarkable individual. He is a movie cowboy who is a *real* cowboy. Didn't I tell you he was remarkable?

Most of the cowboys never saw a saddle till Carl Laemmle showed them one, but here is a man who was born in one, and never goes into a drug store except when he wants to telephone. The mystery cannot be held longer: this amazing person is Mr. Hoot Gibson.

Or, if you are a realist and must know the truth, Mr. Edward R. Gibson; and the place where he leaped into the saddle for the first time was Tekamah, Nebraska. The exact day, in case you are a fiend for figures, was July 21, 1892.

The first words he ever said were, "'Addle, me want Mexican 'addle.'" This was at the age of six weeks; when he was a little older he cut his first tooth on a surcingle, and until he was four years old he brushed his hair with a steel currycomb.

A real cowboy he was, indeed, and in the year 1912 won the world's all-around cowboy championship at the Pendleton, Oregon, round-up; which in baseball would be like winning the pen-

nant. He broke into studio work, not by means of acting, but by being able to do stunt and trick riding, and remained to act.

During the War, Hoot enlisted with the field artillery, trained at Camp Kearney and saw service in France.

But don't expect him, when he walks down Hollywood Boulevard, to look like a cowboy just in from steer-branding. Instead of that he is one of the snappiest dressers in Hollywood, and once spent forty-five minutes selecting a bat-wing tie.

Everybody has a weakness, and Hoot has his. He plays a steel guitar, although his father and mother are normal in every way.

Hoot was married once, but that is all over with; so, girls, write him at 814 North Bedford Drive, Hollywood. But don't do anything hasty—remember, that he loves to play a steel guitar.

However, they say love conquers all.

DOROTHY MACKAILL: The blonde you are looking at is Dorothy Mackaill. And mighty easy looking it is, too.

Dorothy made her first appearance before the public in Hull, Yorkshire, England, and the date of the try-out was March 4, 1905. Her father, John Mackaill, was manager of a dairy in Hull and always

AT this, the fifth Hollywood banquet of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, Hoot Gibson retaliated by exposing the toastmaster, Homer Croy, to the laughter of the stellar audience. Here's what Hoot said:

"Let's give a little attention to the toastmaster. He was born on a farm near Maryville, Missouri, in 1883. In doubt whether the lad would be a writer or ballplayer, his parents sought out the best sounding name for either. Homer was the selection. He began as country correspondent for a weekly newspaper, and thus encouraged, rose rapidly until he was getting three dollars a week. Later on he was police reporter on The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He is the author of 'West of the Water Tower,' 'They Had to See Paris' and six other novels. In fact, with the slightest encouragement, he will dash off a novel. Our toastmaster has one wife, one child, one car and two mortgages. His home town is Forest Hills, Long Island, N. Y., if you must know."



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

JOHN McCORMACK

DOLORES DEL RIO

herb roth.

TONIGHT

Homer Croy Presides at Another New Movie Magazine Banquet

DRAWING BY HERB ROTH

brought home the top of the milk to Dorothy.

Dorothy loved to ride a bicycle and one day, when she was six years old, was riding along the embankment in Hull but rode too close the water and tumbled in. Two men jumped in to rescue her. Today, if Dorothy tumbled in, the ocean in ten seconds would simply be squirming with men. And the man who rescued her would probably be beaten to death in his tracks. So, Dorothy, don't go near the water!

When Dorothy was fourteen years old she ran away from school and went to London and got a job as a chorus girl at the London Hippodrome. By Saturday night of that week business had doubled.

After dancing in London and Paris for a few seasons, she packed up her toothbrush and dancing shorts and came to New York, and without a letter of introduction or anything to help her out, got to Florenz Ziegfeld, and, when the Follies opened that autumn, Dorothy of Hull was glorifying the front row.

She danced in several shows and then one morning the telephone rang and Hollywood was calling.

One day, between pictures, she married Lothar Mendes, the director, but it didn't last long and now she is fancy free. Boys, tell all in the first letter, enclosing picture taken within the last ten years.

She has hazel eyes, blond hair and always washes out the milk bottle before she sets it outside the door. What more could anybody want?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: I really oughtn't to tell you about the next speaker, because once she caused me a lot of trouble. A. H. Woods, the theatrical producer, bought a play made from my novel "Coney Island" and I promptly went out and spent the royalties I was to get when the play went on, and then the girl went and signed up with the talkies and the play hasn't gone on yet. I speak of Claudette Colbert, drat her!

But my big heart won't let me shove her out without introducing her, so here goes:

Claudette was born in France twenty-four years ago, and expected to live there, but her father's business went up the spout and in 1913 the family pulled up stakes and came to *les Etats Unis*.

She was clapped into the Washington Irving High School in New York, and it was pretty hard on the young *femme* because about the only English word she could pronounce correctly was "bureau."

Finishing at High School she started for the Art Students' League, as she wanted to be an artist. One day she attended a tea at a friend's house; among the guests was a playwright-actress, and, with nothing better to do, Claudette asked if she needed a girl of her type in her show. The playwright-actress did, Claudette was given the part, the show opened on Christmas Day, 1924—and now they're naming children after her.

Claudette was given a part in a play called "The Barker" and then something happened which was just like a play itself. There was a boy in the cast named Norman Foster; in the play she was supposed to fall in love with him and marry him and my gracious she did!

So when you call up, ask for Mrs. Foster.

If you want to know the figgers, here they are: Five feet and five inches tall; weight, 103 pounds. She is a brunette with large, melting eyes.

But remember, boys, Norman is practically always at home.

JOHN McCORMACK: Well, folks, this is a big evening, for we have two grand opera stars with us—one from California, and the other from the ould sod; none other than John McCormack himself.

If you'll get down your map of Ireland and look at it quite a while you'll find Athlone, and that was where our next speaker was born, the date being June 14, and the year 1884.

His ambition, when he was going to school, was to be a teacher of mathematics, (Continued on page 119)



Adela Rogers St. Johns INTERVIEWS AL JOLSON

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Al Jolson pulls you on your toes the moment you meet him. There is a challenge in the air. Probably a chronological report of a Jolson year wouldn't register a wasted half hour. No matter what he is doing, Jolson always will be getting or giving—something.

Because he is a grand person, with a philosophy as shrewd and humorous as Will Rogers', a brain that creates and achieves, and a spirit toward life that inspires. Those things are always worth while knowing about.

IT is a privilege to let you share a visit with Al Jolson which I had recently and I know he would be glad to share it because Al Jolson respects the public, the theater-going public, tremendously. In fact, though he didn't say it in just those words, he considers the people who go to see his pictures as more intelligent, more sensitive and more capable of appreciation than a lot of producers who make pictures.

The singer of "Mammy" and "Sonny Boy" pulls you up onto your toes the moment you meet him. There is no trace of pose or of self-consciousness about him. He takes you right in stride, as the athlete says. If he thought about it at all, it would seem a waste of time to him to be anything but sincere. But under his bright brown eye you are moved to put forth your best. There is a challenge in the air. For all his kindliness, he has no time for slackers, no understanding of them.

Probably a chronological report of a Jolson year wouldn't register a wasted half hour. No matter what he was doing, he'd always be getting and giving—something.

AL JOLSON has never, in the smallest sense, become part of Hollywood.

You know he must be in Hollywood because he makes pictures there. Those who recognize him—and many don't—may catch glimpses of him on the golf course, paying strict attention to the matter in hand. Aside from that the great artist who really pioneered talking pictures, who woke the picture producers and the American public to the possibilities of the talkies, isn't known

AL JOLSON on the screen—
Al Jolson on the stage—
Al Jolson on the radio—
Al Jolson on the phonograph—

He is known to millions.

But Al Jolson "in person" is known to fewer people than any other big motion-picture star except Garbo.

In his work, he is always hidden behind black face or characterization.

The real man has submerged himself in his work from the beginning, because he thinks that his work is the only worth-while thing about him.

But there he is wrong.

Al Jolson and his wife, the popular Ruby Keeler of the Broadway stage. Jolson is very much in love. In Hollywood the Jolsons live in an apartment. "We haven't any servant problem or any guest problem and we don't have to worry about the swimming pool and the furnace", say they.



The First Real Story About the Universal Idol Who Is Less Known Than Any Star Save Greta Garbo

to or seen by the gay crowd of stars and film folk who make up Hollywood's life outside the studio.

I had never met Al Jolson until I walked into his office at Warner Brothers the other day to keep a luncheon engagement with him.

Sitting at a cluttered desk, shouting rapidly into a telephone connected with New York, sat a slight, compact man, with a face tanned to mahogany by the California sun. His clothes were well-cut and worn with an air, but they were the unostentatious clothes of a business man rather than of an actor. His strong, nervous hand moved on the desk with continual gestures which it seemed a shame the man at the other end of the 'phone couldn't see. He would have understood Jolson so much better.

I studied him for ten minutes while he wound up important business. The slightly graying hair gives him a distinguished look. The shape of his head reveals the thinker. All the sensitiveness, all the enormous emotional force of the man, lie written plainly in his fine mouth and his quick, responsive eyes.

There is a weathered likableness about him that again reminded me of Will Rogers, though he is as quick in action and speech as Rogers is slow.

NEVER in my life have I seen such a dynamo of human energy compacted in one human being.

As I talked with him, I understood for the first time exactly why Jolson is great beyond all other men who have attempted to do the same thing he does. I understood why he can take an audience and literally drag them to heights of feeling, often with cheap material. I have seen him sweep audiences into enthusiasm greater than any other star calls forth.

There are two reasons. First, he is never afraid to let himself go to the very limit. He can't help but "shoot the works" in everything he does. The other is that of all the actors I have met, he has the most sensitive reactions. The man is like a tuning fork. He is like some highly sensitized mirror that catches every gleam of light and throws it back, or some amazing sounding-board that never misses the tiniest note sent against it.

He talked three times on the telephone before we left the office.

To his business manager in New York. Punching over instructions, dynamiting ideas and plans, forcing over his thoughts like a high-powered salesman.

To Joe Schenck, head of United Artists and his best friend. Instantly, his face broke into smiles. You would have thought he hadn't talked to Joe for months, though they had played golf together the afternoon before in a pouring rain. He kidded Joe unmercifully about that golf game. His voice expressed, without any



The real Al Jolson is little known because he hides behind black face or characterization. Yet all the sensitiveness, all the emotional force of the man, lie written in his fine mouth and quick, responsive eyes.

attempt at reserve or casualness, all his deep affection for the other man.

And then to a man connected with his pictures who had let him down rather badly by getting drunk at a psychological moment. There was an agony of embarrassment and hurt in every word he spoke. When he turned away his hands were actually shaking.

THE gamut of emotions, in a brief half hour of telephoning—all at top speed and high pressure.

I heard him keenly alert to his rights in a matter touching phonograph contracts.

Two minutes later he sent downstairs in an envelope, to be called for, a check for five hundred dollars, made out to a man he knew slightly, who was out of work.

In the office were a number of men, helping him clean up matters in order that he might leave for a hurried trip to New York to see some plays. His secretary has been with him nine years, his chauffeur eighteen, his business manager twenty, his valet twelve. I like that. People do not stay long years with a man unless he is just and interesting and lovable to some extent.

That night he was to sing some songs at the opening of the Los Angeles Automobile Show, the proceeds of which were to be turned over to Mary Pickford for the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

"They offered me three thousand dollars to sing," he said, "but Mary took it right away from me. 'But, of course, you don't want it. We'll put it right back in the fund.' Never even gave me a chance to make a gesture. I might have offered them half of it—but what chance has anybody when Mary looks at them?"

You can imagine for yourself how many times Al

He Speaks Laughter and Tears in All Languages

Jolson has sung songs before audiences. Yet he was as nervous over this appearance as though he'd never been on the stage. He kept telephoning his accompanist, planning rehearsals, trying to decide what to sing. Plainly every performance is THE performance to Al Jolson. It is impossible for him to walk through. Another reason for his audience hypnotism.

HIS chief topics of conversation are his work, his wife, golf and Joe Schenck.

Someone said to me the other night that the art of friendship was dying in our modern rush for success. At times, that seems to be true. But Al Jolson did a great thing for me, in that he convinced me otherwise. He revived my faith.

Al Jolson and Joe Schenck have known each other since Jolson was a kid around New York and Joe was a drug clerk on Sixth Avenue.

Jolson told me a story which seems to me one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard.

I had remarked that we were all interested to see what he would do in his new connection, with Schenck's great genius for production behind him. "Big Boy," which he will start as soon as he returns from New York, is his last Warner Brothers picture. Hollywood had been surprised when it became public that Jolson was to leave them and move over with Mary and Doug.

"Do you want to know how I signed with United Artists?" he said.

"Joe and I were down at Palm Springs on a little vacation. We're lying up on the roof one morning taking a sunbath and Joe says to me, 'Al, I need you.'

I said, 'What'd you mean, Joe?' He said, 'I want you with me. When your contract is up, why don't you come over to United Artists with me?' I said, 'Sure, Joe, that's all right with me.'

"Well, we had a little brown paper bag there that we'd carried some fruit up in, so we wrote the contract on that with a pencil.

"I SAID, 'Joe, promise me you won't say anything about this until I tell you to. I've got quite a few pictures to make yet on this contract, and maybe if they knew I'd signed with you things wouldn't be quite so pleasant and I like things to be pleasant when I'm working.' So



Out in Hollywood the Jolsons lead a quiet life. It was Jolson's idea. "It's funny," says Al, "but Ruby is beginning to like it a lot. I'd found it was the best way, not always to be tearing around after other folks, and now —she actually likes it."

he promised that much.

"When the proposed merger between Warner Brothers and United Artists came up, the little scrap of paper and Joe's promise stopped it. If he had told them he had my contract, and they'd known I couldn't resign with them, Warner Brothers probably would have gone through with the merger. But he didn't tell them. When I found out about it later, I said, 'Joe, why didn't you tell them? He said, 'Al, how could I? I promised you I wouldn't.'

"Well, when they found out about it, they offered Joe a million and a half for that scrap of paper. I heard about that and I went to Joe and I said, 'I know you got hit in the market, Joe, and after all a million and a half is a million and a half. You go ahead and take it. I don't mind staying over there. I wouldn't want you to turn down all that money just for me.' He said, 'Al, not for twenty million. I won't make

back in five years what I lost in the market. But money isn't everything. You have to get some happiness out of life. I want you over here with me, just to have you around, just for the fun we'll have making pictures together. I need you.'"

THERE was a little pause and I noticed that Jolson's eyes were misty and that he made no attempt to hide it.

Having been around Hollywood a long time, I had seen many things that made me share his opinion of Joe Schenck. I told him I had been playing bridge with Joe at Bebe Daniels' the Saturday night before, and how nice Joe always was in a bridge game. A great

player himself, he is always gentle with an erring partner. If he must reprove, he re-proves kindly. The other night he said to a New Yorker who was playing with him and had just lost a doubled little-slam bid, "You lost that hand by one Scotch highball," and laughed. The man quietly refused the butler's next invitation.

"I can't play bridge," said Jolson, with a sigh. "Pinochle, yes,—we have some great pinochle games."

"Anybody that can play pinochle can play bridge," I said.

"Not me," said Jolson. "The bidding's all right,

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Adela Rogers St. Johns Analyzes Al Jolson's Success:

"There are two reasons. First, he can't help but 'shoot the works' in everything he does.

"The other is that of all the actors I have met, he has the most sensitive reactions. The man is like a tuning fork. He is like some highly sensitized mirror that catches every gleam of light and throws it back, or some amazing sounding-board that never misses the tiniest note sent against it.



PARIS

Geography, as you get it from the talking pictures. Next month, Ellison Hoover will show you London, via the talkies.

The LOST LEGION

By
J. EUGENE
CHRISMAN



Today the soldiers of Hollywood's army play Washington's Continentals, tomorrow they are Napoleon's Old Guard. Here they are appearing as Franz Joseph's Austrian cavalymen. They are being reviewed for "The Bride of the Regiment."

PICTURE a scene on the Western Front in the latter part of 1915. The sky is overcast with drifting battle smoke, through which the stumps of a few shattered trees loom nakedly. The field, once green with growing things, is now a fire-blackened, shell-churned desolation across which the raw gashes of the trenches zig-zag crazily. Sprawled among the shell holes, as only dead men sprawl, or sagging limply across the tangled, rusted wire, are numerous shapeless bundles, some clad in the horizon blue of France, some

skyward. There is another crash and another until the detonations blend as the German guns, far in the rear, go into action. The earth rocks under the concussion and the air is filled with flying fragments. The attack reaches the German lines. Long bayonets are poised and driven home as the French leap in. A moment and the trench is filled with swaying, struggling figures as enemies lock in desperate hand-to-hand combat!

The whistle shrills again. Instantly the panting combatants separate. French and Germans climb out

in the field gray of Prussia.

Suddenly a whistle shrills! The French trenches vomit a horde of grim-faced men, led by a trim young officer, who scramble over the parapet and charge for the German line. Spiked gray helmets bob above the sandbags that line the enemy trench. A machine-gun begins to chatter insanely and a group of the blue-clad figures melt as if by magic to lie in grotesque heaps where they fall. Their comrades press forward.

With a terrific crash a shell explodes among them and men go down as a spouting cone of earth and débris leaps

Back to the mudholes and trenches of Flanders. Here the Hollywood legionnaires are appearing as British soldiers in the film version of "Journey's End."



Of HOLLYWOOD

The Movie Capital has Gathered a Crack Army of 6,000 Fighting Men, Veterans of Every Flag

of the trench and men who, but a moment before, were locked in the death grapple, slap one another on the back, exchange banter and borrow cigarettes. The dead and wounded leap to their feet, pick up fallen rifles and join their comrades!

A MIRACLE? No! Just a movie battle being made on location at Balboa, fifty miles from Los Angeles, where Universal's new war picture, "All Quiet on the Western Front," is being filmed and where a portion of Hollywood's standing army has once more been mobilized for mimic warfare.

A tall, rangy chap who wears the garb of a German private but speaks with a Texas drawl, wipes the mud from his face and grins at a wiry Irishman who wears a French uniform.

"Boy, howdy, but that was some shot! I thought I could hear the old scrap-iron whistle when they laid down that barrage. Makes a guy think he's back in the line again, eh, Buddy?"

"Yeah, you must have thought *you* was back," grumbled the other loosening his tunic and feeling gingerly on his neck. "Big boy, the next time you fasten on my neck like that I'm going to let you have the first inch off this 'Frog' Heinie sticker!"

"Aw, this ain't nothin'," smiles the Texan. "I remember when we was over at Fox making 'What Price Glory?' me an' two or three of us guys was . . ."

But the assistant director's whistle sounds again and the troops begin to move back to their own trenches. A big explosion was set off too close to the "mike" and they're going to take it over again. "Red" Blaire, an old ex-regular "top kick," moves along the line:

"Come on, you guys, an' get rid of that lead! You're in the army now!"

EVERYBODY has seen war pictures but few realize that the men who fight these movie battles are real soldiers and that there exists in Movieland's capital one of the most unusual military organizations the world has ever seen. It is the "standing army" of Hollywood, composed of some 6,000 privates, non-coms and officers; hard bitten, fighting men all, who have seen front-line action in all parts of the world and who know the business of battle.

Hollywood has a standing army of 6,000 officers and men, veterans of every military campaign since the Boer War.

These soldiers are all hard-bitten fighting men who have seen front-line action in all parts of the globe.

This is the most versatile body of troops in the world, since it fights cheerfully under any flag which an author sees fit to write into a story. At one time or other, they have refought every famous battle of the world.

Stored in Hollywood are millions of uniforms of every era and every war. There is \$2,000,000 worth of weapons and field equipment, ranging from flintlock rifles to modern siege guns. Over night Hollywood can duplicate any campaign from Alexander to Foch.



Fred Coppins, expert machine-gunner of the Hollywood army. He wears the Victoria Cross, won at Caix on the Amiens front when, single-handed, he charged and captured three enemy machine-gun nests. He was serving with a Canadian contingent.

It is this army which makes it possible for film fans to see pictures in which the grim game of war is played with startling realism and fidelity to detail. No lily-handed movie pets, these, but two-fisted fighting men who have learned their trade in real warfare, and when they even *play* at war, somebody is going to get mugged up, especially if the shot calls for hand-to-hand combat.

The weapons are real, the men are real and the powder and dynamite which is used to give the effect of bursting shell and hand grenade are real, so, although major injuries are few, these battles are not always entirely bloodless. Then, too, there is the human element to be considered. All men who take part in battle pictures are given a rigid physical examination, but on this same location only last week a shell-shocked French veteran managed to get by. During a big battle shot he went temporarily insane and believing himself again in actual battle against his country's enemies started in to do his duty with rifle and bayonet. Two blank shells, fired at a range of some eighteen inches, nearly blinded a German, but he was overpowered before he could get his bayonet into action. He was carried screaming from the field.

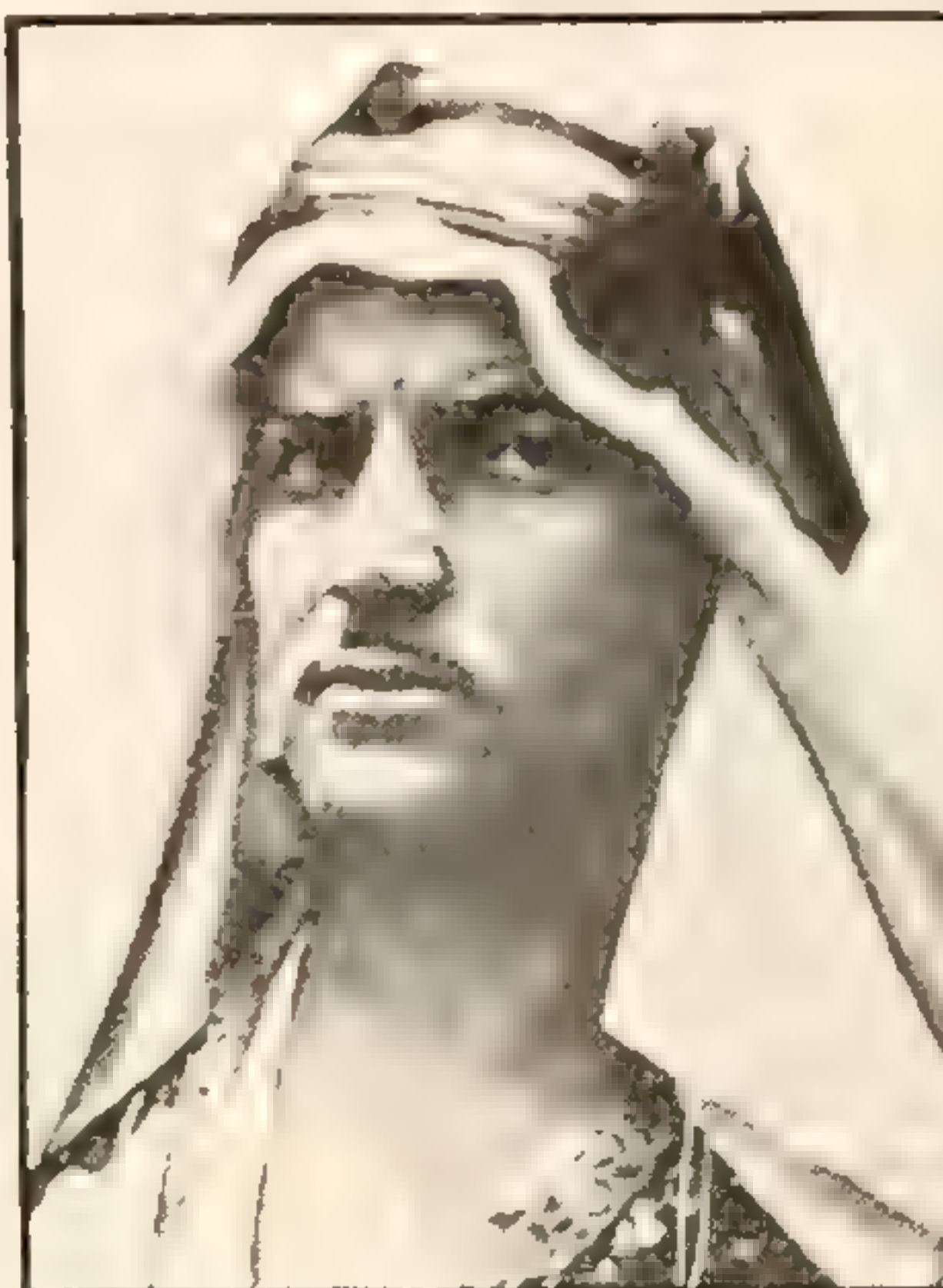
Hollywood's Standing Army is made up of



Kurt Kopcke, German veteran. Served as musketeer in the Ypres salient from 1915 to 1919. Holder of Iron Cross and Cross of City of Hamburg. Inventor of machine to simulate constant drum-fire of Western front.



Maurice Talbot, Irish veteran. Professional service in British army. Won rank of major. Cited for bravery at Mons. Started military career in North Cork Rifles, Dublin University. Family in Ireland since the year 1149.



Dawood Ayoob, veteran Turkish army. For three years was outlaw in the desert. Born in Syria. Educated at American College, Beirut, Syria. Saw service in Arabia and in North Africa. Expert on Arab and Syrian life and manners.



Louis Gergey, Hungarian veteran. Served in Hungarian field artillery during war and in civil forces during Hungarian revolution. Five military medals for valor. Was assistant professor at Budapest University.



Wilhelm Jetter, German veteran. Was sergeant major in German army, 1914-1918. Reichswehr, 1918-1923. Holder of Iron Cross and medal for nine years' service in German army. Expert on folk songs.

Another chap was blown into a slime-filled shell-hole by the force of the barrage and nearly drowned before his comrades could pull him out. Flying clods, bad falls, sharp weapons and opponents who enter too enthusiastically into the game bring up the score of minor casualties, and sometimes even more serious things happen, but the public will have their war pictures realistic and to the men of Hollywood's army it is all a part of the game.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S picture, "The Birth of a Nation," was the first in which any considerable number of soldier-extras was used, but it was not until M.-G.-M. made "The Big Parade" that any regular and substantial demand for such talent made its appearance. Since that time, pictures in which hundreds and even thousands of trained fighting men were used have made this phase of the movie industry an important one. The first calls were made through the American Legion.

Today the veterans of nearly every foreign army as well have their own bureaus, there even being one which will supply negro veterans upon request. Most of these organizations will, upon call from the studios or Central Casting, furnish large military units, complete with experienced non-coms and commissioned officers. In many of the larger productions the services of all such organizations are required and combined. With these, in addition to men and officers, are listed dozens of individuals who possess special talents or qualifications. There are "stunt men" (who will try anything once), swordsmen, machine-gun experts, bayonet fighters, trick riders, marksmen, hand grenade tossers and others. There are even men who specialize in "dying" or in falling after being struck by bullet or shell fragment, in a manner guaranteed to be technically correct.

It is difficult to say in what picture the largest number of soldier-extras was used, although many say that "What Price Glory?" drew the largest number from Hollywood's

"army." In "Wings," which was made on location in Texas, the United States Army furnished a great part of the extra talent. In the year following the making of "The Big Parade" the veterans listed at one American Legion bureau were paid more than \$250,000 for their services in war pictures!

THERE is no question but what Hollywood's standing army is by far the most versatile body of troops in the world, for they can, at a moment's notice, don the uniforms of any nation under the sun and will fight cheerfully under any flag which the author sees fit to write into the story. Today they may be garbed in the scarlet and gold of some mythical European principality and tomorrow in the ragged "butternut" of Stonewall Jackson's brigade. This week they may be wearing the regimentals of Napoleon's Old Guard and the next the uniforms of South American revolutionists. In one picture they may be camped in the snow as Washington's Continentals at Valley Forge and in the next marching across the burning sands of the Sahara as members of the French Foreign Legion. Fighting with them is a business and they will face machine-gun fire, high explosives or a rain of savage spears with equal enthusiasm, just so long as the end of the day brings the slip for \$7.50, or perhaps \$10.00, which can be redeemed at the cashier's window. They have at one time or the other refought most of the famous battles of the world and in several they have furnished men who, as we might put it, were members of the original cast!

One reason for their astounding versatility is that only in the French Foreign Legion would it be possible to find men of as wide and varied military experience, for Hollywood's standing army, like the famous Légion Etrangère, is composed of soldiers of fortune, adventurers and fighting men of all races, colors and creeds. In its ranks may be found veterans of every war in which men now living an active life took part. Men who were with the A. E. F.



Frank C. Baker, Australian veteran. Baker was a major in the disastrous Gallipoli campaign, where he won the Military Cross, the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Croix de Guerre. One of the distinguished soldiers from "down under."



Paul de Gaston, born in China, saw service in French army and in U. S. signal corps. Holder of Croix de Guerre. Studied violin with Jan Kubelik. Military expert and holder of degree in medicine. Has synchronized many important films.

adventurers of all races, colors and creeds

predominate, of course, but in addition to these may be found grizzled veterans of "T. R.'s" Rough Riders and of Funston's campaigns in the Philippines. England has contributed men from every part of her far-flung battle line. There are stalwart "Anzacs," Australians and New Zealanders from "down under"; men who have helped guard the Khyber Pass and those who were in at the sack of Duala in the Cameroons' campaign. There are members of Kitchener's "Contemptibles" and veterans of Gallipoli. Among the Germans may be found men who were with Von Kluck at the First Marne and those who faced the Americans on the Meuse-Argonne. From Russia there are slim Cossacks who were with Denikin in the Crimea; officers of the Czar's body-guard and bearded giants who went through the Red Revolution. Austria, Italy, the Balkan States and a dozen almost unheard of frontiers furnish their quota.

IF they ever wore them, or boasted of them (which they don't), medals given for bravery by every major nation can be found among the men of this unique army. One man, Fred Coppins, who now serves as an expert machine-gunner in the "army," wears the Victoria Cross, that most coveted of all decorations. This he won at Caix on the Amiens front when he made a single-handed charge on three strong machine-gun positions, destroyed them and accounted for fourteen of the

enemy. Coppins, at that time, was a member of the famous Canadian "Little Black Devils."

From the German Army comes Kurt Kopcke, holder of the Iron Cross and who, except for two trips to the hospital, spent four years in the trenches of the Ypres salient. Of this man, Mme. Schumann-Heink says that he is the hero of Remarque's famous book, "All Quiet on the Western Front," for Remarque's brother and Kopcke were in the same hospital at the same time. Also from the German ranks comes Sergeant Major Wilhelm Jetter, who wears the Iron Cross and other medals for bravery and who now specializes in the building of trenches and dug-outs for picture work. Jetter served nine years in the Kaiser's army.

A true soldier of fortune is Lieutenant Louis Van den Ecker, who, at the age of eighteen, ran away to join the Foreign Legion as a private. He earned his commission by exploits which were outstanding even in that hard-bitten corps and has since fought all over the world in various armies. He wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, both the French and Polish Croix de Guerre, the Médaille Coloniale du Tonkin and numerous other decorations. He acted and served as technical director on "Beau Geste" and other important pictures of the Legion.

(Continued on page 129)

Another thrilling battle staged for "La Marseillaise," which stars John Boles. Here is a combat in a street in Paris between the revolutionists and the wavering soldiers of the Royalists.



Herbert Brenon, the director, took a whole army into the desert to make "Beau Geste," starring Ronald Colman. Seventeen nationalities were represented in the membership of the make-believe Foreign Legion.



The HOLLYWOOD

A NOTE to Mabel Normand:

"Dear Child in the Sacred Heart," it begins. "Thank you for your consoling letter. I heard with grief that you are sick. If, besides praying for you in my daily mass, I can be of any help to you, just drop me a word and I will be at your bedside. I will redouble my prayers in your behalf. The little orphan girls in Italy whom you were pleased to help so greatly are daily praying for you and frequently offer their Holy Communion for your spiritual and temporal welfare. In the Sacred Heart of Jesus you will ever find. . . .

Very respectfully yours,
Father Vincent Chiappa, S. J."

MABEL handed me this note several years ago that I might copy the address of Father Chiappa to whom she introduced me and to whose goodness I am indebted. I kept the note and it is before me as I write. Now both are gone. The old padre died a few months before Mabel. His name is saintly. That of the Dear Child lives on the lips of one hundred and

Movieland's farewell to Mabel Normand—and something about the Real "Mickey." El Dorado has gone but Hollywood is here. Jack Barrymore goes in for Slapstick.

fifty children in the Orphanage of the Divine Providence "Don Daste," near Genoa, Italy. The children asked for her portrait. It was sent them. They do not know her as a motion-picture star but only as the girl who mothered them and for whom their daily prayers are said.

I offer the words of Father Chiappa because, had he lived, his would have been the last offered for her. His good face shone as he took delight in telling me of "the great heart of Mabel" and of her secret charities, the list of which would fill this page. And I would heighten his joy by adding to the list many which he did not know. Mabel gave not only money but that infinitely more precious stuff, a tender, sympathetic lovingness. It was her radiance.

HONEST-HEARTED Will Rogers, who knew Mabel well, said he hoped only those who had met her or who knew her would write about her now, then all her last press notices would be beautiful.

The tragic pity is that all who wrote about her while she lived had not met her, did not know her. I have seen her in tears of anguish with a clipping in her hand. And all she moaned was: "Oh, if they only knew what they do they wouldn't do it."

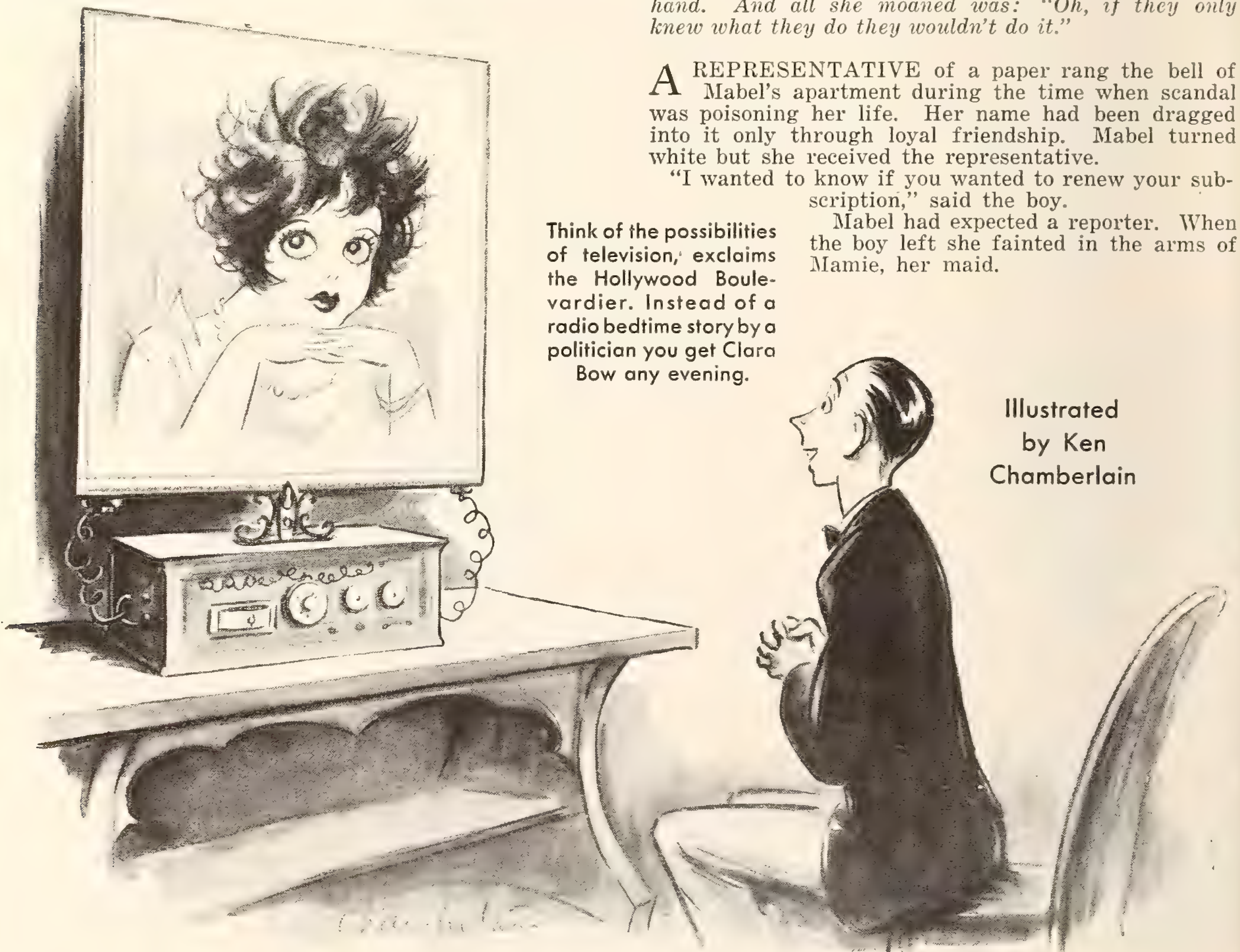
A REPRESENTATIVE of a paper rang the bell of Mabel's apartment during the time when scandal was poisoning her life. Her name had been dragged into it only through loyal friendship. Mabel turned white but she received the representative.

"I wanted to know if you wanted to renew your subscription," said the boy.

Mabel had expected a reporter. When the boy left she fainted in the arms of Mamie, her maid.

Think of the possibilities of television, exclaims the Hollywood Boulevardier. Instead of a radio bedtime story by a politician you get Clara Bow any evening.

Illustrated
by Ken
Chamberlain



BOULEVARDIER

By
Herb Howe

MABEL did not mind criticism of her work. She was an artist. But she was mortally wounded by the innuendoes directed at her character. Few stars escape these insidious barbs. They usually are shot from personal pique. Greta Garbo recently has been target for some local spite notes. Greta is as silent as Cal, but no one dares take offense when Cal refuses to be quoted. Likewise Greta shuns the sycophants who would like to illumine themselves with her company.

Incidentally, Mabel was one of Greta's greatest fans. I do not believe she ever met the Swedish actress, but she would see each of Greta's pictures three and four times. Their personalities were poles apart yet both founded in deep sincerity, fine sensibilities. Mabel recognized Greta as an artist and was happy to applaud.

THE story behind the marriage of Mabel and Lew Cody is one of beauty transcending romance. It was an ideal devotion, beginning when Mabel was a little extra girl in New York and Lew a green kid from the hills of New England. Mabel, sixteen, felt he needed mothering in the wicked city. Lew did too, and responded with adoration.

"I always loved green things," jested Mabel, reminiscing.

So they jested along through the years, always clowning over their tender emotionalism.

And so, at the last, it was the green kid from the hills of New England who mothered the child of the wicked city. Still always jesting, though, even when he came with his bouquets of flowers to the sanitarium. When she grew too sick to speak, Mabel would make faces at him, pantomiming her jokes. That green kid should never get the best of her! And that's the way Mabel went smilin' through.

A GREAT bond between Mabel and Lew was their kinship in charity.

Lew has played many "heavies" on the screen and poses as one off. One day on Hollywood boulevard he encountered a down-and-out old actor who in palmy days was star of a stock company in which Lew played bits. In those days the old actor would abuse Lew with round curses.

"So just to get even with the rascal," Lew explained, when I pinioned him with the story, "I decided to show him a good time. Got him a house and set him up. That's all. . . ."

But that isn't all. The old man still abuses Lew roundly and takes him to task for his shortcomings. Lew accepts it like a dutiful son. Getting even.

FOUR little artists' models entered films together: Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mabel Normand, Florence LaBadie. Fortune and fame came to all of them, then Fate turned traitor. Florence was killed in an automobile accident. Mabel suffered martyrdom. Anna Q. was crippled for two years by a fall from a horse and is only now recovering. Alice had unhappiness early but is fortunately passed through.

AT the funeral of Mabel Normand the motion-picture industry seemed suddenly to have aged. Allowance must be made, of course, for grief that lined their faces, bowed their heads. Yet most of the pioneers of gay



Out at Universal they have been testing rats for the talkies. They wanted them for "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Two bucks a day went to rodents with personality.

Hollywood who followed her casket with tear-wet eyes—greatest figures of this fanciful world—were quite gray-haired, some bent and wrinkled. Ten years ago they were debonair, romantic: Chaplin, Griffith, Ford Sterling, Mack Sennett, Doug Fairbanks, Sam Goldwyn and many others.

It wasn't a funeral, it was a farewell. No one was ever so loved as "Mickey." She hasn't died, she lives forever in the hearts of us to whom she gave love, courage, sympathy and tolerance.

WITH Cal and Gracie Coolidge grabbing off the publicity by visiting Hollywood and being photographed with Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, it was up to the Hoovers to do something drastic. Rudy Vallée was hastily summoned, played at the Congressional Club breakfast, posed for pictures with Mrs. Hoover.

Two Headlines in *The Los Angeles Examiner* next day:

RUDY VALLEE SINGS FOR MRS. HOOVER.
HOOVER ASKS PUBLIC'S HELP.

JOHN GILBERT, actor, battled Jim Tully, writer. Writer won. Hurrah for our side!

Just the same, before saying anything indelicate about Jack, I shall first adjust spectacles. (What's that law about hitting a man with glasses?)

Jack was wounded by story Jim wrote some time ago in *Vanity Fair*, sought to retaliate with fists, was wounded again.

Since Jim is turning actor in film version of his

Herb Howe Tells You all About the Hollywood Famous

"Circus Parade" and since Jack has proved himself an able writer, I suggest author Gilbert interview actor Tully. The pen is mightier than the fist, you know, Jack.

"The devil it is," says Jack, brushing off sawdust.

Anyhow, beaucoup publicity was had by all. And what is sweeter to the actor? Or the writer?

IT is an unwritten law that an actor should never reply to criticism. Replies give critics fresh weapons. To suffer in silence is more saintly and sagacious. Yet none are so sensitive to chiding as the writers themselves. So much as pink one and their typewriters shoot sparks like the smithy's anvil.

Whenever my sweet nature curdles and I find myself fondling a brick, I touch myself with it a few times and end by shying it at the woodpecker who awakens me at 7 A. M. But no use. Even that bird makes a comeback.

WE writers suffer too from actors. I, for one, resent reporters being shown with their hats on in drawing-rooms, as they were in "The Trespasser." Personally, I'm always the first to doff the derby and the first to pass it. And if there's no cuspidor in the room I politely wait until I'm outside. We writers know our Emily Post as well as you actors.

And, tit for tat, I recall seeing a ham in the Tony Morenos drawing-room who threw cigarette butts into the Persian rug and crushed them out with his heel.

"You mustn't do that," said Adela Rogers St. Johns, a writer and yet every inch the society dame.

"And why not?" scoffed the ham.

Adela for all her social polish and diamond dog-collar, couldn't tell him.

And again tit for tat. I recall a film star reproving her servants for calling her guests by their first names.

"Hereafter," ruffled the star, who had been reading up, "I want you to call my guests by their second names only."

THE Hollywood gold rush of 1930 will long be remembered by hoofers, crooners, song-swipers and colored folks. The talkie is their mine. This trek westward is nothing new in the history of California. The old drama of '49 has been re-enacted pretty regularly since the movies came in 1910.

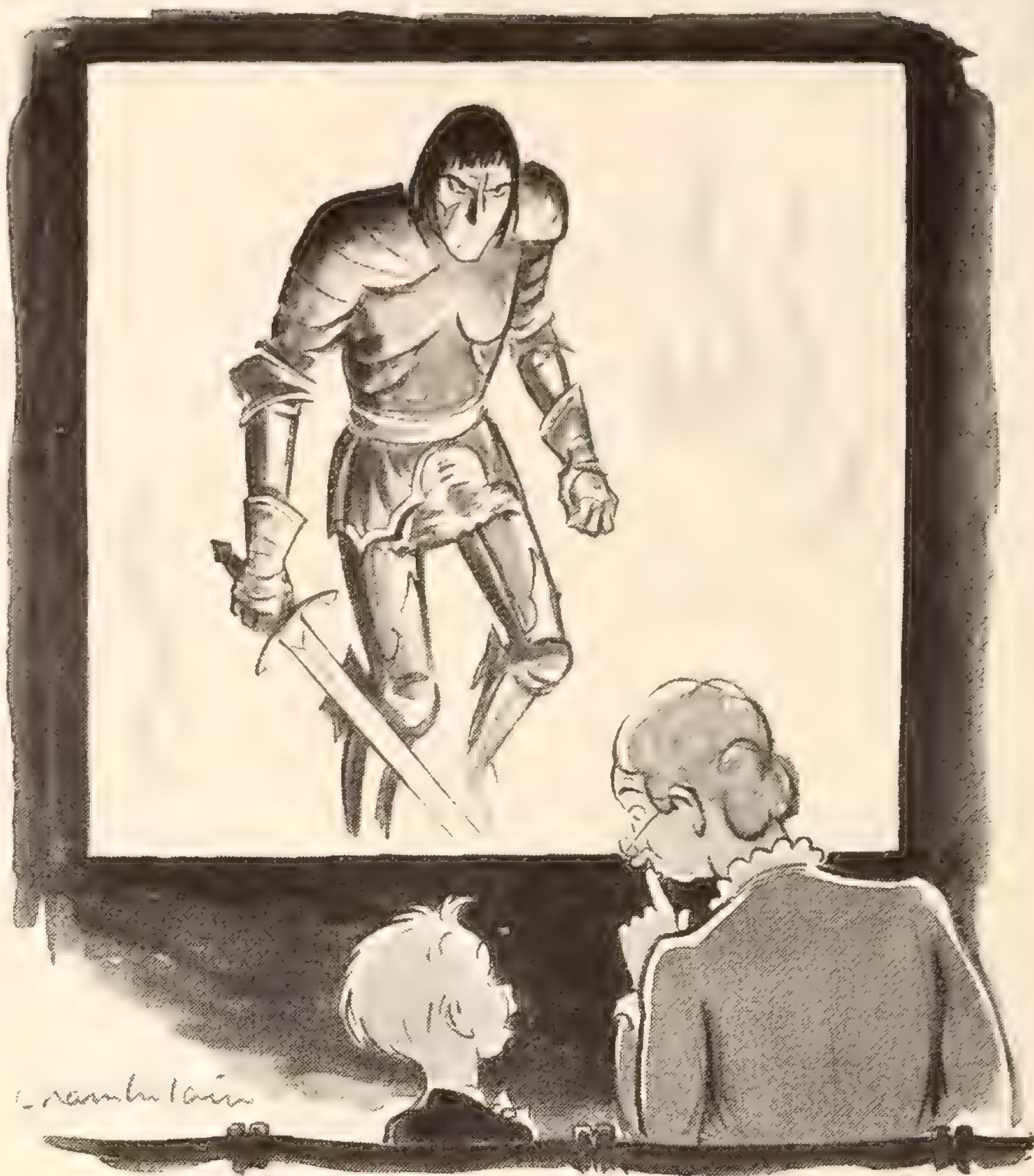
El Dorado is obsolete, Hollywood's the word.

Everyone knows the magic fable, how fortunes are produced by sleight-of-hand to vanish quicker than the bat of an eye.

It's Aladdin's lamp, but you can rub it the wrong way.

Now it's nuggets and now it's mortgages; a party tonight, an auction tomorrow.

For many there is no sadder title than "Came the Dawn. . ."



Herb Howe tells about the little boy at the movie theater who kept piping, "Is that Lon Chaney, Ma?" while Jack Barrymore did his soliloquy in "The Show of Shows."

SMALL wonder if the world thinks the U. S. a nation of girl-goofy, hen-ridden saps. Judging by the screen, a football hero can't play the game unless he's kissed between halves.

WHILE in China Doug Fairbanks bought a Buddhist temple which he is having set up on his estate at Rancho Santa Fe.

I claim credit for Doug's conversion to Buddhism. We visited Chinatown on Chinese New Year's and were invited to the shrine of Buddha in a back room up a flight of stairs. Viands and flowers were spread before the smiling image of the Blessed One. There was also a plate for contributions. We each dropped a quarter. A beaming old Chinaman then presented us with cigars and firecrackers with which to celebrate the New Year.

Across the Plaza from Chinatown stands the old Los Angeles Mission.

I suggested visiting it too. Depositing a quarter in a slot, I lit a perpetual candle and placed it in a glass by the altar. Doug did likewise, then looked around expectantly. No cigars and firecrackers forthcoming, his face fell and we executed back-to-Buddha movement.

HAPPY homes in the West, as seen from one day's headlines:

MATE GAVE HER BLACK EYE, SAYS WIFE.

"WIFE" IN SUIT FOR \$40,000 CHARGES MOCK MARRIAGE.

WIFE COLLECTS OWN ALIMONY.

ACTRESS AND MATE ROW; JANITOR HURT.

JOHN BARRYMORE is going slapstick in his next comedy. I predict triumph. In his Shakespearian soliloquy in "Show of Shows" he made me think of that rubber-faced Keystone cop. On the other hand, the little boy in the next seat kept piping, "Is that Lon Chaney, Ma?", while Ma indignantly shushed him as she applauded. After all, we movie fans have the minds of twelve-year-olds. But maybe we are not so far off. Shakespeare had his Mack Sennett moments, and I happen to know that Mr. Barrymore likes nothing better than Chaney characters with Sennett movements.

NOTE from program of "The Rogue Song":

"Based on the operetta 'Gypsy Love,' by Franz Lehár, Dr. A. M. Willner, Robert Bodansky.

"Story by Frances Marion and John Colton.

"Idea suggested by Wells Root."

Certainly does take a lot of genius to do a story for movies based on operetta with idea supplied.

THE miracles of this mechanical age haven't yet won me to that theme song (Continued on page 123)



Photograph by Hurrell

MARY DORAN



Photograph by Hurrell

KATHERINE MOYLAN



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

JOAN BENNETT



Photograph by Hurrell

RAMON NOVARRO



Photograph by Hurrell

WILLIAM HAINES



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

JACK MULHALL



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

FAY WRAY

The SERIOUSNESS



Stan Laurel came to America with Charlie Chaplin in "A Night in an English Music Hall." Stan was Charlie's understudy.

I DON'T suppose there is anybody in the full possession of his mental faculties who will not admit that being a comedian is serious work. It always has been; it always will be. In a theater, when the audience sees the efforts of the comedians displayed before them for their delectation, they may laugh and toss about in their seats, but, oh, the sighs and tortures of soul that have preceded those thigh-poundings!

Which is one reason that comedians the world over, including Hollywood, look and are so serious when they are off the stage. A hen may cackle when she reaches her creative height, and seem a veritable hoyden, but there are long lapses when she looks as solemn as any other hen on the lot.

AMONG the comedians who were having troubles of their own in their honest endeavors to make the world more suitable for human habitation were Stanley Laurel and Oliver Hardy. They had been in the humor racket, as the boys on the lot call it, for years and were suffering in their endeavors to be funny, when a terrible ogre came and sat on the head of their bed and dragged his whiskers in their faces. His name was Sound Pictures.

For years Laurel and Hardy had worked in silent pictures and knew every twist and turn and shade

Without knowing a word of French, German or Spanish, Laurel and Hardy Manage to Make Comedies in These Unfamiliar Tongues

value, until they had become veritable Professors of Comedy, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, they were demoted to the kindergarten class. It was a stumper. That night they left the lot happy and carefree and came back the next morning looking like the Prisoner of Chillon. Laboriously and patiently they began to learn how to make sounds again, and were getting along rather well, when again an earthquake threw them out of bed. Hal E. Roach himself was the subterranean disturbance.

"Boys," he said one morning as they were slipping out of their cars, "from now on we are going to make talking pictures in four languages."

"The boys" were pleased. It showed that American pictures had found a new way, in spite of the manacles clapped on them by sound, to reach out over the world and spirit money away from all and sundry.

"I mean *you two* are going to make sound pictures in four languages," said Ogre Roach.

"Us? We? We fail to follow you," said the team of Laurel and Hardy.

"Yes, you two."

"How do you mean?" they asked. "We can't talk anything but English."

THIS was something in the nature of a boast itself, for Hardy was born and brought up in Atlanta, Georgia, and I reckon, suh, it ain't the kind of English you-all speak.

Laurel, on the other hand, was born in Ulverston, England, and every time he opens his mouth Ulverston pops out.

"You've got to," said the Ogre of Culver City. "You boys are going over so well that I can sell you abroad and I can't sell you in English. You've got to learn to be funny in English, French, German and Spanish!"

This was long after the Santa Barbara earthquake; in fact, it was only a few weeks ago, but the Santa Barbara earthquake is now forgotten in and around Hollywood, for the earth that morning seemed to shake worse than it had since the old globe's creation.

"How *can* we speak it when we don't know it?"

"I don't know," returned the heartless Roach. "It must be done, that's all."

"How much time have we to learn those three foreign languages?" asked Monsieur Hardy.

"Until Thursday," said Roach.

"I know some German," said Laurel. "I can say '*Prosit*.' My grandfather studied abroad and taught it to me."

"I can say '*Parlez-vous*,'" said Monsieur Hardy. "I learned it during the war."

They found also that in Spanish they both knew

of BEING FUNNY in Four LANGUAGES

By HOMER CROY

frijoles, and thus equipped they started in Thursday morning being funny in four languages.

HOW do they do it? That is the question? If *you* were suddenly called upon to speak three strange languages, how would *you* do it? And suppose you had to speak them so that people in those countries would think you were born just outside Paris, or in Unter den Linden, or that your father was a bullfighter, what, I repeat, would *you* do?

I have watched Laurel and Hardy being funny in four languages, and it is something I will never forget, although I saw the shelling of Paris when Big Bertha was dropping them regularly, but, as I recall it, the people wore gay and carefree expressions on their faces in comparison to the expressions I saw and heard in and around Culver City, California.

This is the way Messieurs Laurel and Hardy do it. They have their "tutors," as they are called, three of them: Spanish, French and German. Señors Laurel and Hardy make the scene first in English, and then they turn on the heat and make it all over again in German. How do they gargle deeply enough to satisfy the élite of Potsdam? Well, Hardy has lost sixty pounds in the last thirty days. When he was a lad, Herr Hardy used to tour the country as one of a singing quartette which was billed as "A Ton of Melody." Well, he couldn't do it today. If he went out today they would have to bill him as "The Flyweight Tenor." Foreign talkies, that is the answer.

THE first day I saw them work was in "Brats." When I arrived the two lads were in a bed that would have made Brigham Young weep with joy; the biggest bed I ever saw in my life, although I have never been in a harem. It was especially made for the occasion and was twice the size of an ordinary two-dollars-a-day bed. In fact it was made extra large as Petits Laurel and Hardy were playing the parts of children and were dressed like same. They had made the English version and now they tore into the German version.

The German "tutor" made them repeat again and again the words in German, and then he stood just outside the camera lines and listened and drilled them again,

showing them how to place their lips to get the right accent. The two tots lay on their great pillows snoring softly, when there was the sound off stage of an automobile horn, and then they sat up in bed and listened.

Laurel had to say, "I want a glass of water."

And then poor Hardy had to say, "Ich auch."

Doesn't sound like much, does it? But have you ever tried to pronounce it so that forty million Germans will say, "Ach, dot boy knows his ich's?"

If you haven't, don't try, for those two words are stumbers. Men have talked German for years and died with steins in their hands and couldn't pronounce them correctly—and yet Hardy had to get it exactly right.

OVER it and over it they went, while they stared into the high-powered lights and struggled like donner and blitzen.



Oliver Hardy started out to be a lawyer. He was graduated from the law department of the University of Georgia—but legal clients failed to present themselves quickly enough.

These are Tough Days for the SCREEN COMEDIANS



Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy show Homer Croy, THE NEW MOVIE'S Toastmaster, the second funniest derby in the world. It belongs to Stan. The funniest is Chaplin's.

When they get stuck the boys raise their eyes to the blackboard and ick it all over again.

At last the scene was all made in German; but could they come home and call it a day? No, indeed. It had to be made *encore* in French; and then *ditto* in Spanish.

"The only words that I know in Spanish are *toreador*," said Laurel, "and we haven't had it yet. I know I'll be good that day."

Their work may seem haphazard and incongruous, as I fling off these words, but as a matter of fact they are doing their foreign talkers remarkably well. One Spanish paper was so enthusiastic about their work that it came out and announced that Señor Laurel was of an old Spanish family and spoke the true Castilian. And the only Castile that Laurel ever heard of is the one in soap.

One reason why the team of Laurel and Hardy can get away with it so well is that they depend mostly on their pantomime for comedy. It is their actions and their expressions that tell the story. Words are just frosting on the cake.

Stan Laurel ought to know his way about in comedy. When that other notable Englishman, Charlie Chaplin, decided to try his wings in America in a sketch called "A Night in an English Music Hall," Stan Laurel was his understudy and came to America with him, and he roomed with him. But business was not always good with the English comedians. Instead of going to the hotels, as they toured the country, they went to boarding houses and fried their chops in their room. Laurel's part was to fry the chops while Charlie's duty was to sit by the door and strum his mandolin so (Continued on page 132)

"Ich auch," said the tutor, tearing his throat slightly.

"Ick auk," repeated Hardy.

"No, do it dis vay already once," commanded the tutor and strange subterranean noises came gurgling up out of his tummy.

"Ick auk," said Hardy.

"Mein Gott, no—dis vay once—ich auch."

"Ick auk," piped Hardy.

Believe it or not, at last they got it right. Just how, I am not clear, for I have always held that the days of miracles are over. Anyway, Herr Germany was pleased and said dot it was goot.

Sometimes the two sufferers could not remember all the words, and so these were written on a blackboard and placed just outside the camera lines.

The six who do it: James Parrott, who is the Laurel and Hardy director, the Spanish tutor, Messrs. Laurel and Hardy, the French instructor and the German teacher.





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL



Photograph by Fred R. Archer

Loretta Young is a child of the screen, just seventeen. Her two sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, are well known in motion pictures. Loretta's recent runaway marriage with Grant Withers became the sensation of the screen capital. On the page opposite Miss Young tells the real story of her meeting with Mr. Withers and of her romance.

SEVENTEEN

Loretta Young, the youngest of Hollywood's brides, faces the problems of matrimony

BY DICK HYLAND



Grant Withers

CAN a young woman of brains triumph over her instinctive emotions?

Loretta Young has just married Grant Withers. She is going to be put to the test sooner than is the lot of most girls, for she is only seventeen, and the test is going to be a severe one, for Hollywood and motion picture careers add many problems to marriage.

But Loretta Young has very definite ideas on love, marriage and the relationship between a man and a woman. We hear much nowadays of the instability and general flightiness of modern youth. There is nothing unstable or flighty about Loretta Young's life plans and her conception of the importance of marriage. She has set out with a clean-cut determination to make her marriage a success, to see that her *grande passion* lasts forever. She expects to put time and thought in plenty upon accomplishing this purpose.

Neither Hollywood, nor careers, nor anything else is going to destroy this beautiful romance if she can help it.

Can the blind force of youth plunge through the storms of trouble which must come, and emerge, clean and contented, at the goal for which it set out? Can thought and keen analysis help youth to that goal?

Or will the things which to youth seem easily vanquished prove the very difficulties which cannot be surmounted because those womanly instincts will prove unconquerable?

IT will be interesting to watch Loretta Young's career, not merely on the screen where she is fast gaining real stardom, but in the equally important rôle of Mrs. Grant Withers. For she is a striking combination of keen, youthful brains, and of instinctive emotions.

The advantage she has over most girls is that, in her few years, she has lived enough to chart the dangers, the rocks and shoals and storms, of the matrimonial sea. And she has evolved a sort of compass to guide her.

But regardless of that, she is young, this Loretta Young. I make no apology for what might appear to be a pun upon her name. None is intended. She is young; she is seventeen.

It was Booth Tarkington who portrayed perfectly that age. The age of idealism, of unanswerable logic. With its hopes and plans and unshaken beliefs. The age at which all the world seems bright and all things possible.

Seventeen, no matter how wise, is still seventeen; which is saying that it is inexperienced.

But Loretta Young, plans or no plans, compass or no compass for the sea of matrimony, is going to run into snags she did not have charted. It will be more than interesting to remember what she now has to

say, and keep a casual eye cocked in her direction throughout the years.

Because it will tell us just how close seventeen can come to being right.

LO R E T T A YOUNG met Grant Withers at the famous Coconut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. She was there dancing with young Bill Ince. Whirling around the floor Bill spied, sitting at a table all by himself, a friend. He took Loretta over and introduced her to him. He was Grant Withers.

Now the home of the three Young sisters — Loretta, (Continued on page 120)

Loretta Young faces the perils of matrimony with all the optimism of youth. "Am I happy?" says Miss Young as Mrs. Grant Withers. "Oooh! You can't know how much."





Chic Kay Francis Demonstrates the Latest Smart Modes

All that glitters is fashionable this season. Note the lovely lines of Kay Francis' gown of gold lace and sequins, shown above.

At the right, the new windbreaker suit, a popular Spring model in white and pastel shades. Miss Francis' suit is fashioned in white pongee. The lapels are accentuated with bands of black.



The SCREEN Mirrors the New FASHIONS



The latest in smart sea-going pajamas. The suit is of blue and white. The bandeau of blue and white bands completes the nautical harmony of the outfit.



The flowered garden frock, at the left, is a novelty of the Spring season. Miss Francis introduced this ensemble in "Let's Go Native." Yellow and red flowers appear on the background of black. A bright yellow jacket completes the costume.



MARY ASTOR

"Autumn Frost" is the name of the gown of blue chiffon and crystal beads worn by Miss Astor in Paramount's "Ladies Love Brutes." The entire upper part of the gown is massed with tiny beads which catch and reflect the evening lights.

Photograph
by Otto Dyar



Photograph by Freulich

Paul Whiteman, despite appearances above, gained by trick photography, denies—firmly and definitely—that he is a bust. The internationally famous maestro says it isn't true. You shortly will see Mr. Whiteman and his celebrated musicians in the big Universal revue, "The King of Jazz."



The fireplace of Mary Nolan's bedroom is opposite long French windows and is severely simple. Because of its soft ivory coloring it fits into the delicacy of the room. There is a brick edging inside the ivory paneling and the fireplace fittings are polished brass. Miss Nolan, by the way, is wearing a royal purple coat, in chiffon velvet, with trousers of orchid taffeta and an apple-green vest.

HOLLYWOOD BOUDOIRS

I. MARY NOLAN

Mary Nolan's bedroom is a symphony in pastel shades. The walls are of cream, the window curtains a delicate orchid, tasseled in blue, and the carpet is a deep soft blue. Every shade of orchid, blue and pink is represented in the exquisite taffeta, lace and beribboned appointments. No room could be more feminine. The counterpane is a seashell pink and the overhead drape of orchid taffeta. The padded panel behind the bed matches the blue pipings and tassels.



Mary Nolan's dressing table is draped in brocaded taffeta of pale orchid, figured in blue. The shades of the Dresden China lamps are orchid chiffon, ruffled and edged with real lace. The table fittings are of gold, inlaid with French blue enamel. The bench is blue enamel with an orchid taffeta cushion. The plain oval mirror, without frame, forms a pleasant contrast to the decorative room. For make-up purposes, Miss Nolan wears a black chiffon velvet coat over her slip of crêpe de chine and lace.



Looking across the stretches of picturesque Beverly Hills from the end of the gardens of Falcon Lair, Valentino's residence. Harry Carey, the new occupant of the estate, is standing at the fence. Rudy's trees appear to be nodding to each other.

"I'm Not AFRAID of GHOSTS!"

Says Harry Carey,
moving into the
"Haunted House" of
Rudolph Valentino

By
DICK HYLAND

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS
BY STAGG

Unearthly noises have been heard at night and upon dark days in and around Falcon Lair; unfathomable lights have suddenly flared from nowhere and died as quickly as they came. They said it was Rudy.

Seances have been held in his favorite room. Unreasonable happenings have been witnessed.

A figure—in the costume worn by Rudolph Valentino in the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"—had joined the circle. They said it was Rudy.

THE Haunted House of Benedict Canyon is no more.

The Ghost of Rudolph Valentino is laid. Harry Carey is living in Falcon Lair—unmolested.

Since that fatal day in August, 1926, when Rudy breathed his last and went on to other worlds, his home high on the side of Benedict Canyon, overlooking Beverly Hills, has been unoccupied by mortals.

Its lone tenant was said to be the ghost of the great Sheik.

I say that because strange tales have traveled about Hollywood of still stranger events in Rudy's house on the hill.

A SHADOWY Thing has been seen strolling about the beautiful Italian garden and a White Specter has been reported as roaming through the glens behind the house. They said it was Rudy.

REAL ESTATE agents have tried for years to lease or sell Falcon Lair. They could do so with every other home in Beverly Hills. But not with this one. Something prevented them. They said it was the ghost of Rudolph Valentino.

So when Harry Carey, just returned from eight months in the heart of mysterious and dark Africa, where "Trader Horn" was being filmed, asked that he be found a home in or near Beverly Hills, the agents refrained from mentioning Falcon Lair.

But Harry could not be satisfied with the usual run of houses. Living for years on his ranch he was accustomed to plenty of elbow room about him. He loves to ride his horses. He needed a place with stables.



A side-view of Valentino's old home, which has been rented by the Careys. Rudy's house was long unoccupied, and rumors in Beverly Hills attributed to it all sorts of strange events. It was said that eery shrieks came from it at night, that cries of a mysterious dog were often heard, and that strange specters flitted about the gardens. Harry Carey has investigated every unusual sound—and says the ghost rumors are unfounded.

"ABOUT the only place we have not shown you is Falcon Lair," his agent said finally. "Valentino's old home, you know." As he said it he kept his eye on Harry Carey's face. It changed not one iota.

"What's the matter with that?" asked Harry. "Why keep it a secret? Let's go take a peek at it."

"Well—" the agent hesitated, "you know the story about it being haunted. Valentino's ghost, funny noises, and all that——"

"Sure," said Carey. "But I knew Rudy when he was alive. I wasn't afraid of him then. Why should I be when he is dead?"

THE Careys took over Falcon Lair. Leased it for a year. The first night they were in the house things began to happen.

Just after midnight Mrs. Carey's sister heard a scream in the kitchen. She went out to investigate. No one was there. Without one hint of warning a cupboard door suddenly flew open and a piece of paper emerged and fluttered at her feet. She stared at the empty cabinet and called Harry.

The entrance to Falcon Lair. Nearby Rudy kept his blooded horses. Harry Carey loves horses and he keeps a stable of Western equines of his own.



The Haunted House of Benedict Canyon is No More



Gone are the exotic velvet drapes and heavy hangings with which Rudy and Natacha decorated Falcon Lair. Harry Carey, the new occupant, has re-arranged it in true Western fashion. This is Carey's den. The walls are well stocked with African spears, enough to repel any invasion, ghostly or real.

As he entered the room a moan was heard. It started low; a deep note which rose to an eery scream and then died away.

Harry Carey looked at his sister-in-law. She looked at him. Into both their minds flashed the thought—the ghost of Valentino.

"Nix!" said Carey. "You fidgety women will give me the jumps if you keep this up."

HE looked into the cupboard. Behind and above it was a ventilator. The wind, rising quickly, as it does in the hills, had swept down this shaft and blown the doors open and the paper out—where it had dropped to the floor.

The eery scream was heard again. Harry Carey opened the porch door. The scream stopped. Under the door a piece of copper weather stripping was loose and vibrated like the tongue of a saxophone as the wind whistled through the screens into the partially enclosed porch.

"I don't know anything about this ghost business," says Harry Carey, "but I do know that every noise in this house is explainable.

It has not been lived in for a long time. It needs a bit of carpentering. Loose boards flap in the wind—and that wind makes odd noises as it sweeps down the canyon and around all the cornices and corners of Falcon Lair.

"GHOSTS? Afraid of ghosts? They don't even scare my eight-year-old boy, Dobe. An ungodly rapping on the walls was heard the other night. It woke me up. As I lay in bed trying to locate the sound—which was somewhere in my room—Dobe yelled in to me, 'Hey, Pop! Fix that darn shutter, will you?'"

"I did, and that particular ghost went to sleep for the night."

"I've never met any ghosts," says Olive (Mrs. Harry Carey) "but if Rudy has one it must be uncomfortable peeking into this (Continued on page 130)



The gardens of Falcon Lair at the entrance. Strange objects flitted about these gardens, according to stories whispered about Beverly Hills when Falcon Lair was a deserted house.



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MARY BRIAN



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

The Countess Rina de Liguoro has been chosen for an important role in Cecil De Mille's forthcoming production, "Madame Satan," in which Kay Johnson will play the leading part. The Countess, aside from being a concert pianist of considerable attainments, has appeared on the Italian and French motion picture screen in "Quo Vadis" and "The Loves of Casanova."



In "Son of the Gods," Richard Barthelmess plays a young Oriental who encounters the "East is East and West is West" barrier.

Lawrence Tibbett is the bold, bad bandit in the striking Cossack turban. He sings with gusto in "The Rogue Song."



Talkie HITS

BY ROSALIND
HIGHTOWER



Jeanette MacDonald is the lovely charmer of two popular singing films, "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King."



Anita Page is a little Long Island girl who made good in Hollywood.



Dennis King, as Francois Villon in "The Vagabond King," rules Paris for seven days and has a swell time doing it.

HERE IS YOUR GUIDE TO



THE VAGABOND KING—Paramount

Paramount is said to have spent over a million dollars on this filming of Rudolph Friml's operetta, based on Justin Huntly McCarthy's "If I Were King." It relates the glamorous career of Francois Villon, poet, vagabond, adventurer. The whim of Louis XI makes Villon all powerful for seven days, gives him an opportunity to save Paris and win the love of his beautiful niece—but at the end he must forfeit his head. All this makes a beautiful tapestry in glowing colors. Dennis King is a trifle too theatric as Villon, Jeanette MacDonald is a lovely Katherine, but the expert O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI.



SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount

Here you have Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook pitting their wits against each other as super-crooks. There is a valuable necklace, owned by an American matron touring the Riviera. Both crooks plan that this is to be their last job. They're in love, each with the other. And neither realizes the scarlet tint of the other. This is an engrossing little melodrama beautifully acted by the dapper Mr. Brook and the sullen-eyed Miss Brent. Eugene Palette, as an American nouveau riche on tour, is gloriously present. You will like this romantic thriller of two charming slickers out for their last haul.



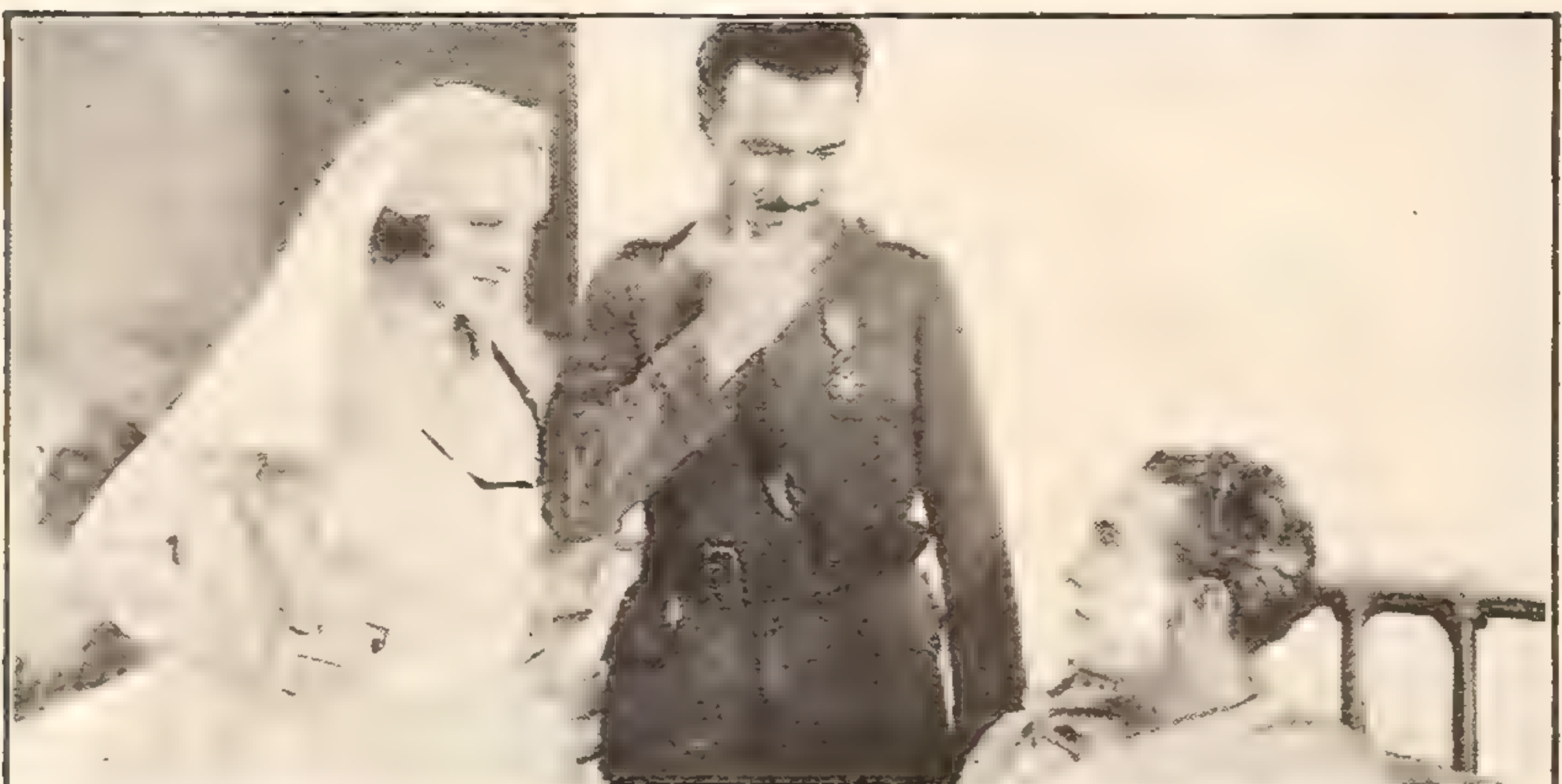
ROADHOUSE NIGHTS—Paramount

Love and laughter among the racketeers. This might be just another yarn of bootleggers and crooked politicians but for Hobart Henley's adroit direction, Ben Hecht's ingeniously devised story of a Chicago liquor ring, and a corking cast. Charles Ruggles plays an inebriated reporter who tips off his editor about the secrets of the ring, *via* tapped dots and dashes in the Morse code, while he indulges in a drunken 'phone conversation under the nose of the gangsters. Helen Morgan is the brooding roadhouse hostess, Fred Kohler is the racketeer chief and that priceless clown, Jimmy Durante, is present.



CHASING RAINBOWS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

What a swell little trouper is Bessie Love! Remember her in "The Broadway Melody"? Well, she's better here but the story isn't, by far. Here is another variation of the dumb vaudevillian who doesn't appreciate the love and self sacrifice of his little stage partner. Terry is eternally susceptible and Carlie is eternally forgiving. There are numerous songs, chiefly "Lucky Me, Lovable You"—but it is Marie Dressler who saves the picture from being just plain dull and hackneyed. Charles King, who also was in "The Broadway Melody," plays the philandering Terry.



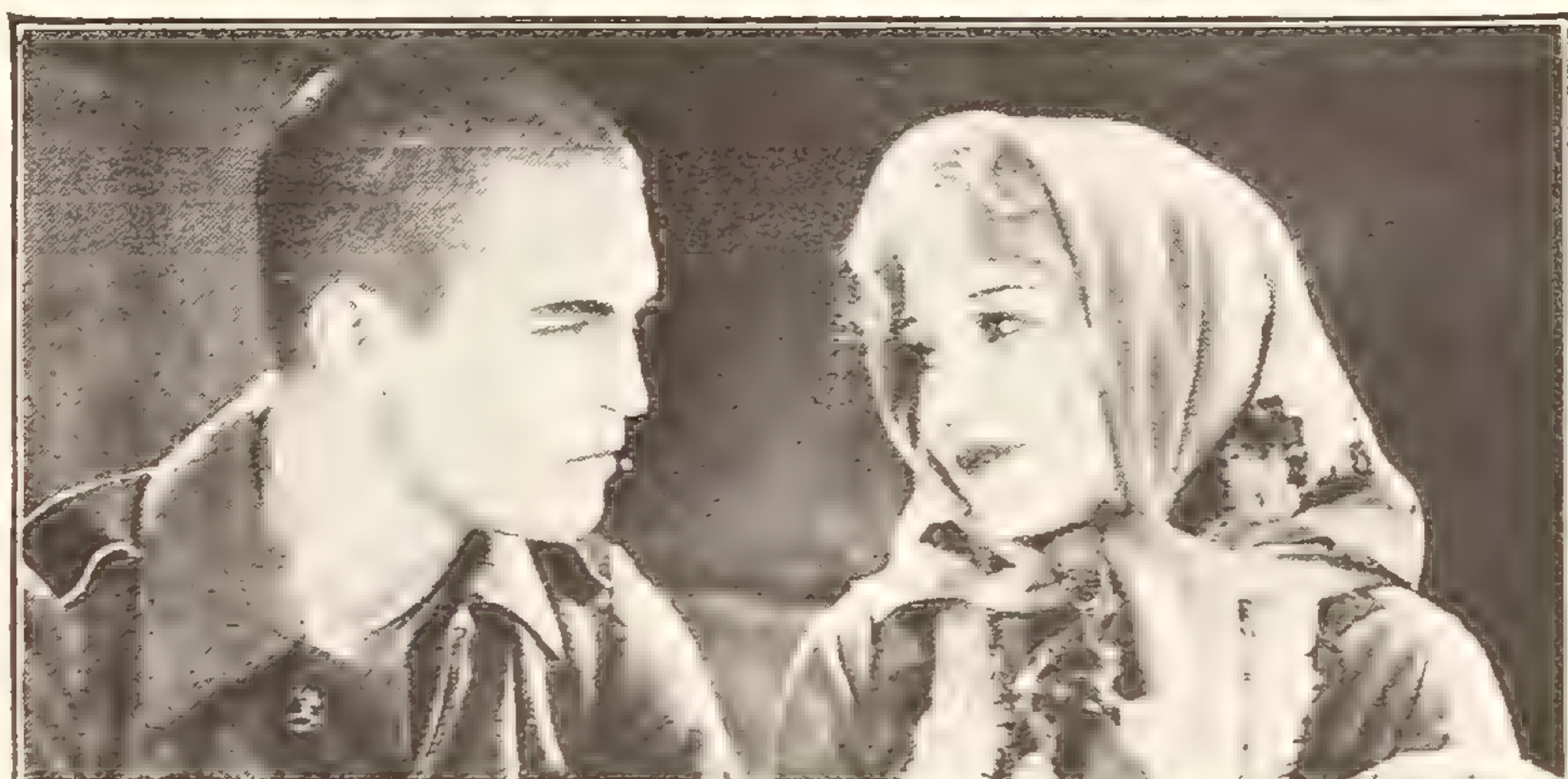
THE BATTLE OF PARIS—Paramount

When this plays your local theater, better devote your evening to something else. "The Battle of Paris" is one of the weak pictures of the year. Gertrude Lawrence, English favorite from the musical stage, is starred. Behind the footlights Miss Lawrence has a deft method of doing songs. Even her song skill is blurred in this mediocre film. Charles Ruggles is the only player of any importance in the cast. The story deals with the World War and offers little or nothing in the way of material for Miss Lawrence or Mr. Ruggles. Miss Lawrence, who makes her talkie debut here, deserves another chance.

THE NEW MOTION PICTURES

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA—RKO

Stark tragedy of the World War, unrelieved by humor or lightness. The story of a single soldier—a Russian prisoner of war—in conflict with the machine of war. Here is a single life caught in the tangle of red tape—a kindly human, sick of blood, who ends before a firing squad. For him there is no escape. This is a direct telling of Arnold Zweig's novel and its box-office appeal is likely to be limited. Chester Morris has the tremendously difficult rôle of Grischa and he is only moderately successful. Betty Compson is even less suited to the part of the runaway Babka. Herbert Brenon directed.



HAPPY DAYS—Fox

This new Fox wide-measure (*Grandeur*) film on a screen 42 feet wide became a gargantuan revue and minstrel novelty at its New York (Roxy Theater) première. There are frequent results impossible to the usual film, with startling sweeps of landscape and stage ensemble. The plot is thin. A showboat troupe, on the verge of stranding in the South, is saved by the appearance of a train load of Broadway veteran entertainers who once worked for old Captain Billy, owner of the boat. A lot of real stars participate. There are two striking song and dance numbers, "Crazy Feet" and "Snake Hips."



LET'S GO PLACES—Fox

This isn't much to write home about. Walter Catlett, veteran comedian of Ziegfeld and other revues, plays a garrulous and gullible movie director who hires a tenor he thinks is a famous Broadway favorite only to discover his mistake when the real tenor turns up. Catlett is mildly amusing, Charles Judels is comic as the real temperamental French singer, while Lola Lane and Sharon Lynn contribute a pulchritudinous attractiveness to the antics of the feeble plot. The studio scenes, with a big chorus number in progress of filming, have interest and animated beauty. But you've had a lot of this sort of thing.



DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount

What's this? No less than Joseph Conrad's "Victory" masquerading in diluted form under a so-called box-office title. The characters still bear their Conrad names but you will hardly recognize the events. The film gets around all this by saying the plot is merely suggested by Mr. Conrad's yarn. Alma is now an upright chorus girl who stows away on a young millionaire's yacht and comes to adventure on the chap's privately owned South Sea Island. Nancy Carroll is the girl and Richard Arlen is the young hero—and neither player is able to do much with their opportunities. This is fair melodrama.



THE GREAT DIVIDE—First National

Some twenty-five years ago William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide," was hailed by many serious critics as "the great American drama." The effort—a study in sectional viewpoints—faded rapidly into the background of things dramatic. It has been filmed before—and here it is again as a talkie. Dorothy Mackaill is a young society girl seeking a new thrill. She gets it when a cowboy tries cave-man tactics. But the cowpuncher turns out to be a millionaire (an event not conceived by Mr. Moody) and a friend of her father. Ian Keith is the tough hombre who steals our Dorothy.



The New FILMS in REVIEW



SONG O' MY HEART—Fox

Starring the lyric-voiced tenor, John McCormack, "Song o' My Heart" easily is the film of the month. The great Irish songster is heard to superb effect in eleven numbers. They are beautifully recorded, for this is the best example of screen song reproduction to date. The makers wisely selected a gentle, unobtrusive story which calls for no histrionic impossibilities from Mr. McCormack. The poetic mood of sentiment colors it. Throughout, the famous tenor sings sweetly, movingly. Director Frank Borzage, expert in screen sentiment, handles his story and his star superbly.



SONG OF THE WEST—Warners

The Vitaphone has moved back to the covered wagon days of '49. John Boles, the popular hit of "Rio Rita" and "The Desert Song," is the pioneer sheik of the saddle, and Vivienne Segal, captured from musical comedy, is the heroine. Boles is a cavalry captain who is court-martialed because he gets involved in a fight over a woman. The colonel's daughter marries him, knowing his past but, believing he is ruining her life, our hero deserts his wife out of sheer nobility. In the end—but why tell the happy ending. Joe Brown nearly steals the picture but Boles sings charmingly.



A LADY TO LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This drama of the grape vineyards of California, based on Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," was filmed silently by Pola Negri. Now it is done with Vilma Banky as the charming accented waitress who is wooed by mail by an old grape rancher. She marries him—and then faces the temptation of a younger love. The talkie tempers the original drama considerably, but the story still has dramatic force. You will find Miss Banky charming in the leading rôle. Her Hungarian accent masquerades as the waitress's Swiss dialect. Edward Robinson is the old grower and Robert Ames is the younger temptation.



PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists

Harry Richman, highly popular with New York night club devotees and with Clara Bow, makes his film début in another of those endless backstage stories. Richman plays a song plugger who makes good in a big way on Broadway and then forgets the little girl who loves him, in favor of a society matron's attentions. What's that? You've seen that before. Yes, indeed! However, the hero here goes blind from bad liquor. That's new, isn't it? The little girl still loves him and there's a hint that he will recover. Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman and James Gleason make the going hard for Mr. Richman.



SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners

Here we are in the good old night clubs again. A happy cabaret hostess almost loses her man—a handsome racketeer—when he falls in love with a society belle. Winnie Lightner, who copped a robust hit in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "The Show of Shows," is called upon to be too sentimental in this rôle. It's a pity, for Winnie can sing any sort of a refrain with more gusto and effect than any one in the singies. Witness "Singin' in the Bathtub" in "The Show of Shows." Chester Morris is the man who breaks our Winnie's heart. Please, Mr. Producer, put our Winnie in lively comedies.



Probably you have wondered time and again how they make those singing motion pictures of players in swings—and why the subject always stays in focus. You see the answer above. Perched beside the sound-proof booth of the cameraman is Director Harry Beaumont. He is directing Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray in a scene of "The Gay '90s." The camera booth with attached lights, the swing and the microphone are all adjusted to move as one. The result is an episode of easy, graceful movement.



HOME TOWN

The Girlhood Days of Norma Shearer in Canada

Norma Shearer was born twenty-seven years ago in Westmount, a suburb of Montreal. All of Miss Shearer's early life was spent in the vicinity of Montreal and Toronto. Her ancestors lived long in Ontario and played an active part in the growth and advancement of Toronto.

NORMA SHEARER, who celebrates her twenty-seventh birthday on the tenth of next August, spent her childhood almost entirely in the vicinity of the Dominion's two largest cities.

Unlike Mary Pickford, whose early associations are linked undividedly with Toronto, Norma owes an even larger share of her background to the picturesque English-French metropolis of Montreal.

Actually she was born in Westmount, a suburban garden city between two portions of the city of Montreal, at 507 Grosvenor Avenue. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shearer, now in California. There were two daughters.

FROM early childhood she manifested a predilection for dancing and she and her sister, Athol, were known at school as two incorrigible young madcaps, who loved nothing better than to lead their fellow students in the elementary school into all sorts of pranks. As she grew up Norma showed distinct mimetic inclinations and these found unexpected expression in various school theatricals. The sisters in those days were inseparable and went through Westmount High School together, but Norma was always the leader in escapades. She found unembarrassed pleasure in the comradeship of the boys of her own age, although she was never regarded as a tomboy. She always

was amusing and a party favorite.

School days were punctuated with joyous holiday time, and for the Shearer girls vacation often spelled a visit to the lovely valley of the Humber River, adjacent to Toronto, Ontario, where was the ancestral home of their mother.

On her mother's side Norma is descended from a family which has lived long in Ontario and added much to the growth and advancement of Toronto. Her mother was Edith Fisher, daughter of Edwin Fisher, the son of Thomas Fisher who built the Humber landmark, the Old Mill.

This locally famous structure, near which Miss Shearer played as a tot, was for decades the building of importance in the community. But, since her departure, it has fallen into disuse. Just across the river a modern structure has been erected to house a cabaret. Where formerly only bucolic sounds assailed

the night air, a jazz band now blazons forth its rhythm in the vicinity of the Old Mill.

NORMA'S mother was also a direct descendant of the Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Cooper, the first rector of St. George's Church, Islington. He preached the first sermon there in 1848. Toronto people who resided in the community eighteen years ago recall the small girl who periodically stayed with her relatives here at the rectory.

She also went with her parents to "Millwood," the beautiful tree-shaded, old Fisher home. It still stands proudly today, set like a gem among the trees, overlooking the Humber River.

The influence of the quiet refinement of both homes left its impress upon the young girl who was later to win such popular renown. This influence, say those who knew the child Norma, has contributed tremendously to the acquisition of that charm and magnetic personality which have helped her to make her way into the hearts of theater fans the world over.

The district was then open countryside. Its hills and dales were dotted here and there with hardy native Ontario trees. The meadows were broad, grassy stretches over which the two small Shearer girls roved with their playmates and romped at will.

NEXT MONTH: The Home Town Story of William Haines

STORIES of the STARS

BY HAL MILLER
of The Toronto Star of
Toronto, Canada.

DISTANT relatives of Miss Shearer reside yet in Lambton Mills. They tell of the days when she played in the fields which have since been converted into a model suburb, with pretty gardens separating newly built homes.

She has often expressed a love for this pretty old community. Well she might, for beneath the ancient elms that shade St. George's Church there lie in the burial ground the remains of Norma's ancestors whose characters have contributed so to the progress of the city.

Intimate details of her life there have been obtained from her relatives, Mrs. A. Cooper and her daughter, Alice Cooper, the former, Norma's great-aunt, and the latter, a first cousin and childhood playmate.

"Norma was quite an ordinary sort of a child, except that she was unusually dainty of features and of a very kindly disposition," state those who remember her well. "She was especially fond of the out-of-doors, and like most girls spent hours skipping rope and fondling her dolls."

She liked to play in sandpiles, too. One time she had donned her Sunday best and was all ready to go with Mother a-visiting. But a few minutes in the sandpile ruined the result of considerable preparation and Norma faced an annoyed "Mummy" when the time for departing came.

THE child was of a tender nature, an incident which occurred on the Humber hills demonstrates. Neighborhood boys had cornered a noisy black squirrel in a leafy maple tree on the river bank. They kept the little fellow in a rage of excitement for a long time. Finally, they caught him, and after tethering him with a piece of cord commenced to torture him, till the tender-hearted Norma chanced along and tearfully pleaded with them to release the frightened creature.

That self-same Humber River was a source of worry



Norma Shearer was born in this stone house at No. 507 Grosvenor Avenue, Westmount, in 1903. Westmount is a suburban garden city, lying between two portions of the city of Montreal.

to Mrs. Shearer. Children were wont to play on or near its banks. Although the girl who was to become famous on the screen and her younger sister had no near-drowning experiences there, a neighbor laddie was drowned in its swift waters.

"Norma is married now; she was married on September 29, 1927," Mrs. Cooper states. "We all love her dearly. She corresponds with us regularly.

"Her mother, who is my niece, has always had a warm spot in her heart for their former home on the Humber," she continued. "She visited us two years ago and at that time said that she might come back here to live."

WHILE Norma's father was as kindly a daddy as a girl could desire, and although her home life was always happy, the family was not wealthy. They
(Continued on page 130)



The lovely valley of the Humber River, adjacent to Toronto, where Norma Shearer and her sister used to play as children. It was in the waters of the Humber that Miss Shearer became a crack swimmer, a proficiency that helped her to screen success in later years.



Photograph by Don English

Jack Oakie is honest about how he landed in motion pictures. "Bluff," he says, "pure unadulterated bluff. That's the way I got in. They'd never heard of me. No one out here knew me. But I made 'em know me and remember me and think I was the answer to a producer's prayer. Sometimes they don't know what they want, anyway. They're kinda glad to have somebody else decide it for 'em. You gotta toot your own horn in this league."

"Hi, There!"

With that greeting
Jack Oakie has sold
himself to Hollywood

By JACK BEVERLY

WHAT a traveling salesman some organization lost when Jack Oakie decided to become an actor!

Jack could walk into Newcastle and sell them ten tons of coal every time he opened his mouth. He could sell ice to the Eskimos and fur coats to Hawaiian diving boys.

He could—yes, did—sell himself to motion-picture producers. He did not give short weight. The order was as specified even if the salesman did paint a rather glowing account of the product.

He is the closest thing to the picture most of us carry in our minds as representing the old, breezy type of traveling salesman I have ever met. He exudes good fellowship with every move. He is the biggest gladhander and bunk artist in Hollywood. He could bluff a Chinese mandarin out of his ancestor's ashes—and make the mandarin like it.

According to Jack Oakie that is just the way he sold himself to motion pictures.

"Bluff," he says, "pure unadulterated bluff. That's the way I got into pictures. They'd never heard of me. No one out here knew me. But I made 'em know me and remember me and think I was the answer to a producer's prayer. Sometimes they don't know what they want anyway. They're kinda glad to have somebody else decide it for 'em. I came along and explained how good I was and what I could do for pictures—and there I was. In. You gotta toot your own trumpet in this league."

Jack comes from New York. I wish I could reproduce his accent exactly. The microphone fails to get it altogether. Plain print is impossible. He is a dese and dose and dem guy—and yet he isn't. You can catch words like those occasionally but not always.

He could have been a politician; New York and Jimmy Walker lost a great aid when Jack Oakie decided vaudeville would be more fun. Because he can circulate, mix, and remember people's names with the best ward heeler in Brooklyn or Manhattan.

"Hi, there," is his pet expression.

If he said it once the other day as we were walking about the Paramount lot he said it twenty times in five minutes. He would see a still camera man taking a shot of a building fifty yards away. "Hi, there, Pete," would boom out. "How's she blow?" And Pete would yell back, "Hello, Jack."



Jack Oakie used to be in vaudeville. They say he saw Joan Crawford in motion pictures and decided to follow her to Hollywood. He didn't manage to meet Joan, but he is one of the few vaudevillians who have made good on the screen.

Or he would spy a couple of laborers digging a ditch for a new water main, "Hi, there, gophers. Diggin' 'em deep today?" A pretty extra girl, new on the lot, would go hurrying by, "Hi, there, sister. Where you been keeping yourself? They make you a star yet?"

Breezy. Vivacious. Radiating cheer.

And yet, when we parked ourselves for a few moments in his dressing-room, the foam in his nature died down. The sparkle was still there, but it did not fizz, if you know what I mean.

JACK OAKIE relaxed. He became more of the man he is rather than the man he has sold himself as to Hollywood.

"Sure," he said, "I'm gettin' by pretty well. I'm sittin' pretty at the moment. But I'm not kiddin' myself. I'm liable to land out on my ear any time. Anyone is, in this game. That's why I'm not goin' nuts and buyin' houses and living up to every nickel I make. That isn't so very much, as things go out here, but it is going to be more and that right away. (A new contract calling for more salary is being fixed up for Oakie at this writing.)

"I'm going to get mine while the gettin' is good and I'm not going to be surprised or cry when it stops coming in. Anybody who takes this racket seriously ought to have his head

(Continued on page 111)

How Hollywood Entertains

Lillian Roth entertains the Famous Film Starlets
at a Buffet Luncheon

By EVELYN GRAY

ONE of the most popular and easiest ways to entertain for the younger girls of the film colony who do not keep up big establishments is with a buffet luncheon at the Roosevelt Hotel on Tuesdays.

Almost any Tuesday, if you stroll into the Blossom Room of Hollywood's famous hotel on Holly Boulevard, you will find several of the tables occupied by a group of starlets and leading ladies, but unless you knew them you'd have a hard time distinguishing them from a group of Junior Leaguers.

Lillian Roth was one of the hostesses there on a recent Tuesday and had as her guests Jean Arthur, Myrna Kennedy, Ann Roth, Helen Chandler, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Gilbert, Mary Brian, Virginia Bruce, Jeanette MacDonald, Lola Lane and Kay Francis.

Like most of our popular young screen players, Lillian is a very busy girl and daytime entertaining in Hollywood is fairly rare, because everyone is apt to be working. But Lillian had a most successful party and it was so easy to arrange that she swears she'll never play society any other way.

"All you do," said Lillian, "is go to Chef Ehlers, tell him exactly what you want, then speak to the headwaiter about a centerpiece for your table, and you're all set."

On Tuesdays the Roosevelt serves a special buffet luncheon,

Lillian Roth consulted the Roosevelt Hotel chef, Ulrich Ehlers, about her luncheon. And she managed to obtain from him the secret of the famous Roosevelt Hotel meat balls, given elsewhere in this story.





The buffet arrangement for Lillian Roth's luncheon, showing the appealing platters of hors d'œuvres, salads, cold meats and special hot dishes. From this table, Miss Roth's guests made their luncheon selections.

arranged on a huge, specially constructed table in the middle of the room. Big platters of hors d'œuvres, marvelous salads, cold meats and special hot dishes. But in case of a special luncheon like Lillian Roth's, she may select ahead of time the main dishes for her menu and then they are augmented from the buffet.

MISS ROTH chose a long, flat centerpiece of red roses, early spring freesias and vari-colored anemones, with a few sprays of pale pink peach blossoms.

Her menu consisted of a fresh fruit cocktail, meat balls Roosevelt, with fresh peas and spaghetti, an endive and grapefruit salad, and a frozen dessert of French vanilla ice cream and raspberry ice, with special little cakes and coffee.

The costumes of the guests were all in the latest spring mode and the girls when gathered at the table at one o'clock looked much like a big bouquet of spring flowers.

The hostess sprang a startling new color combination on her guests. Her frock was of flat crêpe in chartreuse green and with it she wore a transparent hat of brown tulle. The skirt of the dress missed the floor by a scant twelve inches—the fashion decree for daytime gowns not for sport—and was held snugly about the hips by an intricate treatment of ties and bows. Sandals dyed chartreuse to match, a suède bag that harmonized with the hat and lovely old gold jewelry completed Miss Roth's costume.

What would you do if you had for your luncheon guests:

Lillian Roth, Jean Arthur, Myrna Kennedy, Ann Roth, Helen Chandler, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Gilbert, Mary Brian, Virginia Bruce, Jeanette MacDonald, Lola Lane and Kay Francis?

Here is how Miss Roth solved the problem of entertaining twelve famous movie starlets at luncheon.

NANCY CARROLL wore a brown ensemble in silk crêpe that set off her lovely red hair to perfection. The body of the dress fitted snugly and then rippled into myriads of circular folds. The neckline was accented with tabs of lace and organdie in eggshell shade. The jacket was fingertip length and had fascinating scarfs that tied around the neck. The cuffs terminated with wide bands of blue fox fur. A small brown straw hat that revealed the forehead and fell into long lines over the ears was unadorned. Her gloves were beige suède and her bag was in brown and beige reptile, to match her smart pumps.

Helen Chandler looked lovely in a very spring-like affair of printed chiffon in cornflower blue and maize. The cape fluttered to the waistline and the skirt was fashioned in three deep tiers. Over this was thrown a wrap of black silk trimmed with shiny black gaylak fur. Her hat was cornflower-blue straw, with a brim that swept off the face.

Lola Lane and Myrna Kennedy were both in black—Lola's being a severe suit of black woolen material and Myrna's a black silk crêpe suit. The white satin blouse, with ruffles of narrow pleating and white suède gloves and crystal beads, gave a summery note to Myrna's costume. Her hat was shiny black straw with a drooping brim. The tailored severity of Lola's suit was carried out in a tailored white blouse with lapels and rows of buttons, the jacket very snug fitting and the skirt long and straight. Over her shoulders she wore a wide scarf of King fox furs. (Cont. on page 117)

LETTERS of a Property MAN

BY HERBERT STEPHEN

DRAWINGS BY HERB ROTH

HOPELESS MANSION
OGONQUIT, MAINE

Tax Day, 1930.

DEAR, Struggling Half of My Life:

Hey, what's the grand and glorious about your letting the kid go hedge-hopping with some of the bum kewees that hang around the java-and-sinker joint. Just because I am up here with "The Star of the Universe" and cannot knock some sense in that cocoanut shell that you carry around for a bean occasionally you go haywire and try to make business for the man with the silk hat, frock coat, folding-chairs and hearses. Keep that young hopeful on the ground until he knows how to walk at least. I don't want to be no party to nothing pertaining to purple ribbons and wreaths of laurel.

Sure, that kid can fly some of these days, but not with that bunch of crate-floaters that hangs around the beanery that you so ably lose money running. When a good flyer comes along the kid can go up and stay up, for all I care. But it's got to be a flyer, not a would-be wearer of wings.

HOW come, anyway, you want him to be a flyer? Just last week you was crazy to have him act in commotion pictures and was raising merry hades 'cause I wouldn't stand for it. Has he lost his voice or is he beginning to look like his mother?

He can't be both an actor and a flyer—that's a sure thing. Newman Rose, the champion swimmer, tried to do that once and went back to playing with the fishes. He hasn't been in make-up since the last time he and Joe Jenkins tangled on the beach at Coronado, and that was many starlights ago.

Rose had served in the Army Air Corps during the little ruckus that we had in making the world safe for

the Republican party. During the time that we was shipping planes over to Europe to be knocked down by Richtofen, Rose was confined to quarters most of the time at Rockwell Field, just outside San Diego, the town that was made famous later by Smiling Butler squawking about the liquid refreshments served at a party. Butler felt the Marines didn't need so much hair tonic to keep them peaceful.

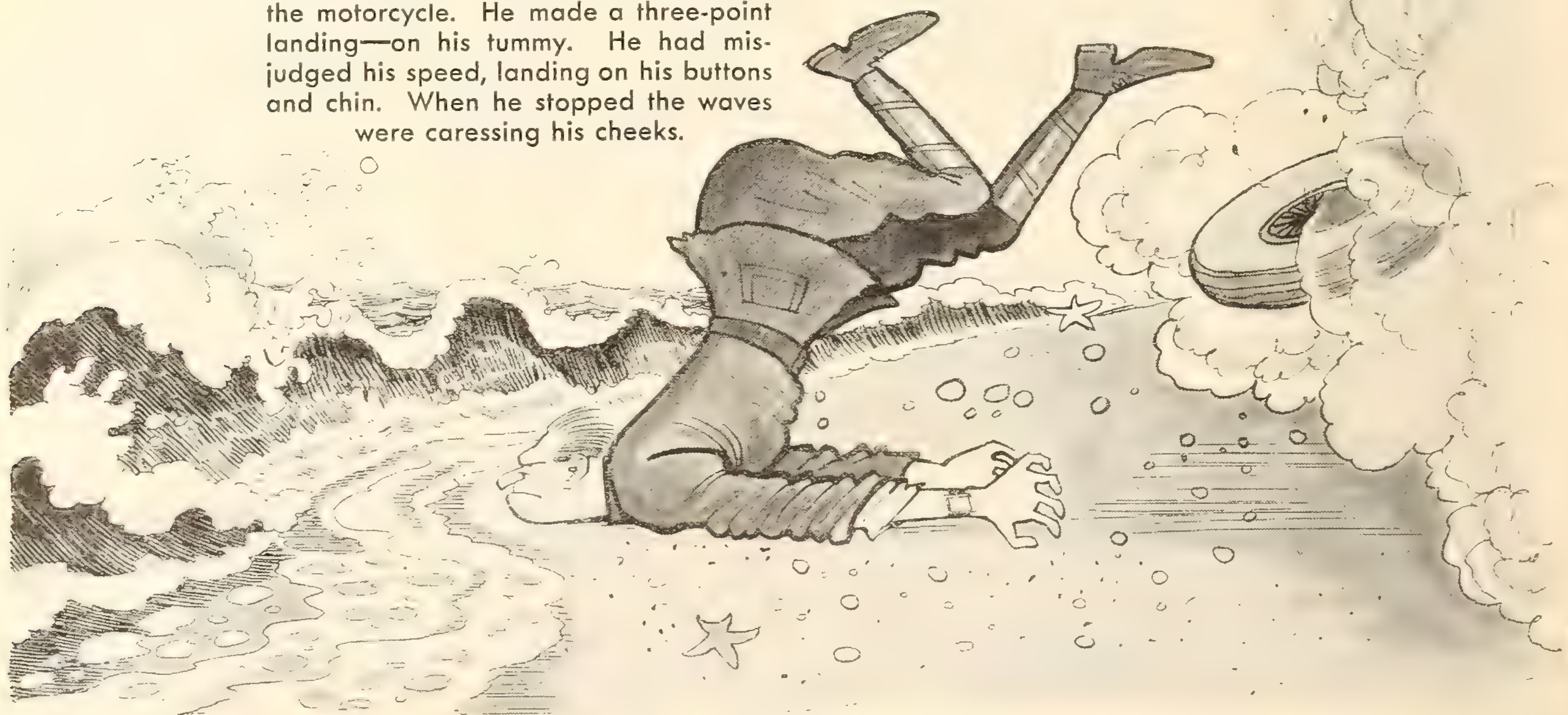
THAT guy couldn't be kept out of the water, though.

He had to have his swim two and three times a day. As soon as he was through ferrying some of the hoped-to-be flyers back and forth to the target range, Rose was in the old suit and into the Pacific for a feather-wetting. That baby could swim, too. He used to slide over the waves all the way to Coronado Beach every night, not forgetting Sunday, and it was a good six miles as the seagulls fly. He would spend the night there and swim back to camp in time for reveille in the morning. Yeah, he was confined to quarters, all right. At any rate the commanding officer thought so until he ran into him dancing at the hotel one night. Then he didn't swim any more without a guard standing by.

Well, after the War some wise little sliding tintype manufacturer thought it would be good business to make some war pictures. Of course, we hadn't had enough war—only three years of it. But then that's the way with those purveyors of amusement to the intelligentsia. They hired Rose to do the flying. That wasn't so bad for him, the studio was right near the beach at Santa Monica and he could dampen the feathers as often as he liked.

The leading man, though, walked out on 'em the first time that Rose took him up in the air. Well, maybe he did wait until they landed, but he was only half of what had gone up by then. Rose had a rep as a rough-riding cloud-puncher that just wasn't to be equalled by anyone

Rose left the side car at an angle of 45 degrees, both laterally and horizontally, and at a speed of about double that of the motorcycle. He made a three-point landing—on his tummy. He had misjudged his speed, landing on his buttons and chin. When he stopped the waves were caressing his cheeks.



How Joe, the Property Man, Got His Revenge—Ruining the Career of a Handsome Flying Sheik

remaining alive. He didn't care for the leading man any too much, anyway. Besides that he had sort of fallen for the ingenious little blonde that was to play opposite the boy that had the frigid pedal extremities. And what Rose made that old crate do just wasn't in the script or in Army orders, either. Well, to get down to earth, Rose photographed pretty well, the picture called more for stunts than it did for acting, the boss would save one salary, so Rose was made leading man. Right there trouble started for one Joe Jenkins, the property man on the lot.

THE leading lady showed Rose how to make up and did a fairish job of it. With make-up on he looked like a spinster's dream of the man she wanted, but was afraid to hunt.

But his fatal beauty sort of spoiled that big he-man from the clouds and the aqua. Of course, the little blonde didn't help matters any too much. He was easy pickin's for her. She could steal the foreground and lens-louse the camera away from him easy, because he didn't know the tricks of the profession, as they calls it—racket would be better. Rose got so he was thinking more of his mirror than he was of his ability to juggle a joy-stick.

He got so he wanted a chair of his own on the set with his name on it. Then he insisted on a rain stick over his head when they were shooting in the sun. It got so at last that Joe's little stripped flivver carried nothing but the luxurious props for the big he-man of the "first, grandest and most thrilling aeroplane picture ever presented." And the big ox was always playing pranks on the studio help. He found out that he could nearly shake the paper off a set by giving the stage braces a good swift tug. Now that didn't make him any too popular with the gang 'cause he wasn't one of 'em. He was too "valuable" for them

to take chances of getting even. They did let a whole sixteen-foot piece of set wrap itself around his neck one day, but that bullet head of his was so callous that it only knocked him out for a few minutes. Of course, it was an accident. At least that's what the stage grips told the general manager, Maccaray. But we noticed he left the stage braces alone after that.

Some of the scenes were laid at Rockwell Field. Rose had an old Jenny of his own that the use of was part of the contract. After the leading man's mal-de-aero with him nobody asked to play birdie with the big boy. But one day Joe had to fly with him all the way to Rockwell Field from the studio. Joe had missed the train chasing after some crazy thing that the director had decided was necessary, though not in the script, just as they was climbing into their berths. Of course, Joe wasn't crying with joy over the ride, but he knew he had to be with the director with that prop as soon as the director was on the set.

They takes off about the middle of the night, to hear Joe tell it. It was about 135 miles to the location and the old Jenny could just about turn up eighty per hour if you shoved the throttle against the corner. At any rate, it was just sunrise when they spotted Point Loma off San Diego. They had played around in the soft, oozy, wet clouds for about half an hour, which was against good judgment. There was too many planes around that spot that might kiss you just as you came out of a cloud. But Rose banked the old Jenny, he rammed her up for a steep climb, did a wing-over, a falling leaf and finished up with a full

(Continued on page 107)





Photograph by Don English. Map reproduced by permission of Rand McNally & Company. Copyright by Rand McNally & Company.

WHY THEY MAKE MOTION PICTURES IN CALIFORNIA

The map of California, as reproduced above, hangs in the office of Fred Harris, location manager of the Hollywood studios of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation. This map, if you look at it closely, shows how famous foreign localities may be duplicated without difficulty within a few miles of the motion picture capital. For instance, a director can shoot a swell reproduction of the old time Mississippi up near Sacramento and he can move down to Leguna Beach and get a perfect background for a South Sea yarn. The Red Sea, if anyone besides Cecil De Mille wants to part it, can be caught out at the Salton Sea. Spain, the French Alps, Switzerland, Holland and Long Island Sound are all knocking at the door of Hollywood. That's why the capital of motion pictures never will move far from Hollywood. No where else could the screen catch difficult background so easily.

With the Hollywood Belittlers

(Continued from page 45)

unhappy, for it was their duty to investigate matters in which her name was involved, although no one could ever connect her with some of the west coast tragedies. Doherty was sincerely sorry, he said, that his duty caused her pain and he wrote a beautiful story about her.

I MET her once up at T. R. Smith's place on 47th Street. Mr. Smith is the executive head for the Liveright publishing firm and at a literary party, as they are laughingly called, Mabel passed around her autograph album, asking all the celebrated writers there to write in her book. They all penned amusing lines and tributes to her and then she confessed to me that she once was the world's champion autograph-pest hater. She disliked to give her autograph, she said, and now look, here she was collecting the signatures of well-knowns herself. "At heart I guess" she said, "I'm a hero-worshiper, too."

She told a story that night which amused the gang. It dealt with the origin of the first Dirty Irish Trick. Once upon a time, so her story unfolded, a handsome youth named Phil McCool was pursued by all the beautiful colleens in Ireland. In order to make all of them happy he decided to hold a contest. So he gathered them all and told them to race up a hill—the winner to become his bride!

When the lassies raced up the hill and reached the top, they discovered McCool wooing another colleen—and that—so Mabel explained, was the first Dirty Irish Trick!

BUDDY ROGERS swept New York off its paws when he was here at the Paramount Theatre. Buddy shattered that theater's box office record, they say, and without the aid of a megaphone, either. Wherever he went, to lunch, or dinner, or to the theater, he was mobbed by armies of fans. The cops on Broadway had a difficult time of it keeping the mobs from congesting the busy streets. He certainly is the town's idol and more power to him. He is what Broadwayites would call "An all-right guy."

His favorite anecdote, he will tell you, concerns the movie actress who while in Manhattan frequented one of the city's most exclusive hair-dressing emporiums. She had an appointment for a wave, but once before she failed to keep her date with the establishment, a very busy one, so it didn't go to any extremes to please her. She finally let out her temperament about the service, squawking madly all over the place.

"Lissen you!" growled the woman in charge, "You may be a screen star out in Hollywood, but in here you are just another marcel!"

Which recalls a similar squelch on another movie star who dashed up to the ticket window in the Pennsylvania Station, pushing aside others to get her transportation.

"I'm Soandso," she cooed, thinking she'd make an impression, "and I'm in a hurry."

"You'll have to get in line," was the

retort, "there are others waiting who are just as unimportant as you."

SPEAKING of Buddy naturally reminds a Rogers fan of the other famous Rogers—Will—who long before he clicked in a huge way and settled in California was the victim of the intelligentsia who ridiculed him. One of the I-Brows had complained of Will's persistent use of the word "ain't."

"Yeah," yeah'd Rogers, "I notice a lotta guys who ain't saying ain't ain't eatin'!"

As grand a retort as ever was told.

When Evelyn Brent was seeing the Broadway sights she passed along this amusing gag. An Indian was waiting for an interview in a Hollywood casting office and picked up a piece of paper that someone had dropped. The Indian went up to another "extra" and said: "What does this paper say?"

The "extra" said that it apparently was someone's address, and then concluded: "Permit me to compliment you. You're the first movie actor I ever met who admitted that he couldn't read."

Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" was recently produced in New York and it marked one of the first times The Deity was represented on a stage. The play, however, deals with Biblical events and is most diverting. At the premiere performance we encountered a cinema celeb who urged us not to reveal her name if we used her story.

She said that the scene of heaven in the show reminded her of the time a prominent movie critic here made the world's worst blunder. I would call it the height of conceit, but no matter, here's the story:

Molnar's "Liliom" had been screened and there were numerous scenes showing heaven. The critic complained about several things and then wound up his amazing retort with: "... not content with blaspheming sacred earthly customs the author has the appalling ill taste to caricature heaven—a caricature, it hardly need be added, both shocking and inaccurate!"

YOU might have heard about Cecil Beaton, the Britisher who takes photos of well-knowns and worthwhiles with a \$5 camera and then sells the likenesses to fashionable magazines. Beaton was a dejected fellow the night we met him on 46th Street. He had just returned from Hollywood where he went, he said, expressly to meet and snapshot Greta Garbo. But the lady was her elusive self and Beaton felt wretched.

"She is so charming on the screen," he almost wept, "I thought it would be grand to meet her and take her picture, but she couldn't be bothered."

We comforted him by telling him a way to arrange matters. While Greta is difficult to meet, she has one friend in New York who arranges her business and sight-seeing when she is in town. His name is Robert Reud, a young chap, who serves the Frohman Company as press agent. Reud is said to be the only male in New York who

knows when Greta arrives or leaves New York, what time she arises, retires, eats, buys, and so on.

They have been friends a long time, because Reud has never violated her confidence.

It is a fact that numerous magazines and newspapers have offered Reud goodly sums to jot down "inside stuff" about Garbo, but he has spurned them all, preferring her everlasting friendship.

And he is one of five people in the whole world to whom she has presented her photo with her own autograph. Golly!

JOE. E. BROWN, incidentally, tells the most amusing autograph story. It is the one about Rudyard Kipling, who is said to be bothered by autograph hunters more than Shaw or any movie star. Finally, an idea struck Kipling on how to rid himself of the pests, as he preferred calling them. He instructed his secretary to tell a writer who asked "How may I become a success?" that Mr. Kipling would furnish the desired information if he forwarded Mr. Kipling 25 cents for each word.

The autograph seeker sarcastically wrote back: "All right then, send me one word."

To which the poet who didn't sign his letter, replied: "Thanks."

You might not have heard the sassiest of the "extra girl" yarns we enjoy swapping here and there along Broadway. An extra gal called up a Mrs. Rose, head of a casting bureau. The repartee went something like this:

"Oh, Mrs. Rose, have you anything for me today?"

"NO!" was the reply.

"But, Mrs. Rose do you think you will have anything for me this week?"

"NO!"

"But, Mrs. Rose, you never have anything for me!"

"Oh, don't bother me! ! ! !"

"Very well, goodbye, Mrs. Rosenberg."

THEN there's Marilyn Miller's quip. At least pretty Marilyn is credited with it.

When a movie actor was asked: "Are you a movie actor?" He answered: "Yes. Between promises!"

Another of her anecdotes, they would have you believe, concerns the time she visited Reuben's famous delicatessen, where the sandwiches bear the names of well-knowns of the stage and screen.

She inspected the cryptic menu, which offered "Jack Oakie Special"; "Justine Johnstone Surprise"; "Winnie Lightner Delight" and so on.

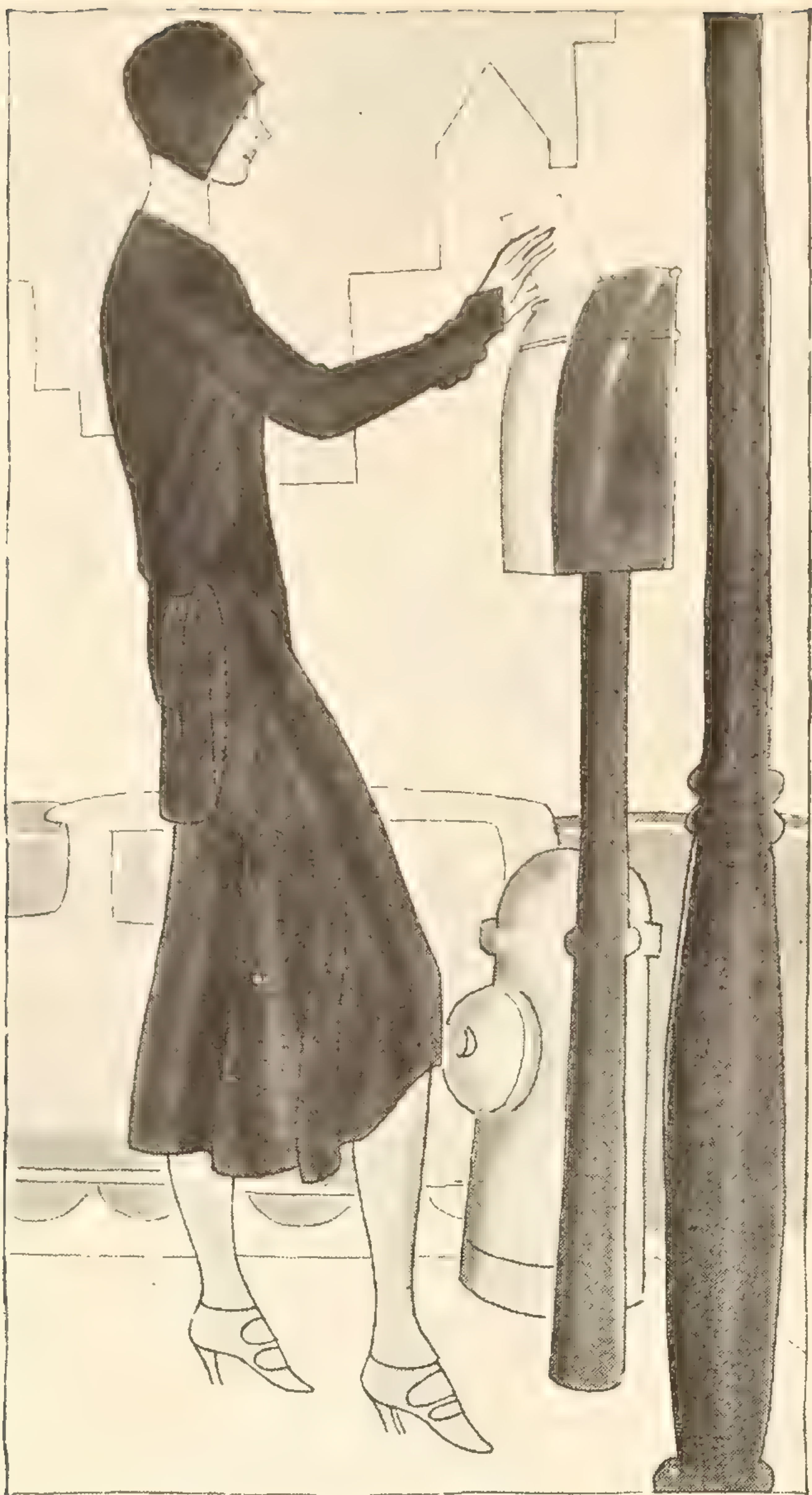
"Oh, I say," said Marilyn to the waiter, "Is that all you've got to eat here?"

"Oh no, we have dozens of other selections."

"That's funny," cracked Marilyn, "all I see here is ham."

Paul Whiteman is very fond of his colored valet who has served him loyally for many years. So when the Whiteman outfit traveled to Hollywood and the ducky came in and asked for

(Continued on page 123)



DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers
Express Their Opinions of Film Plays
and Players—and This Monthly

formances and talent of Adolphe Menjou? I have never enjoyed any picture, either silent or talkie, more than those starring Adolphe Menjou.

*Miss I. G. Bosch,
P. O. B. 32.*

Likes Home-town Stories

Hot Springs, Ark.—

I have just finished reading the second issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It's a wow. It is actually one of the best movie guides to the forthcoming new pictures and it contains so much information about the stars and the happenings of Hollywood. The Home Town stories of the stars are very interesting. John Boles is one of my favorite actors and after reading his life story I appreciate him more.

*William Brodey,
118 Liberty Street.*

Remake the Silent Hits

Scranton, Pa.—

Why not have some more good pictures made over once more? There's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "Robin Hood," and some of Rudolph Valentino's pictures. Stage-revue pictures are the only kind that interest the directors and producers nowadays. I've seen many of them and I think they're good, but that doesn't mean that the good old drama should be cut out.

T. M.

Wants More Westerns

Haverhill, Mass.—

What about the good old Western film? Western talkies? Now that sound is introduced in movies, we see less and less of this sort of entertainment. Is it because the producers are overlooking the fact that there are still a majority of theater-goers who would enjoy a good Western talkie occasionally?

*A. J. Pazzanese,
3 Hancock Street.*

Likes Our Writers

Norfolk, Va.—

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It is unexcelled and gives one all the up-to-date news, photographs, and besides has good authors for less than half the price of the other magazines not as good.

*Mrs. Lewis G. Throm,
2911 Nottaway Street.*

A Great Dime's Worth

Royal Oak, Mich.—

How long has this been going on? Your magazine came to me for the first time today. My wife went uptown to do some shopping and brought THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE home with her, and I want to say it's the greatest dime's worth I have ever seen.

*George L. Chenal,
1617 Longfellow.*

They Know Hollywood

Augusta, Ga.—

Obviously, the only magazine that puts forth effort for numerous improvements in each new issue; the only magazine of its kind whose writing contributors are familiar with the Hollywood film folk and have been previously acclaimed as successful writers; and one of the few magazines whose department concerning the guide to new films contains honest, concise and valuable information.

*Mary Lewis,
1901 Central Ave.*

No Wise-cracks

New York City, N. Y.—

I've just spent the most pleasant hour reading your corking magazine. It's magnificent and worth fully thirty-five cents. I like it because it contains so many brand-new pictures and nicely written stories, without those unbearable "wise-cracks" that magazines seem unable to get along without. I find the very sophisticated contributions of Mr. Herbert Howe charming.

*Julia Tamara Reino,
215 East 121st Street.*

Wants Old Favorites

Philadelphia, Pa.—

Why should I be deprived of the pleasure of seeing my favorite screen actor or actress simply because his or her voice does not record well for a talking picture? Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I'll always maintain that I want my old favorites back. I miss them all.

*Bessie Meyerson,
726 Mountain Street.*

What About Adolphe?

Dade City, Fla.—

Why are we deprived of the wonderful screen per-

(Continued on page 106)



Every mile— it saves you money!

The Greatest **CHEVROLET** *in Chevrolet History*

-at Greatly Reduced Prices!

Roadster.....	\$495
Phaeton.....	\$495
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Club Sedan.....	\$625
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Sedan Delivery..	\$595
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1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	\$625

*All prices f. o. b. factory
Flint, Michigan*

No single feature of the new Chevrolet Six is praised more highly than its outstanding economy—for in spite of its marvelous six-cylinder performance, its larger size and its greater weight—*it saves you money every mile you drive!*

From first cost to re-sale value—it pays to own a Chevrolet.

With a base price of \$495, f.o.b. factory, the Chevrolet Six is one of the world's lowest priced automobiles—actually in the price range of a four-cylinder car. And this initial economy is emphasized over and over again as the months and the miles go by.

Exceptionally high gasoline mileage! Oil economy that never ceases to amaze you! Dependability in every part that reduces your service requirements to the minimum. Long life that far exceeds the

demands of the average owner. And standardized service available everywhere—with low flat-rate charges for both parts and labor!

Purely on the basis of economy—the Chevrolet Six is the logical car to own. But when you consider what it gives you *in addition to* economy—in six-cylinder performance, in beautiful Fisher bodies, in greater comfort, safety and handling ease—its choice becomes imperative, if you seek outstanding value. See your Chevrolet dealer today. He will gladly give you a demonstration.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

IT'S ALL in the BLADE



The razor blade always determines the shave. Buy either blade shown here — both are guaranteed — and you will be sure of a clean shave with the least time, effort and expense in shaving.

SHA-VE-ZEE SINGLE-EDGE BLADES

3 for 10¢

Every Sha-Ve-Zee blade you buy is inspected and guaranteed. The high quality steel and keen cutting edge give a service and satisfaction you cannot better at any price. Three blades in every package.

WHY PAY MORE?

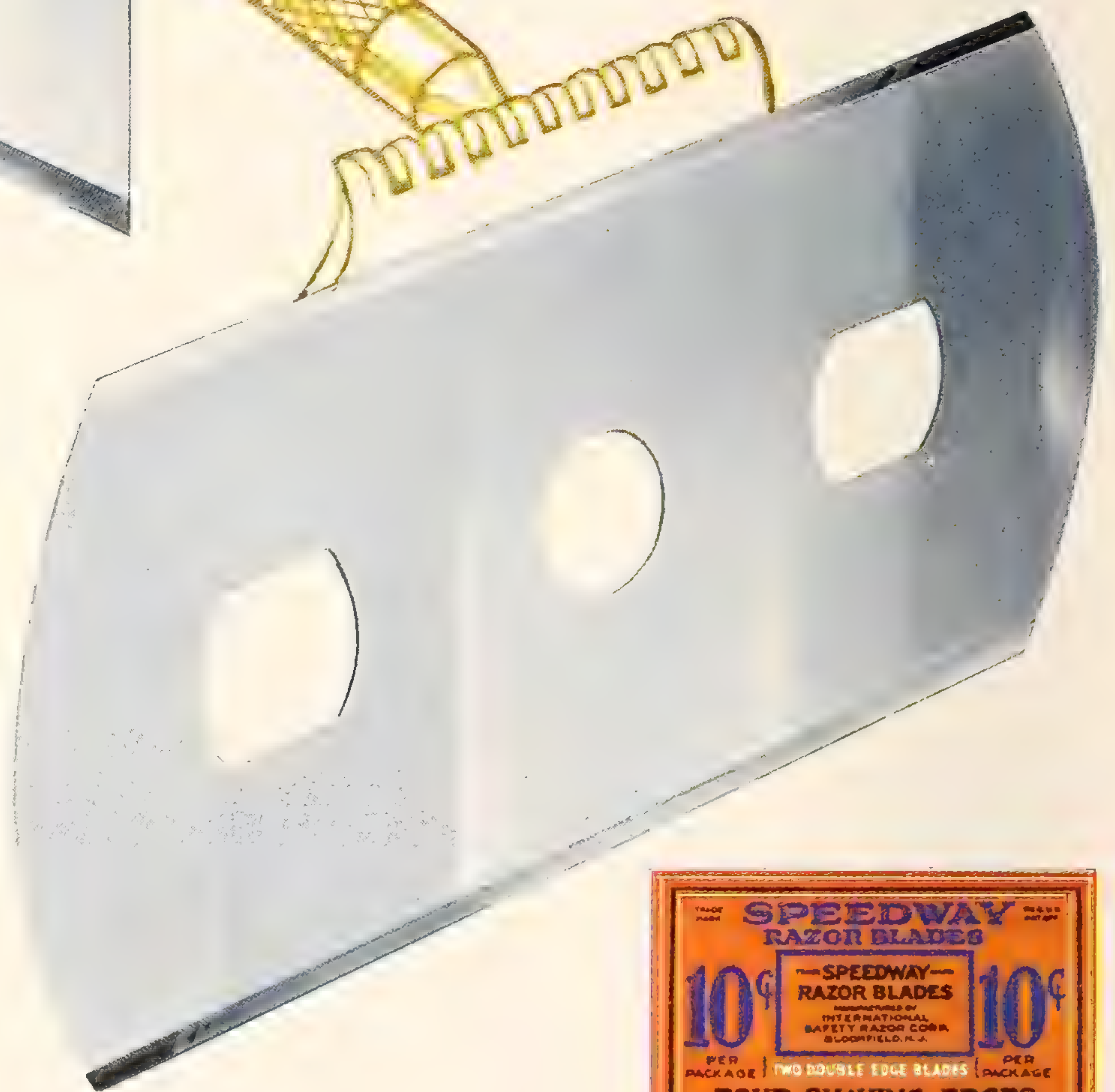


SPEEDWAY DOUBLE-EDGE BLADES

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Every blade is guaranteed to be of the same high quality, in steel, temper and edge, that has made the name Speedway mean shaving satisfaction to millions of men. Two blades to a package—many men buy them six packages at a time.

WHY PAY MORE?



INTERNATIONAL SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

SOLD IN F. W. WOOLWORTH 5 & 10 CENT STORES

What the Stars Are Doing

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
FOX STUDIO				
Milton Sills— Dorothy Mackaill	A Practical Joke	Berthold Biertel	Melodrama	
Will Rogers All Star	So This Is London Movietone Follies 1930	John Blystone Ben Stolloff	Comedy-Drama	Irene Rich
Lois Moran Dixie Lee— Arthur Lake	Solid Gold Article Alone With You	Chandler Sprague Sidney Lansfield	Drama Comedy	Robert Ames
Edmund Lowe	Born Reckless	John Ford	Melodrama	Katherine Dale Owen
Warner Baxter	Arizona Kid	Al Santell	Western Romance	Mona Maris
PARAMOUNT-FAMOUS-LASKY STUDIO				
Moran and Mack George Bancroft William Powell	Anybody's War Ladies Have Boots Benson Murder Case	Richard Wallace Rowland Lee Frank Tuttle	Comedy Drama Mystery	Joan Peers Mary Astor Natalie Moorhead
Gary Cooper Nancy Carroll	The Texan The Devil's Holiday	John Cromwell Ed Gouling	Western Drama	Fay Wray Phillip Holmes
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Eric Von Stroheim Frank Fay— Florence Eldridge	Three Faces East Play Boy	Roy Del Ruth Michael Curtiz	Drama Melodrama	Constance Bennett
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Jeanette MacDonald Walter Huston Ronald Colman	Bride 66 Abe Lincoln Raffles	Paul Stein D. W. Griffith Fitzmaurice	Musical Drama Melodrama	John Garrick Kay Francis
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Lila Lee	Under Western Skies	Clarence Badger	Western	Sidney Blackmer
Bernice Claire	Mlle. Modiste	Wm. Sieter	Operetta	Walter Pidgeon
R K O STUDIO				
Alice Joyce	He Knew Women	Hugh Herbert	Drama	Lowell Sherman
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Geo. Sidney—Charlie Murray	Around the Corner	Bert Glennon— Patterson McNutt	Comedy	Joan Peers
Eileen Pringle— Grant Withers	Soldiers and Women	Ed Sloman	Melodrama	Emmett Corrigan
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Ken Maynard Paul Whiteman	Songs of the Saddle King of Jazz	Harry Joe Brown John Murray Anderson	Western Revue	Doris Hill Jeannette Loff
Mary Nolan All Star	What Men Want Czar of Broadway	Ernest Laemmle W. J. Craft	Melodrama	Ben Lyon
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
All Star All Star	The Big House Good News	George Hill Edgar MacGregor— Nick Grinde	Drama Musical Comedy	Leila Hyams Bessie Love
Kay Johnson— Reginald Denny	Madam Satan	C. B. De Mille	Drama	
All Star Marie Dressler— Polly Moran	Father's Day Caught Short	Sam Wood Charles Riesner	Drama Comedy	Robt. Montgomery
Chas. Bickford— Raquel Torres	No Title	Wesley Ruggles	Sea Story	Nils Asther
Ruth Chatterton— Ralph Forbes	The High Road	Sidney Franklin	Drama	Basil Rathbone
All Star Ramon Novarro Marion Davies	The March of Time Singer of Seville The Gay '90's	Charles Brabin Harry Beaumont	Revue Story of Spain Romance	Dorothy Jordan Larry Gray

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

ON this page you will find an illustrated lesson on how to shampoo your own hair. Many women prefer to wash their own hair, especially when they are traveling or away on a vacation and do not feel that they can trust such important care to an unknown coiffeuse.

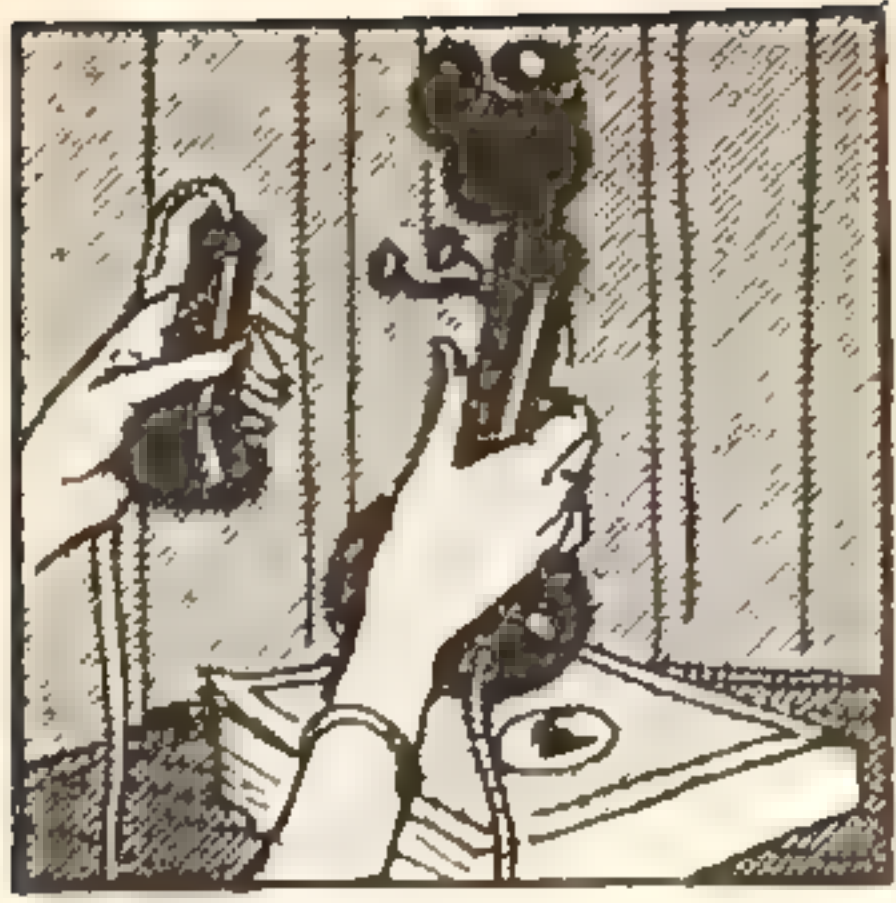
In shampooing the hair, it is important to remember that it should not be washed too often. Too many hasty shampoos have a tendency to dry out the hair and make it thin and brittle. Once a week is too often. Once every two weeks is a better practice to adopt. In the meantime, of course, it is well to keep the hair carefully brushed. Some women neglect this constant brushing because it naturally destroys much of any artificial wave. However, there are so many clever devices for waving the hair at home and of keeping a wave in good condition that this is scarcely a real excuse for omitting the nightly brushing.

You will find many variations of brilliantine on the market for keeping a wave in the hair. These useful preparations serve a double purpose, as they not only "set" a wave but they also add luster to the hair. If they are used in conjunction with curlers they will give your coiffure (Continued on page 127)

THE FIFTEEN MINUTE SHAMPOO, suggested and illustrated by Virginia Bruce:

1. Separate an egg carefully in a small, deep bowl.
2. Beat the white of the egg until it is firm.
3. Rub the stiffly beaten white of egg into the hair, so that the entire scalp and all the ends are covered with the mixture. Two eggs are necessary if the hair is long and thick.
4. Let the egg white dry on the hair. This should require five minutes, but do not disturb or brush out until the mixture is thoroughly dry.
5. Brush out the dried albumen carefully, and the hair will be delightfully cleansed of all dust and oil, and will not have lost its original water wave or marcel.





I KNEW something had happened, the minute the telephone rang. No one knew I was back in town except Bob. That bell had a guilty ring—guiltier than

Bob's voice when he said, "Hello, dear."

He went on to tell me that Mr. Winslow (the owner of the *plant*, mind you!), with Mrs. Winslow, was coming to dinner that evening, to talk over some special plans he wanted Bob to work out for him.

"But Bob!" I wailed. "How could you—when I've been away ten days? The house is simply impossible! And I haven't a clean stitch to my name—"

I stopped. If opportunity was ringing the Mannings' doorbell, I'd be the last to pretend I didn't hear it.

"All right, dear," I said, as sweetly as I could. "We'll be ready for them."

It seemed like Tragedy

—but it gave me extra help for life.

spot on the sleeve, another on the skirt.

No time to send it to a cleaner. Nothing else to wear. Dared I wash it? And those awful grease spots! No ordinary soap would touch them.

"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha—it makes spots and greasy dirt simply vanish, yet it's gentle as can be." Who had said that to me, just lately? Why, Bob's mother, of course! When I had praised her sweet, snowy, wash, she had

reassured me. Naptha, I remembered, was what dry cleaners used on dainty things—and there seemed to be plenty of it in Fels-Naptha.

I didn't dare rub. But I didn't have to! The spots vanished, and the color didn't change a bit. "Hallelujah!" I sang as I rolled my precious dress in a towel; then turned to a little pile of linens. In no time those clothes looked gorgeous.

Then I started in on the house—a task that would have seemed almost hopeless without Fels-Naptha's extra help. I used it on linoleum, woodwork—everything that had to have a hurried soap and water bath. More and more, as I worked, I blessed Bob's mother—and Fels-Naptha!

The evening was a big success. The house shone; I shone; my cooking (if I do say so myself) always shines . . . Bob and Mr. Winslow just ate, and talked about the plant. Mrs. Winslow talked to me graciously—but I could see her studying my face, my dress, my hands. How glad I was that they could all pass inspection! I'm sure if anyone had told her that I had been washing, cleaning, cooking, all day long, she would just have laughed.

Bob says that evening was the turning-point of his career. I'm sure it was the turning-point of mine. For if it had not been for the near-tragedy of that dress—I might never have known just how much Fels-Naptha's extra help would mean to me!



—but I could see her studying my face, my hands, my dress

One look at the clock, which pointed relentlessly to ten-thirty, and I was racing up the stairs. The house could wait while I saw to my wardrobe. Thank goodness for that green crepe dress—the only *possible* thing I possessed!

Then, just as I took it from its hanger, I suddenly remembered. A big grease

given me a regular lecture on Fels-Naptha Soap. One of the last things she had done before I left was to tuck a carton of Fels-Naptha Soap into my trunk, with the advice, "Just try it!"

I would. I did. Prayerfully, I dipped that dress into the lukewarm and rich Fels-Naptha suds. The clean naptha odor

Fels-Naptha's extra help is due to the fact that this golden bar gives you two cleaners instead of one—good golden soap and plenty of naptha. Working together, they loosen the most stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid upon request. Mail the coupon.

© 1930, Fels & Co.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

Their Narrow Escapes

(Continued from page 41)

Gary Cooper's Fall

"Of course," said Gary Cooper, "I had ridden horses in Montana all through my youth, and I didn't think I was afraid of any horse that trotted or galloped."

"I was playing in 'The Eagle,' with Rudolph Valentino. But I don't suppose Rudy, the great star, even knew I existed, as I was only an extra. I had to ride with two other people—that is, we were three horsemen altogether—and I was supposed to take a tumble from the horse when he was in full gallop."

"A horseman knows, of course, how to take a fall from his animal, but all the same it's a risky procedure, and to make matters worse my horse was a wild mount."

"The moment came to fall, the horse took a little unexpected lurch, and I fell harder than I meant to. I was nearly unconscious and was covered with cuts and bruises, but fortunately no bones were broken."

Ronald Colman Is Blown Up

"REMEMBER the mules in Rudyard Kipling's story who weren't afraid in battle because they 'couldn't see inside their heads'?" inquired Ronald Colman when I asked him about his most dangerous stunt performed while an extra.

For, you see, Ronald also passed through the fire of the extra period.

"Well, my most dangerous stunt really was mostly in my mind. It was just after I returned from the war, and it happened in England. I had been badly wounded by an exploding shell. Pretty bad business that, for it left me with shattered nerves."

"When I returned to England, after my recovery, I decided to go into motion pictures. An English company gave me a job as an extra in one of their pictures."

"It was a war picture! Despite my chagrin, I had almost to smile at the irony of it."

"And what do you think was the very first thing they wanted me to do?"

"Play a soldier and be blown up by a shell! Well, never in battle had I felt the nervousness I endured as they got ready for that explosion! As I say, my nerves had been shattered as well as my body when the real shell got me. Somebody told me that I was pale, and said to me, 'Well, what would you do, my boy, if you had to go into actual battle?' I didn't answer him, but the remark decided me to do or die."

"I went in and was duly blown up. Of course, I wasn't hurt at all—except my feelings! Others, however, were hurt that day."

Laura La Plante in Wreck

"Of course, they'd have to ask me to drive a car in a wild stunt when I'd taken only one lesson!" exclaimed Laura La Plante, showing her dimples in a grin.

"It was this way. I was working as an extra in Christie comedies—had worked only a few days. I thought I had to do anything they asked me. I had had a hunch that I would be asked to drive a car, so I had taken one lesson. Sure enough, that's what they wanted me to do."

"It was to be a wild drive through traffic. I had a chance to earn \$25 if I did that stunt. So I got into the car, drove downtown, and got into a section of traffic that had been more or

less prepared for the movie stunt.

"Bravely I threaded my way through, driving terribly fast. Somehow I got along all right, until, turning a corner, I ran into a pool of water where they had been sprinkling the street. I felt a terrible lurch, then a feeling as though I were sliding across the world, then a thump—and I knew no more. My car had skidded and turned over, and I had been thrown out on the pavement."

Clara Bow's Dance

PROBABLY you don't remember Clara Bow in "Enemies of Women." I don't myself.

That was because she played a part that was practically an extra, or maybe you might call it a bit.

Somebody had to dance on a café table. All the extras were a little worried about doing it, as those café tables were none too safely constructed, but were inclined to be flimsy and tippy-tilty, and there were candles.

"But they chose me for the stunt," declared Clara. "It was a sort of lively dance, too—I might easily have tipped the table over. But I had to wear an air of wild abandon."

"I tell you there was a meter on my abandon, though! But somehow I managed to do it without skidding or tipping the table over. But those candles on the table had me more than ever anxious."

"I did a lot of stunts in 'Down to the Sea in Ships,' my first real engagement, but I suppose those don't count. But please don't forget that I was turned upside down and my head bumped on the floor of the ship with such a bang that I was knocked unconscious—that I had to swim, though I was just learning, so that I could follow a camera boat away out at sea, and that, loaded down with boy's clothing as I was, I had to be rescued because I went down under water finally."

\$50 for Cliff Leap

"BEING a stunt man when I was an extra, of course an awful lot was expected from me," said Richard Arlen.

"I rode motorcycles and automobiles at a very fast speed around corners and over bridges and through dangerous places. I used to double for Bertram Grassby and Agnes Ayres in their dangerous stunts."

"Once I jumped off a steamer, fully dressed in a period costume, and swam back of the steamer for a long time, due to the fact that the tug which was sent to pick me up had some engine trouble and was delayed. If I hadn't been a strong swimmer, I would have gone down, and as it was I know the company and director were pretty scared about me."

"One day somebody was wanted, when I was playing in a Lasky picture, to leap from a fifty-foot cliff. Fifty dollars was offered. Two men turned it down. I stepped forward and said that I would do it. I was pretty scared, for there were rocks at the bottom of the cliff, and if I missed it would be just too bad."

"I carefully measured the distance to deep water, took a long breath, gauged the leap—and landed okay in safe waters."



Rudolph Friml, famous composer, and his famous hands, which have been insured for one-half million dollars, the largest policy of its kind in the history of the motion picture industry. Friml has gone to Hollywood to compose the music for Arthur Hammerstein's first film venture, "Bride 66."

We are looking for Miss Columbia

Read the Rules of this Remarkable Opportunity

1—Columbia Pictures Corporation is seeking a girl, residing in the United States, to portray the role of Miss Columbia. To this girl, chosen by judges announced herewith, Columbia Pictures Corporation will award a contract for one week's services at the Columbia Hollywood Studios. All expenses for the week will be paid by Columbia Pictures, and an additional payment of \$250 in cash will be made for such services.

2—Miss Columbia will be asked to pose for a motion picture to be used in conjunction with all Columbia production, features and shorts, such motion picture being known as a curtain leader.

3—Should the voice of Miss Columbia be deemed suitable, she will be permitted to make this motion picture a "talking" motion picture.

4—The Tower Group of Magazines is helping Columbia Pictures Corporation in this search for Miss Columbia. If you enter the contest through that magazine, you will be entitled to compete for the elimination prize as well as for the Miss Columbia role. The elimination prize, the beautiful Majestic Radio pictured on this page, will be awarded through the magazine to its choice made from among all the contestants who enter into the contest through the magazine. The editorial staff of the magazine and two executives of Columbia Pictures will act as judges for this semi-final choice.

5—The only requirements made of contestants is that they submit their photograph, (or photographs) and other information listed under "Directions" to

The Tower Group of Magazines or direct to Columbia Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue. But contestants making such submission direct to the Corporation will not be eligible for the elimination prize.

6—The editors, or their representatives, of recognized motion picture fan magazines, two executives of Columbia Pictures Corporation, and one motion picture director will act as judges in making the final decision for the award of the Miss Columbia role. In both the semi-final elimination contest and in the Miss Columbia Contest, the decision of the judges will be final. Contest closes Midnight, May 25th, 1930.

7—No photographs or other material submitted for the purpose of these contests will be returned unless sufficient postage is included for such return.

Miss Columbia

breathes the spirit of Columbia Pictures. See them often... Ask your local theatre manager to show *Flight*, *Song of Love*, *The Melody Man*, *Vengeance*, *A Royal Romance*, *Broadway Scandals*... and other Columbia productions

There's a
\$250.00
MOVIE
Contract
waiting
for
Her!

Follow These Directions

Send your photograph (or photographs) postage prepaid, with your name and address prominently lettered on the back to
Miss Columbia

c/o TOWER MAGAZINES
55 Fifth Avenue
New York City, N. Y.

or if you do not want to be eligible for the semi-final prize, direct to

Miss Columbia
11th Floor, 729 Seventh Avenue New York City

You must also submit the following information, which will be considered in determining the winning girl:

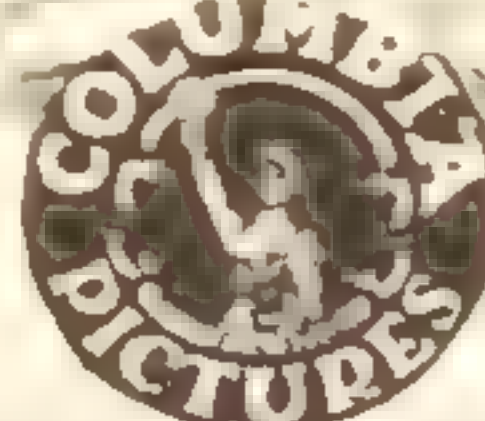
Your age _____ Weight _____ Height _____
Color of hair _____ Color of eyes _____
and the measurements of your
ankle _____ calf _____ thigh _____
hips _____ waist _____ bust _____
shoulders _____ neck _____

Print, do not write, your

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(This coupon is for your convenience only. You may use this, or copy it on any piece of paper. Neatness is desirable.)

COLUMBIA Pictures for Better Entertainment





TANGEE

Famous for natural color

Whether you are blonde, brunette or titian the one lipstick for you is Tangee. Unlike any other lipstick, Tangee changes color the moment you touch it to your lips. And the glow that it gives is natural to you, no matter what your complexion.

Tangee is made on a solidified cream base so that it not only beautifies, but actually soothes and heals. Greaseless . . . permanent . . . Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. And it outlasts several of the usual lipsticks.

Tangee Lipstick \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crème Rouge \$1. The new Tangee Face Powder \$1. Tangee Night Cream \$1. Tangee Day Cream \$1. Tangee Cosmetic, for eyelashes, brows and tinting the hair \$1. 25¢ more in Canada. *There is only one TANGEE. Be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.*



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. T.M.-4
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name
Address

Nation-Wide Search for Miss Columbia

MOTION picture fans will be interested in the search of Columbia Pictures for an outstanding beauty to be known as Miss Columbia. The winner will portray the rôle of Miss Columbia in an animated opening trailer on all future Columbia Pictures productions.

The winner of this contest will be given a trip to the Columbia West Coast Studios in Hollywood, with all expenses paid for one week's stay in movieland's capital. In addition she will be awarded a contract for one week's services at \$250 a week at the company's studios, where she will be asked to pose for the opening flash trailer which is used in conjunction with all Columbia production features and shorts. If her voice is deemed suitable she will be permitted to make this motion picture a talking picture.

Besides gaining this measure of screen permanence, "Miss Columbia" will also appear in "Screen Snapshots," Columbia's fan magazine of the screen. An advertising announcement, with full details, appears elsewhere in this issue.

The winner chosen by a board of judges composed of the editorial staff

of the Tower Magazines and two executives of Columbia Pictures will be awarded a beautiful Majestic Radio as her semi-final prize, and become eligible for the final award. "Miss Columbia" will then be chosen from among the girls who comprise the winners of all magazines carrying the contest announcement, and be awarded the final prize—the trip to Hollywood, her week's contract and her appearance in the Columbia curtain leader.

During her stay on the Coast Miss Columbia will be entertained by the various stars and directors on the Columbia roster and shown the sights of Hollywood. The important personalities who will act as her hosts include Harry Cohn, vice-president of the company; Dorothy Revier, Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Jack Egan, William Collier, Jr., Margaret Livingston, Evelyn Brent, Marie Saxon, Johnnie Walker, Sally O'Neil, Molly O'Day, Sam Hardy, Aileen Pringle, Pauline Starke, Barbara Stanwyck, Marie Prevost, Ian Keith, Lowell Sherman, Frank Capra, Earle C. Kenton, George B. Seitz, Karl Brown, A. H. Van Buren, Patterson McNutt and Ira Hards.

Dollar Letters

(Continued from page 98)

Imposing List of Authors

Pittsburg, Pa.—

The list of authors who contribute to THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is certainly an imposing one. I am an ardent movie fan, and I like to feel that such reliable and well-known writers are furnishing me—and how entertainingly—with inside facts about the movie stars.

Marion Sissman,
259 Melwood Street.

Three Cheers for Adela!

Philadelphia, Pa.—

Three cheers for Adela Rogers St. Johns. Any one who can compose such a true-to-life character study of Mary Pickford deserves a medal. I have read time and again reviews of the life of Mary Pickford, but never have they succeeded as Mrs. St. Johns has. She has given us the real Mary, not the Mary that has been repeated over and over again by different writers. NEW MOVIE should be congratulated for acquiring the services of Mrs. St. Johns for their wonderful magazine.

Rober Lavin,
426 Rorer St.

Appeals to Scotch Lassie

Washington, D. C.—

I am a true Scotchman, and have never found more for my dime than I find in the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Its reviews save me money, because from them I find out just what to see and what not to see.

Dorothy M. Hunter,
1300 Madison St., N. W.

Wins Its Place

Philadelphia, Pa.—

I have been a follower of the movie industry and stars for countless number of years. I have read every magazine pertaining to films that is in circulation, but in your interesting magazine I have found something "different" and every month hereafter THE NEW MOVIE will find a place in my home.

Henry C. Lapidus,
6620 North 8th St.

Likes the Tourists' Guide

New York City, N. Y.—

"A Tourists' Guide to Hollywood," by Herbert Howe, was the best in last month's magazine. I really know more of Hollywood now than I did when I was there. More success to your NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

Louise Silver,
370 West 31 Street.

Dependable Reviews

Pensacola, Florida—

Your reviews of pictures are excellent—one can surely rely on them. (I have personally tested that.) Your articles are something new and different. Your photograph sections are superb. I have already started a collection of the stars whose pictures appear in your magazine.

And last—but certainly and emphatically not the least—your price.

Leah Bearman,
30 W. Wright St.

Letters of a Property Man

(Continued from page 95)

loop. Guess he thought he would see if Joe had any food in his system that didn't like its resting place.

FUSSING around the clouds like they had, the gas got low. The engine began to sputter when they was over the middle of San Diego Bay and up about 5,000 feet. Rose could have glided down onto the beach from the height easy. The wind was blowing strong inshore. The tide was out and the old sock wind-indicator on the signal tower showed him that everything was fine for a landing on the solid though slightly damp sand. Did he take that invitation? He did not. He banked her into a wide circle and then spiraled right down to within about fifty feet of the water. What he actually wanted to do was to get Joe to show that he was scared. He lost on that bet. Joe watched him like a hawk so when he saw Rose unbuckle his safety belt he did too. Rose pulled back on the stick but the old Jenny was loaded down with too much of his personal props, umbrella and chair.

The old girl did her best but she just slowly settled down to the water. Joe tumbled to what was happening and slid out of the rear seat in nothing flat. He was banging on the back of the fuselage when she hit. His weight that far back kept her from nosing over and she would float for a half an hour if the wind didn't get under the wings too strong. Rose knew Joe couldn't swim much. What Rose didn't know was that Joe had been an instructor of aerial gunnery on the other side. Joe only had five medals, but he didn't talk about 'em, he had won 'em for "exceptional conduct under fire" and it would take another fire under him to get him to talk about 'em.

Rose did a pretty dive into the briny just as the old ship settled down to rest on its bluey-cold waves. In full flying armor, skin-tight breeches, tight polished boots, heavy coat and, yeah, even the helmet, the big bum rolled over on his back as he came up and waved good-bye to Joe. Joe was onto his tricks and knew Rose could make it to shore even if it was over one hundred yards. After letting out a good loud guffaw Rose told Joe to stick to the plane and started for shore. Joe stuck all right, he only weighed about 108 pounds and the flying outfit he had on weighed darn near half that much. He climbed further back toward the tail. Soon he was in water up to his knees and then as the plane slowly sank it was up to his armpits. The water was cold, too. But the boat from the Navy flying field had seen the landing and came along just as Joe was trying to get rid of his boots and heavy fur-lined coat, so he could try to swim ashore. They picked him up, tied a line to the plane and started for the Naval Air Station with the plane in tow. Those gobs sure gave Joe everything they had, even to their shirts. I guess Joe is the only man living that did an Adam in the middle of the San Diego Bay and didn't get pinched for exposure. He had to get rid of his wet clothes and there was no cabin in the long boat. Joe sure was a funny

(Continued on page 108)

Triumphantly they meet the Critical Eyes of Millions



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

BESSIE LOVE, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's beloved blonde star, in one of the most striking bathrooms seen in Hollywood. She says: "To the screen star lovely skin is very important. Lux Toilet Soap leaves mine wonderfully smooth and soft."

Nine out of Ten Lovely Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

THERE is no beauty a girl can have which so thrills people as does lovely skin!

"Exquisite smooth skin is a vital factor in every screen star's success," declares Fred Niblo, famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, voicing the conclusion of 45 leading directors. "I've never seen it successfully faked under the glare of the close-ups."

How significant, then, that of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap for lovely skin. So devoted to it are all these beautiful stars that it has been made the official soap in all the studios!

The Broadway stage stars, too, are equally enthusiastic about it. And now the European stars—in England, in France, in Germany—have adopted it.

Are you using this fragrant white soap? You'll be charmed with its delicate care of your skin. Order several cakes—today.



CAMILLA HORN, (United Artists) has skin that shows flawless in the close-up.

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—
and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

Letters of a Property Man

(Continued from page 107)

sight though when we met him at the landing. Rose had phoned to us at Rockwell Field headquarters what had happened and we beat it over to the landing to meet the two wrecks. The flyers at Rockwell took care of Rose. They gave him a new outfit from a kewee that had forgotten the landing speed the day before and went West, and he was all ready for his makeup. Joe, though, had on an eighteen-size blouse, a forty-four pair of gob's pants and a pair of number eleven canvas shoes. He looked like a baby elephant that had taken the 18-day diet. We pulled the plane up on the landing stage and let it drain.

THERE was no shooting that day. We had to hire all the mechanics that were footloose and put them to overhauling the Jenny. Jenny did not care much for the stunt of moving Saturday night up a few days and refused to be coaxed into even giving a cough. The director had sent Joe into town with that funny outfit, where he had a hard time getting the military police to leave him alone, for a chair and an umbrella for the leading man. Right there the director erred. Joe was hot around the collar and when one of the gobs on the ferry told him that Rose had pulled the stunt before, while at Rockwell, and that was how they was so quick in picking him up, Joe just was at the boiling point, that's all. He got the chair and the prettiest pink umbrella you ever seen. Then to make it even nicer he had the sign painter put "Newman Rose" on it in letters a foot high. What the fliers didn't call Rose was printable, what they called him was not.

Jenny was still showing her mulish temper when Joe got back from town. He had wrapped the umbrella up so they couldn't razz him. The chair was brought out so Rose could be seated while he bossed the job of getting Jenny to talk again. But Jenny had her own ideas about that, too. She had lost her tongue and didn't care who knew it. Joe offered a few suggestions but Rose blocked them with a dirty look. Wasn't that his ship and didn't he know what was wrong with her? Joe just side-stepped and began getting some stuff ready for the next day. I had found that we could use another ship like the Jenny for some distant shots and that we could hire her for \$250 per day. And the general manager had put Rose in as leading man partly so as to save money. He had saved one salary, maybe.

Well, we shot the next day all right, but Jenny refused to be articulate and the mechanics were wearing the grease off their fair hair scratching their heads, searching for an idea.

I wired Maccaray for permission to buy or rent another motor to put in Jenny. That was what the army officers suggested. Maccaray wired back, "Is that any way to save money stop use your brains if any have mechanics work all night on ship stop am leaving at midnight picture is behind schedule will see you in morning stop have ship going or get new job." Well I showed that wire to Jenny as a last

resort. She coughed once and then settled down to a hermit's life as well as a dumb one.

The old man arrived in the morning all right. His talk should have heated up the whole squadron of planes, but it did not effect our coy little pet a tiny bit. She just sat there peaceful and contented with a funny leer to her wind protectors until the old man said right out loud "\$200 to the man that gets that—er—crate going so we can use it today." Joe started to say something and the old man cut him short, howling that Joe was to blame for the accident. He had talked to Rose, he said, and that was the way he felt too. As a matter of fact Rose had been a real sport about it. He had told the old man, not the truth, but he had not blamed Joe. He had laughed about Joe's hanging on to the rudder and about Joe's clothes. The old man got all that confused by seeing the bill from the Navy, which was enough to pay off a big part of the war debt.

I FELT it in my bones that Joe knew something so I finally got him around the corner and out of earshot of the gang and told him that I knew that he could fix the ship. He said he didn't know but he'd be damned if he would try to fix it for Rose or the old man either. I walked him around awhile then got the director to send us both to San Diego for some wild piece of machinery the mechanics wanted. We made every beer joint from the waterfront to the Stingaree district and some of them twice. Joe was getting in a nice little fighting mood and was looking for some one his size to trim. A few more drinks and he wanted them to be twice his size so he could whittle 'em down before he did some real fighting. Then I sprang my pet idea. We would get even with Rose in some other way. I felt sure I had the way. But first we must get the old crate to flying. Joe could use the \$200, too. I had heard

him say he just needed \$200 for something the day before we left the studio. He wouldn't tell what for though. He was real close-mouthed about his personal affairs.

At any rate all the arguments sort of created a desire to do something and I acted as steerer for that something. I poured Joe into the boat with the piece of machinery and stumbled in myself. When we landed at the air station they was all at lunch. I sneaked Joe around to the hangar and locked him in with the Jenny. I stood guard but I could hear him talking to the old girl like she was the pride of the family.

Just as the gang was sauntering back picking their teeth an ungodly noise broke forth from the hangar. I thought the roof was coming off in strips. I took a peek inside and there was our Jenny shooting on all eight just like she had been waiting for Joe to come along and ask her to go to work. In a few minutes that old motor actually purred, she was so contented. The gang all rushed in and wanted to know what we had done. Joe just flopped over into a corner and wouldn't talk. Even the old man couldn't get a word out of him. Joe was afraid that he would smell the likker on his breath. Then he wasn't much of a talkie either.

We shot that afternoon all right though Joe had to sleep off the effects of the jaunt into the city. All the time we was shooting I was trying to figure out a way to get even with Rose. But the old thinker just wouldn't work. The old man went home all happy but had forgot about that \$200. "Oh well, Joe was just a property man. The offer had been made for mechanics," was his alibi to the director when he asked if Joe wasn't to get the dough.

Then the director was on our side of the fence. He thought that Joe should have the dough and Rose didn't have any too pleasant a time the rest of the week we were down there.

Joe had borrowed a side-car for running around the props, including the pink umbrella, which the old man insisted on our using.

Rose got real nasty about the pastel-shaded umber-shoot. The fliers razzed him until I thought he would blow up and bust. He howled to the director, Fannigan, but that didn't get him to the take-off flag. Fannigan was in up to his neck trying to finish the picture on schedule and also somewhere within reason as to cost. Then the big cloud-puncher does his little baby stunt. He made them move his chair and that darned umbrella every five minutes. He claimed he couldn't see the action. As if it made any difference to him. He didn't know what it was all about. Then he said he couldn't check his make-up under that shade.

Finally Fannigan got tired of the incessant howl and the moving. "Keep that damn thing in one place!" he yelled. "Put a few minutes of that squawking into reading a script so you will know what it's all about, big, boy, or you'll be looking for a new job." Rose mumbled something, but he didn't move that umbrella any more.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is taking you to important parties in the Hollywood movie colony each month. It will tell you exactly how the players amuse themselves, so that you can duplicate their parties if you wish. It will offer some brand new party suggestions. It will tell you exactly how the luncheons and dinners are served and how the food is prepared. And **THE NEW MOVIE'S** own photographer will make exclusive pictures for your benefit.

If you want to give a party in Hollywood style, read these articles in **THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**.

ROSE insisted on transportation even if he only had to move one hundred yards. That baby had all the temperament of the entire world of hams gone wrong. Then Joe had a happy idea but I wasn't called in for the brainstorm. He worked it all himself. He sent the car back to the headquarters late one afternoon when he had only three more scenes to do with Rose. That would finish him in the picture.

We finished shooting those three scenes. There was no car. Rose howled about walking. Joe, with a funny smile, said, "If you don't mind I'll take you up in the side-car, the big car is broke down." Rose hemmed and hawed for a few minutes but the blond lady was waiting for him at the other end of the island and he wanted to strut some more of his stuff. He finally hopped in and Joe started off. I heard him ask Rose if he had taken his swim that day yet. Rose said, "no, but soon." Joe said "sooner than that," but he didn't crack a smile.

To make speed it had been our habit to drive down the beach when the tide was out. Joe hit for the beach. He opened up the old boat but Rose had one of his fits and started rocking from one side to the other howling about the roughness. One of those darn wheeled bath-tubs is hard enough to steer when everyone sits tight.

The action of the cross tide had made some nice little gullies in the sand. They nearly all headed toward the water so the going was somewhat like riding on a corduroy road. Joe had to cut down his speed to about twenty then Rose razed him about losing nerve with "What's the matter, are you yellow?"

Joe spotted one extra big gully ahead, waited until the front wheel was nearly on it then gave the handle bars a twist that sent the old bath tub right toward the water. Rose left the bath tub at an angle of 45 degrees, both laterally and horizontally, and at a speed of about double that of the side-car. Joe took a header over the handle bars and woke up about fifty feet away sitting upright and not knowing how he got there. He looked around for his passenger.

Rose was just making a three point landing—on his tummy. He had misjudged his speed, landed on his buttons and chin, and was doing a slide for life, belly-buster fashion across the sand. When he stopped, the waves of the Pacific was caressing his cheeks. The friction from the sand and the speed had taken every button off his blouse as clean as if it had been did with a razor. His underwear just wasn't, that was all. It had been burned to a crisp.

HIS chest was fiery red for weeks afterward. His chin had been shaved clean of any semblance of whiskers and he had to use a cane for a long time. We finally got both of 'em to the hospital. Fannigan, the camera man and me had seen the whole "holocaust," as the director called it, from the big car. It hadn't broke down at all, it was up after us a few minutes after Joe took off with the hero of the air and water.

But our amphibian flyer friend was not welcome among the film factories after that.

Of course, Joe got fired. They always find some sort of an excuse to pass the buck onto the property man.

(Continued on page 113)



INSTANT IMPROVEMENT

in your skin after this
marvelous beauty bath!

EVERY woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath.

Results are immediate—no discomfort—no waiting—and the cost is trifling!

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet.

Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

This is the test that proves it!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

LINIT
is sold by
your GROCER



the bathway to a
soft, smooth skin

Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 39)

Several years later Miss Chatterton visited her close friend, Norma Talmadge, during the filming of "Camille."

At the suggestion of Fred Niblo, the director, she made a film test. Friends told her it was excellent.

However, she returned to the stage.

In 1928 she appeared in Los Angeles in "The Devil's Plum Tree."

Emil Jannings saw her. At his insistence, so it is said, Paramount signed her to play opposite him in "Sins of the Fathers."

A woman of sound sense, she had no delusions concerning the poor play material offered in the present-day theater. With the hope of a renaissance, she decided at last to become a film player.

She came to pictures devoid of ego, and with a willingness to learn their many intricate phases. It might have been a fatal step for her to take. It proved otherwise.

Possessing great versatility and adaptability, she was fortunate in meeting two men who realized at once her decided screen potentialities—Emil Jannings and B. P. Schulberg.

Having witnessed the entrance of other stage players into Hollywood with a blare of publicity trumpets, she wisely decided to enter more humbly and *work*.

INNATE character seldom changes. It was a repetition of her sixteen-year-old self, when she had patiently and laboriously learned everything that the stage had to offer.

She signed a contract as a featured player, not as a star.

Possessed of great emotional power, she is equally gifted in scenes of sophisticated comedy.

Many actresses, heralded widely as comediennes of exceptional ability, are convincingly humorous only when the situation is such. On the contrary, Miss Chatterton creates a humorous situation by sheer talent for suggesting delicate ironical comedy. In such scenes her work is feather-light, and deliciously spiced with the cynicism of a first-class mind.

She has done more than any other American actress to establish in our native films the Continental idea of the mature heroine. Miss Chatterton's poised maturity makes bovine and silly the screen's bevy of inane flapper talent. The average flapper is no more interesting than an oyster.

Many other actresses on the border line of the thirties have tried to compete with the lovely, inept girls of the films. The results were disastrous.

Her work is never marred by the pretense of spontaneity under which so many ungifted actresses labor.

She can base her claim to real artistry on two qualities, almost nonexistent on the American screen, which are never absent from real art. They are mental detachment from the task at hand and dignified reserve.

THERE is never in her performance that irritating shift of tempo so often seen in more mediocre screen

work. Her consistence of quality survives even the ravages of the cutting-room. Her technique has the unity and the patterned rhythmic perfection of great music. Rising or falling, it keeps within the frame of the character being built. There is something absolutely architectural in her manner of building characterizations, bit by bit, until they are completed.

Supple, elastic, resilient, smooth, she was able to keep in dramatic step with the subtle and powerful Jannings. Many other actresses, usually clever with lesser men, were utterly at a loss when required to match his steady crescendo of dramatic force.

She has splendid reserve. Even in a maudlin scene such as that in "Madame X," wherein she begs once again to see her little son, she never descends to flabby sentimentality.

Her stage training, combined with her talent, makes her the equal of Chaplin in scenes of an intimate nature. One can almost hear her think.

During one scene in "The Doctor's Secret," she held the screen entirely alone for some moments. In close-up, she carried on a telephone conversation. The responses of the other party were conveyed to the spectators through her intonation and expression. It was a masterpiece of acting. The tension held so perfectly that when the scene was cut the audience sighed, in release from thralldom.

I am one who feels that Miss Chatterton is an eight-cylinder emotional machine going along on two cylinders. Her full emotional force has never been displayed.

America, most material of nations, does something cruel to its leading actresses. They are crippled by tawdry plays, staged often by charlatans. A woman of Miss Chatterton's ability can spend months seeking a half suitable play.

Her success in motion pictures may indicate improved taste in American audiences.

Revolutionary as it may seem, she has received from films better vehicles with which to display her fine ability than she was given on the legitimate stage.

This is in part due to the efforts of one man at the Paramount studios, B. P. Schulberg. He has made great efforts to find plays worthy of Miss Chatterton's talent. As a reward for his interest, she is rapidly becoming one of the most valued players on the screen.

CLARA BOW is one of the few women in films who will tell more than the interviewer can use. Impulsive and straightforward, she is no more subtle than a buzz saw. The most primitive girl on the screen, she has many of the qualities of a great actress.

Her hair, fiery red, is more stubborn than herself.

She met me at a time when my name was anathema among film players. The publicity department had used every wile to get us together on a friendly basis. After two weeks, they were successful.

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Stars have no privacy. Even their hair-cuts are supervised by the studio. Here you see Director Rowland V. Lee having George Bancroft's hair trimmed according to his liking for scenes in "Ladies Love Brutes." Another striking thing about this picture is the fact that the barber is listening instead of talking.

"Hi, There!"

(Continued from page 91)

examined. I mean seriously in any other than a business way. It's a job of work and that is all the way things are now. Just a game you play for all you are worth and try to have a good time while doing it. You can't be too serious."

JACK OAKIE'S entire philosophy of life could be encompassed in the one sentence, "Never take anything, especially yourself, seriously; but, if you do, *NEVER* let 'em know it."

He lives up to it, too.

Usually, the man who is described as the life of the party is a nuisance, a pest, a general, all-around idiot. Jack Oakie is the life of the party but he is different. He gets away with it.

The first time I saw him was at Clara Bow's about a year and a half ago. Clara had invited about thirty of her friends. Jack Oakie breezed in just as the festivities were starting. I'd never seen him before and neither, for that matter, had many of the others. Clara said, "That's Jack Oakie; he's in vaudeville. He's the funniest man I ever saw." Which prejudiced me immediately. Human nature generally reacts with a "show me, boy" to that statement about anyone being the "funniest man." Mine did.

Well, he was funny. He cracked jokes, made snappy remarks, and laughed. Laughed at his own stuff. But he seemed to be sincere about it. He was having a swell time all by himself and gave off the impression that if you wanted to join in you could, but that if you did not laugh he would not be offended—as he was only amusing Jack Oakie anyway. He showed he could laugh at jokes pulled on him—and was saved. Because jokesters who cannot laugh at other people's jokes are bad medicine.

The day I arrived to interview him he took one look and heaved a long sigh of relief. His, "Hi, there, Dick. Are you the interviewer?" actually bubbled with a warmth of welcome. I was moved to ask why I was hailed with so much fervor.

"**WELL**, mister, if you want to know the truth," he said with that boisterous, infectious grin, "I did not know who was coming. Just found a note in my dressing room saying be ready for an interview. Thought it might be another lady interviewer. And the cheer is just as much because of the fact that you ain't a lady as anything else."

I thanked him for that but asked why the dislike for lady interviewers. Was he afraid of them?

"Am I?" he asked. "I am. I just haven't got the system for lady interviewers worked out right, yet. I'm telling you they run screaming off the lot every time one of them gets steered in my direction. Maybe you can give me a few pointers on how to handle 'em."

I disclaimed any such knowledge, asking, "What do you do to them to make them run screaming?"

"Not what you think, big boy," said Jack, still grinning. "No, sir. Not me. I just don't seem to know what to

do when they come around.

"Just after I got my first good job out here one of 'em came around and wanted a story. The publicity department told me to take her into the restaurant for lunch. I did, that being okay with me. I'd eaten with ladies before. Well, we go waltzing into the hash house and what do I see but a couple of pals over across the room. Fellers I had been in vaudeville wit' and hadn't seen in a coupla years. I sits the lady down at the table, says 'Excuse me a moment,' just as polite as that, and went over to say hello to my pals. You can imagine how tickled I was to see them, me not knowing many people here at that time and liking them a lot anyway. Nothin' wrong with doin' dat, is they? Not where I come from.

"Well, when I get back to the table this dame has flew the coop. Beat it. Told the publicity department she wasn't goin' to wait around all day for the likes of me. And what a story she wrote! It simply burned me up.

"**T**HEN there was another one. We got into place all right in the eatin' joint and this dame starts to talk. I can't hear her. So I says, 'Excuse me, lady, but you'll have to talk louder. I can't hear you for the rattle of the dishes.' And she gives me a glassy eye and gets up and walks out! What for? What did I do?

"Another one of 'em got sore because she come to see me and I was going to take her up to my dressing room to talk. It was three flights up the stairs. But she says she can't walk up that far. I says 'Why not, you look as healthy as I am.' And then she fades on me; walks right out. She *was* a bit hefty but I meant it as a compliment. I like a dame to look healthy and strong and able to take a few wallops if necessary.

"And there was others—nope, you never know about these women.

"That's why I was tickled when you showed up. Get what I'm driving at? You can't tell about women, can ya?"

Yet it was a woman, so they say, who brought success to Jack Oakie because, but for a woman, he would not have abandoned vaudeville for pictures and come to Hollywood. Then the screen would have missed his great Bilge in "Hit the Deck."

THE story around Hollywood is that Jack Oakie saw Joan Crawford in New York and followed her to Hollywood. But he did not get Joan, as you know. Being on the ground he did get into pictures. And he is one of the few vaudevillians who have made good on the screen.

Even as he is the bane of publicity departments. "Listen to him," one of the boys told me the other day. "Just listen. You can hear him coming a mile away. He booms in here and no work is done as long as he remains. Listen to that guy bubble."

So there he is, quickly, sketchily.

The glad hand which is so typically his personality in public is not always present in private life. What Jack would call his "think tank" works very consistently. He knows what he is

(Continued on page 113)



rust • corrosion
squeaks • tarnish

Enemies of Good Housekeepers

Down with their insidious attack! You CAN keep out these troublemakers that destroy your property and upset your housekeeping. Don't let them get the best of you. Here is your most valuable ally, ready for use day after day—"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

To prevent rust and corrosion

Iron pots, pans and stoves
Garden implements
Golf clubs and guns

Rub with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly occasionally. When not in use, cover with a coating of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

To polish

Radios, pianos and antiques
Automobile bodies and nickel trim
Aluminum pots and pans

Rub with a little "Vaseline" Jelly, using a soft flannel cloth. To remove white spots from wood, spread "Vaseline" Jelly over the spot, let it stand a few minutes, then rub off and polish with flannel.

To lubricate

Washing machines and vacuum cleaners
Phonographs
Hinges and locks

Fill the grease cups with "Vaseline" Jelly or apply it directly to locks and hinges.

"Vaseline" Jelly is sold at all drug stores in jars or handy tubes. And remember when you buy that the trade mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the **Chesebrough Mfg. Co.**, Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

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Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 110)

She entered the room dressed in a Hawaiian costume. Glancing casually at me, she said, "Hello, Red Head." Her manner was completely honest.

I said to her. "Miss Bow, I'll need a detailed story of you. Are you willing to talk?"

"Sure thing. I've got nothing to hide." She ran her hands through her flaming hair, and continued, "And if I did have, I wouldn't hide it."

She seated herself.

"When I was a kid I was so poor I'd stay away from the house on purpose. I spent all the time I could in the picture shows, and every nickel I could get hold of went that way. When I should have been studying school books at home, I studied and dreamed about the people on the screen. I'd remember all I could about the players and go home and practise all they did before the cracked mirror in my little bedroom."

All these words I rewrote in my own way.

"My only talk was about pictures. Soon all the kids in the neighborhood teased me. One day a group of motion picture magazines held a contest, and I entered.

"When the day came for the contest I went to the offices of the magazine in a calico dress and a lot of hope. All the crowd of girls was eliminated before the judges but ten. I was the last of the ten to face them. Each girl was handed a letter, and told to act as if it contained good or bad news. I won."

She paused.

"After a while I was given a tiny bit in a story and when it was released a local picture house owner advertised, 'Clara Bow, Brooklyn girl, winner of national beauty contest.'

"I took a lot of kids to see the show and we all sat down in front seats and waited patiently to see me. *And I wasn't in it.*"

Clara sighed.

IT was a long time before anything happened. I used to go to the studios every day and I was always told that I was too young. Then I got a telephone call. I didn't know it then, but Elmer Clifton, the man who called, had seen my picture in a film magazine. I went to see Mr. Clifton, but before I went I did my hair up so as not to look too young. And you can believe it or not, Mr. Clifton told me that the part called for a girl much younger looking than I was. In a jiffy I made myself look younger. Then he agreed that I was perfect for the part, if I could only act. When I passed that test, he offered me forty dollars a week. I said, 'Make it fifty.' He did. So I got a part in 'Down to the Sea in Ships.'

"On the strength of my work in the picture, my father hired an agent, and I went to Hollywood.

"I got so discouraged after three months that I wired my father to send me money for a ticket back to Brooklyn. No one would give me any work at all. My father got the money for a ticket from some place all right. But he used it to come to Hollywood himself.

"After a long time I finally caught the eye of a young independent producer by the name of Schulberg. He gave me quite a few small parts to play. Then when he went over to Paramount, he took me with him. And that ends that part of the story."

It is more than likely that Clara Bow will pass from the screen without

ever having been developed to her fullest capacity as an actress.

Becoming the catchword of popular fancy, the delineator of flapper rôles, the "It" girl of Madame Elinor Glyn, has had a bad effect on what might otherwise have been a first-rate screen talent, had she been given rôles more suited to her ability.

The daughter of a plodding, working father and a mother who died during a breakdown, Clara Bow has a dynamic and powerful personality, which has never been utilized by the producers nor controlled by herself.

Still a young woman, she is rapidly becoming "burnt out," exhausted.

Her emotion is turbulent, without restraint. And yet she is capable of bringing to the screen all the finesse and restraint of Ruth Chatterton, could she but see the advantage of long and arduous concentration on the subtleties of acting.

THE mothers of famous young screen beauties are often a sore annoyance to the interviewer. Usually arriving at opulence through the accidental good fortune of their daughters, they seem more jealous and less secure of their positions than average mothers.

One is often forced to interview the mother, too.

Several years ago I received a wire to rush an interview with a young screen star whose name is now being rapidly forgotten. The young lady broke her engagement in the morning, through the advice of her mother, who thought an appointment, made later, with a beauty specialist was more important. As a result, I was forced to await the girl's bidding the next day, while my editor wired impatiently from New York.

After I had waited more than a half hour in the living room the next morning, the young lady finally appeared, leaning on the arm of her secretary.

I told her that I wished a sentimental story concerning her struggle. She began. I listened attentively.

When she arrived at that part of the tale in which her mother had taken in washing, that lady appeared.

"I wouldn't tell all that stuff, darling," she said. "People don't care about that. It's what a person makes of themselves that counts in the long run."

The mother remained during the rest of the interview.

In the published story, all that the mother had said was religiously quoted.

Months later, her daughter told me that after reading the article her mother was cured of "horning in."

Irate interviewers have created such a prejudice against "screen mothers" that those ladies have learned to remain, however reluctantly, in the background.

Once, while interviewing Mary Pickford, her mother appeared upon the scene. She had no wish to interfere in the interview, however. Her mind was on a weightier matter, that of selling her home for a profit of thirty-five thousand dollars.

"Why, Mother," reprimanded Mary, rather severely, "I'll not let you think of such a thing. You would have no



Last month, in THE NEW MOVIE, you read all about Claudette Colbert and how she came to the screen after stage success. Above you see Miss Colbert and her husband, Norman Foster, who plays opposite her in the Paramount film, "Young Man of Manhattan." Director Monte Bell is just behind Miss Colbert.

such lovely place to live this summer, and the ocean breeze will be good for you."

"But," pleaded Mrs. Smith. "They'll pay a hundred thousand, and it only cost sixty-five."

"Never mind that," consoled Miss Pickford, putting her hand on the mother's shoulder, "I'll not let you think of such a thing."

With a half smile, the mother walked quietly away.

It was long believed in Hollywood that the late Mrs. Smith ruled her daughter. This incident proved otherwise.

AND so they come and they go, on the shores of Hollywood.

Years ago, when large sums of money first came to film players who had long

known poverty, they spent it too freely.

One man, who now walks about the town, once owned a twenty-thousand dollar limousine.

But slowly those who now get the "big money" are learning to save. Hollywood is no longer a bonanza city. Rather, it is a vast and serious carnival ground where those connected with the films are eternally waiting for what is termed a break.

One actor I have known for a dozen years. He is still in poverty.

"My face is always found on the cutting-room floor," he said.

I consoled him with, "So are the faces of most people."

And he answered, "Yeah, but they're not as good as me."

It was the voice of the eternal actor waiting for his break.

Letters of a Property Man

(Continued from page 109)

The wrecking of that side-car cost \$300. That didn't matter so much, they said, as his spoiling the fatal beauty of what might have been a second J. Warren Kerrigan.

Fannigan made the old man come through with the 200 round simoleons though, for Joe. The old man howled to the heavens but "Pay the boy or get a new director" made him see the other side of the question.

It was a good thing for Joe though that they did tie the can to him then. He told me later why he got so sore over the ducking. "It wasn't the wetting, it wasn't the darn monkey uniform, it wasn't that I was sore at

Rose—but, darn it, I got all my application papers for a flying commission in the Army in my pocket ruind. It took three months to replace 'em. I had to swear my life away to get 'em duplicated."

Joe is one of the ace stunt flyers in Hollywood today. He is also one of the most careful—and he never flies over San Diego Harbor unless it means money in his pocket.

Will see you when they have a conference on the limitations of airships.

As ever,

Jack

"Hi, There!"

(Continued from page 111)

doing, does Jack Oakie. He proves it by getting what he wants.

As we were leaving the lot he cut loose with one more, "Hi there," at someone. A window of one of the executive offices opened and an indignant countenance, presumably interrupted in the midst of great thoughts, appeared. But seeing that it was Jack Oakie the

contemplated blast did not come.

And that was not surprising, for Jack Oakie at the moment is riding the topmost wave of screen success. His is the most meteoric rise in the past year. His popularity is enormous.

And it is real, it is audience popularity, popular demand. It is not a built-up thing engineered by the studio.



You don't need Mum?

—make the handkerchief test

True, every reader of this advertisement may not need to use Mum. But—Before deciding *you* have no need of this protection, make this conclusive and convincing experiment:

When fresh from the bath, with under arms as fastidious as soap and water can make them, tuck a clean handkerchief under one arm. Let it remain for five minutes. If, without any special exertion to excite the pores, underarm chemistry taints the handkerchief even slightly—there are times when Mum is needed!

Very few are entirely exempt from the chance of perspiration offense, and the remedy is so easily employed and so effective, no one need hesitate to use it. Just a dab of snowy cream and it's done. No preparation, no waiting. The daintiest clothing may be put on the very next moment. Nothing to injure skin or fabric; no evidence of Mum having been applied—except the gratifying absence of all taint. And this protection continues for hours.

A 35c jar of Mum lasts a long time with daily use, and the 60c jar holds nearly three times the quantity in the 35c jar.

The Sanitary Napkin Use

Mum performs another service for which many women are grateful beyond expression. A thin spreading of Mum on the sanitary napkin, and one can dismiss all thought of any possible embarrassment; protection against odor is then absolute and complete.

NEXT MONTH—

THE NEW MOVIE offers its first short story, a fascinating bit of fiction about Hollywood

by AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

one of the best known of Hollywood's brilliant writers



Radio Pictures' beauty chorus in action. You saw these girls in "Rio Rita" and other Radio productions and you will see them in future song-and-dance movies.

His Best Friend and Severest Critic

(Continued from page 37)

it, or even to look at it. Only a rush and a diving through suitcases, outstretched hands for a manicure, and lending one's hair to be curled.

It seemed as if the world were turned upside down and, in the midst of all this rushing confusion, a voice from across the continent came to me over the telephone and I heard someone saying, "Hello, my dear, I figured you would be home about this time." It was Lawrence Tibbett.

And then, on that long distance telephone, we had the thrill of anticipating what the rest of the evening would be like. It was then midnight in New York and he had had a long, hard day with numerous rehearsals and interviews and nothing I could say seemed to convey to him what was about to happen. It all seemed so far away. He made me promise that I would telephone him immediately after the premiere was over and tell him all the big and little things that had happened.

THEN, to the tune of the escort's sirens, off I started again. I have often wondered what people think of under stress of great emotion. I know now.

My mind was filled with the most ridiculous and unimportant details. I began to wonder if the certified milk had been ordered for the twins. I wondered if I had chosen the right shade of

green for my boudoir. I suddenly realized I had brought the wrong overcoat of Mr. Tibbett's west with me.

And underneath all this that little feeling of fear which bounded to the top just before I stepped out of the car at the theater.

Mr. Lang, who handles the broadcasting at all the Hollywood premieres, met me and graciously introduced me over the microphone and charmingly put me at my ease. I felt better but my mind was still hitting into queer places.

It flashed back to all the years of atrocious, ridiculous and thoroughly unfeminine photographs of me that had appeared throughout the country. I stood there trying to think of all the beautiful women I had ever known and attempted to simulate their various characteristics. It worked! The next day when I saw the photographs in the newspapers I did not recognize them they were so good. *That* was a comfort!

WHILE I was having my photograph taken I spied a familiar face in the crowd. Something about it made me reminiscent; something dear came to me out of the past and I could not help wishing that I might have it within my power to go to this person and merely be myself. Merely be one of the crowd. Many times during the evening I kept wondering who they all

were and what they were thinking of me as they stood there and watched.

The theater was dark as I walked down the aisle. I felt, suddenly, very small and insignificant. It was Lawrence's night. I was his representative. I keenly felt a sense of responsibility for conveying the evening's delights or disappointments to Lawrence who was lying awake, three thousand miles away, waiting for word. And somehow during the whole evening I could not lose the sense of the verdict of the audience; the bearing it would have on our lives. It was an event, because out of the success or possibilities of success of this picture, a new world would know Lawrence Tibbett.

After all, the big thrill of the evening as I sat there in the darkness, was the thought that rich and poor alike now could have the joyous benefit of his glorious voice and his charm and his rich speaking voice. Until now only the very limited few of the Metropolitan Opera House and the small concert hall could enjoy his generous gift; but now all the world could see and hear him. That—that thought—was the high-light of the evening to me.

THE first flash on the screen was his name. "LAWRENCE TIBBETT IN THE ROGUE SONG." And then those funny little chills began to come
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"C'est Mon Homme"

(Continued from page 27)

"I hope so," he said ardently. "If I have then I am happy. They advertise me first as the IT man. It was a mistake. But then the people they see I am not and it is all right."

I WASN'T so sure about Maurice's innocence. Maybe I was being used as a tool to allay the suspicion of American husbands. Yet a glance around his dressing-room revealed no ladies' garters or photographs with swooning testimonials. Only such trophies as may be found even in the dressing rooms of clean-cut heroes. Furthermore, it is alleged he failed on each occasion to insult the lady interviewers, who, insulted, stamped forth indignantly declaring him a Babbitt. Pray, aren't American girls good enough for this Frenchman . . . if he be a Frenchman? Even Billy Haines, Latin though he ben't, has the decency to give a girl the round around when she interviews him. It certainly appears that Maurice as a foreigner is a flop. There's even some feeling that his credentials should be examined. Hollywood has been tricked by so many fake foreigners.

Certainly, Maurice has none of the imported manners. He doesn't fold down from the hips and kiss women's hands. He hasn't disgorged a single oo-lala and was content to drink ginger ale in the champagne moments of "The Love Parade." He wears a double-breasted blue serge suit and a checked cape, which certainly isn't smart in Paris. He doesn't effervesce and shimmer as he does on the screen. About his business, which embraces interviews, he doesn't flash his valuable smile lavishly. Recalling the frugality of Frenchmen, it's possible he's holding back for the francs. Red-faced, blue-eyed, direct almost to brusqueness, he appears neither actor nor foreigner. Yet he is the most charming, debonair and expert performer that the talkies have recruited. Women adore him, men applaud him.

FEELING with Maurice that the IT business, just about the silliest that was ever invented to earn a living by, should be relegated to the side-shows and the burlesque, I nevertheless felt it my duty as a hundred per cent right-thinking American, enemy of Reds and free love, lover of the home, defender of women and children, and violator of the Volstead act—all that—I felt I should determine if Chevalier is a menace to the American home.

On my way to ask Queen Jeanette MacDonald if he really did please the Queen as he so lyrically promised in her boudoir of "The Love Parade," I chanced to meet Lillian Roth, who played the maid.

"Did he please the Queen?"

"Well, he certainly pleased the maid," said Lillian brazenly.

"Oh, he *did*, did he?"

"I mean he is my idol," swooned the maiden breathlessly. "I never had a scene with him, but I pray some day to have."

"Oh-oh . . . The maiden's prayers!"

When I confronted Jeanette I confess I blushed. (But remember I had seen her five times in boudoir and bath in "The Love Parade.")

"Did Chevalier please your majesty?"

"He's a charming, delightful, remark-

able man," parried Jeanette. (Her fiancé was present.) "He's not at all the common idea of the Frenchman. He's like an ordinary American man."

"Ordinary?"

"You know what I mean—regular."

"Too bad!"

Nevertheless Jeanette's fiancé took a plane for Hollywood after seeing the goings on in "The Love Parade" and has hovered round her watchfully.

THERE have been frantic attempts to diagnose the secret of Chevalier's charm. He revealed it for me when he said:

"I never want to be an actor. I want to be the *real thing*."

If any bootlegger could say the *real thing* half as convincingly as Maurice he'd be in a position to give alms to Rockefellers.

"I do not want technique," he said.

I recall Pola Negri, greatest actress, saying much the same thing. Pola thinks it childish to pretend. "I must feel," she said—adding laconically, "That's why in Europe I always pick my leading men myself."

Maurice supports my contention that you may fool the people from the stage, but you have to be the real thing on the screen. D. W. Griffith declares the camera has an X-ray eye that sees the soul. You can't fool it with gestures and grimaces. It gets inside the man. Doug is Doug and Mary is Mary and the Lord knows the greatness of Mabel Normand was herself. When nature produces such masterpieces why put on fictional ones?

There's a saying that an actress is something more than a woman, an actor something less than a man. It may be true. There are exceptions enough to prove it.

CHEVALIER has the fire of the propagandist. He sees his work in a broader way than entertainment. He is, first of all, a philosopher of laughter. He believes, and is supported by physicians as well as other philosophers, that laughing cures most of our mundane ills. Where not curable, it makes endurable.

Second, he's a Frenchman. Love of country is high virtue with a Frenchman. Napoleon expressed it winning wars, Chevalier more wisely winning hearts. War may be averted Chevalier's way. Many Frenchmen consider us in the rôle of Uncle Shylock. Many of us have had our great affection for France somewhat alienated by the franc-grasping, discriminating unkindness which we now encounter over there.

I think Chevalier would forego francs to correct such ill-feeling. He is the exponent of his country, but he wants to be liked by Americans—for that reason partly. If he seems to lack response and geniality on casual meeting, I think it is because he's guarded, well aware of pitfalls leading to misinterpretation.

Before I interviewed him, I met him. It was on the set of "The Love Parade." His smile was tonifying, jollifying. He had the instant likability of great personality. Both my brother and I came away exclaiming, "What a great guy . . . no ham about him."

(Continued on page 118)



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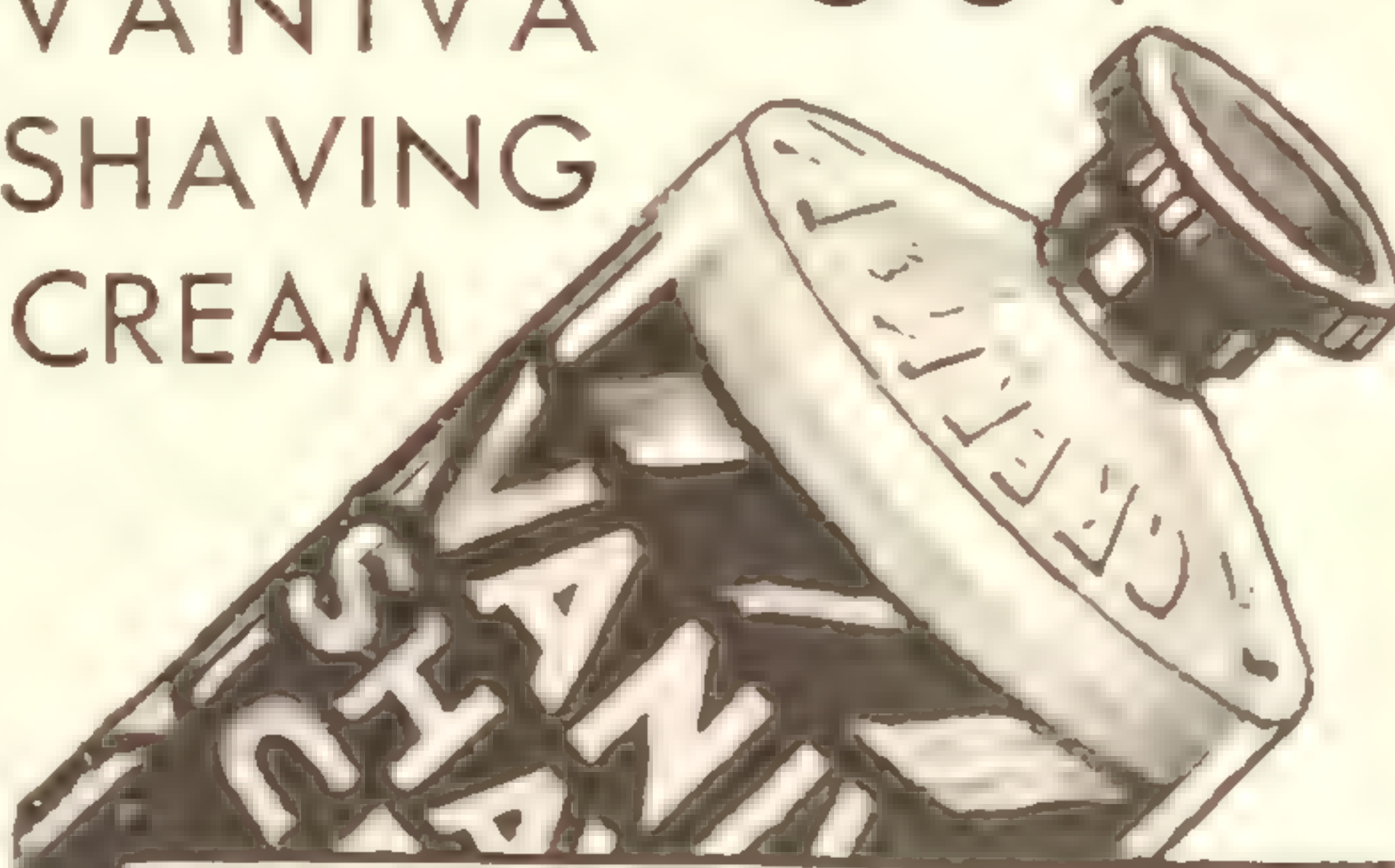
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Just Among Those Present

(Continued from page 43)

petite Marguerite Clark Williams wholeheartedly. Her appearance today on the street, at a football game, in the ball room, attracts as much attention as her first appearance in public after her retirement from the screen. And she still responds with the same delightful smile that captivated her audiences from the footlights.

Is she lonesome away from the bright lights, from the adulation of the public, from flattering fan mail?

"THE days pass so quickly," she told me, "that I never have time to be lonesome. I have my flowers to look after while I am in Patterson—think what a real garden has meant to me after so many years playing in make-believe gardens. Then there are my dogs: we have many of them. The five Chihuahuas are my special care, but we have several hunting dogs. And my husband's interests are mine, of course. We take frequent trips North; we spend a great deal of time in New Orleans and life is very full—and happy," she added, "even though I have no children."

I noted the first wistful tone in her beautifully modulated voice. Perhaps Marguerite Clark has not yet found the Carcassonne of her dreams.

Her husband's interests? They are so large and varied that his wife's tiny feet must have trouble keeping up with him. Lumber is his inherited vocation. He is also mayor of Patterson, and "hees Honor is a fine mayor, yes," say even the humblest of the French-descent residents of the beautiful little town in the parish of St. Mary. He has been instrumental in getting for Patterson one of the finest airfields in Louisiana, well lighted and accessible, and about the best equipped field between New Orleans and Texas. He is also the head of the Wedell-Williams Air Service, flying planes all over the South.

His avocations? Living in Louisiana, loving an outdoor life, he is an ardent

sportsman and he is frequently seen with gun or fishing tackle. He enjoys yachting. Motoring, too. And he is now a full-fledged air pilot, being one of the first in the state to become air-minded. Marguerite accompanies him on most of his trips.

"I LOVE flying," she assured me. "It is wonderful, exhilarating. Although," she chuckled reminiscently, "I didn't always think so. I remember the first trip my husband took from Patterson to New Orleans. I left that day for the North. 'Wouldn't you like to fly to Chicago?' he asked me. I informed him that I preferred the safe, sane method of travel—you see I had not yet gone up—and I started on the train worried for fear something might happen to him. I remember I wired twice to find whether he reached New Orleans without mishap. That night, there was a railroad wreck: something had gone wrong with my safe-and-sound vehicle of transportation—while my husband, taking what I considered a precarious way of reaching New Orleans, was the one who had to be reassured as to my safety."

"Have you ever piloted a plane?" I asked her.

"Why, I can barely pilot myself across crowded streets," she laughed, "so I would hardly be trusted with a plane. But we take many trips: it requires only forty minutes to come to New Orleans, whereas if we took the train or motor car we'd spend three hours on the road. And it is so safe, so beautiful a method of traveling."

The air route is used frequently by Marguerite Clark Williams and her husband these days. For she is in demand at the most exclusive functions in New Orleans in the pre-Lenten social season. In 1923 she was crowned Queen of Alexis, one of the smart carnival organizations, and a veritable Titania she was on that occasion.

Although she loves people, she enjoys

sitting on the side lines, studying character. "It doesn't distress me to wait for anyone in a railroad station or a crowd," she said, "for I am never bored. I like to look at different types, making up stories about them, wondering where they are going, what their lives are—people are so interesting, aren't they?"

I came back to movie chat.

"What do you think of the talkies?" I asked.

"THEY'RE wonderful," she replied. And when I remarked that with her trained voice she would make a hit in them, that she should be back on the screen, she shook her head vehemently. "Oh, no," she said. "I finished with the pictures, with public life, when my contract expired. I worked hard on them, too, far harder than on the stage, because the work is more strenuous, more exacting. And now I'm perfectly content to be 'among those present' in the audience at the talkies."

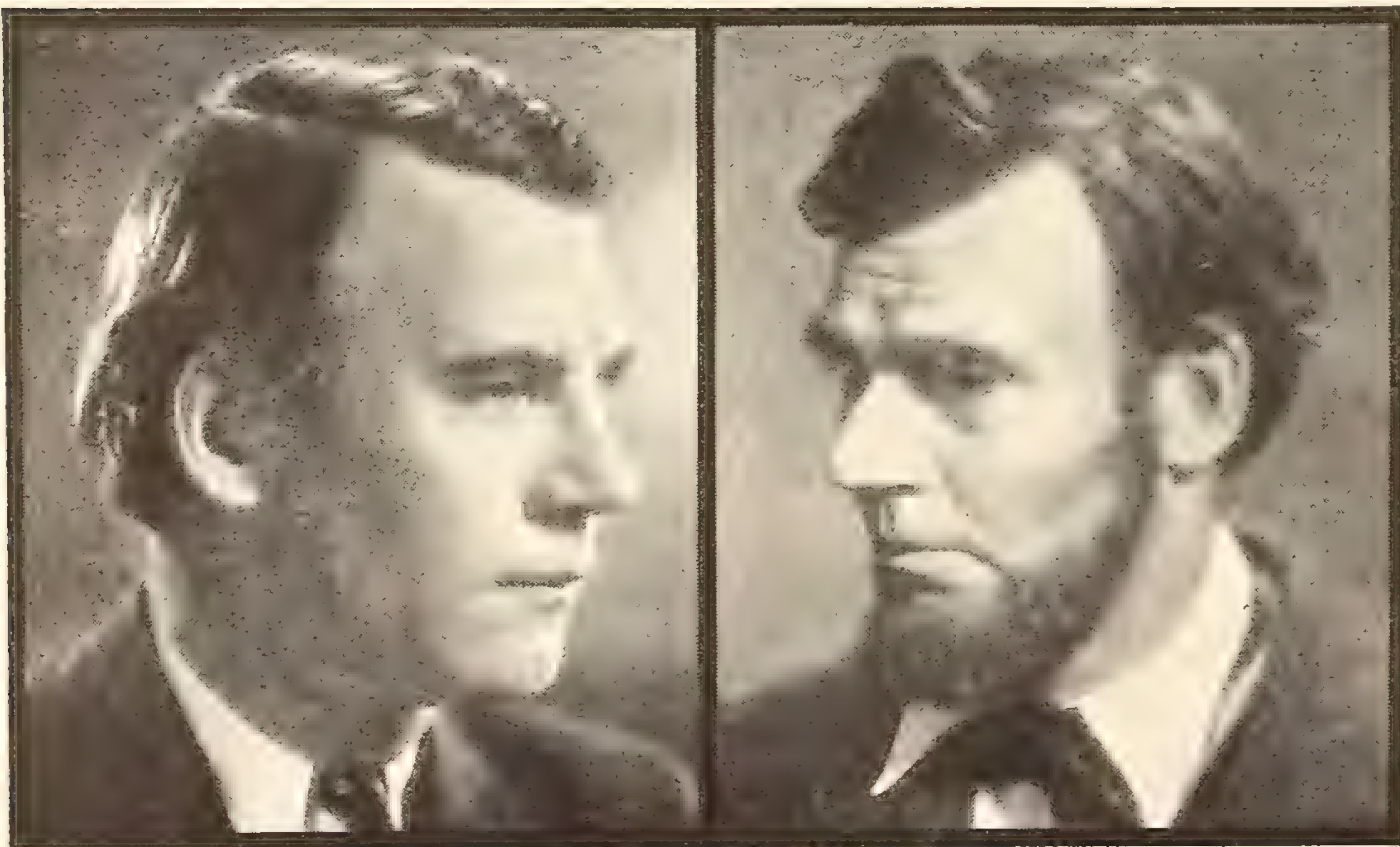
So that's what happens to a career when a girl falls in love, I thought.

"Do you like clothes, like most women?" I asked, a foolish question to a perfectly gowned woman. "Of course," she responded, "and I like them far more than I did when I was on the stage or in the pictures. It's not much fun, you know, to put on gorgeous costumes because you are compelled to wear them. Now I can make my own selections and I find it is a joy to pick out what I really like."

I remembered and reminded her of an exclusive French shop in New Orleans where frocks were made for her to wear in her last pictures, the Maison Helene, now out of existence, where every stitch was made by hand, where tucks and gathers and smocking were put in by descendants of some of the finest old Creole families. Gentlewomen whose long, slender fingers did meticulous work under the supervision of the creator of the shop, a member of one of the first families in Louisiana. Dresses that looked for all the world as though they were fashioned for a little girl of twelve years, dresses of sheer linen, of chiffon; beautiful negligees and blouses. In huge boxes, dozens of handmade garments preceded the star to Hollywood for her last appearance on the screen.

"I wish I could still have some of their exquisite work," said Marguerite Clark Williams, when we were exchanging memories of the famous atelier.

Curled up in a big chair in the handsome Louis Quinze reception room of the Williams mansion in New Orleans, the former stage and screen star looked like a little girl as we chatted. A trifle heavier, perhaps, than in her days of stardom, although she said she has gained but four pounds since her marriage, weighing today an even hundred pounds. Her lovely auburn hair is still bobbed and will not be allowed to grow, so she assured me. Her long lashes sweep her cheeks, giving her big hazel eyes a velvety deep brown hue. I peered closely as she sat under the soft lamplight of the early dusk, to find a wrinkle, some telltale mark of time. But I was agreeably disappointed. I couldn't see anything but contentment and placidity. Why not? Her life is cast on contented and placid lines.



Last month THE NEW MOVIE presented a study of Walter Huston as the younger Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's screen life of the martyred president. Here are interesting contrasting studies: Huston as himself and as the elder Lincoln.

She won't play bridge, because she says she started in too late to learn. "You see, not having learned the rudiments of the game before marriage, I felt it would be an imposition on people to ask them to play with me. I married into a family of splendid bridge players and I developed a sense of inferiority about any game. Mah Jong was different: it was new to others as well as myself. So I took to that as long as the fad lasted. But bridge doesn't interest me and other things do—so why should I take time from what I love, to force myself to something I don't care for?"

Something to that, I thought, as I recalled a feverish foursome I had just left at a bridge table.

A LAST picture of Marguerite Clark Williams.

The dining-room of one of the famous New Orleans French restaurants. It had been turned into an old English garden in honor of the daughter of William J. Locke, who was visiting the city. Beautifully gowned women. Soft

music playing under artificial moonlight.

Dainty and graceful, a sparkling little figure picked her way through the make-believe garden with its English hedges, Marguerite Clark herself, a vivid, sparkling figure. A bodice of golden lamé, a full skirt of golden lace reaching to the floor. Tiny feet encased in golden slippers with jeweled buckles. Smaller in stature than any other woman and yet distinctive.

What is it that makes her the cynosure of all eyes wherever she goes? It is not her past successes on stage and screen, for the public is fickle and memories are short.

It must be her innate charm, personality, you might call it, that evinces itself wherever she may be. Among the moss-grown live oaks and bayous of her country home in the beautiful Teche land; in the more sophisticated atmosphere of city residence, she always finds friends for herself as she found them when, a thirteen-year-old child, she won the hearts of the stage folks with whom her early life was cast.

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 93)

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Jean Arthur gave the sport note to the table, both being in flannel. Jean's was an ensemble of bright blue and white, with a three quarter length white flannel coat lined with the blue flannel, and a tuck-in blouse of white satin with blue bands. She wore a hat of white felt, well off the face, with long silk ties at the back, high-heeled white oxfords, and carried a bag of bright blue felt.

Miss MacDonald's blonde beauty was set off by a color scheme of green and white. A dashing shoulder cape in green flannel was held together carelessly with two ties that formed a crushed collar at the back. Her green beret was very smart and very correct, with white kid strap slippers and white suede gauntlet gloves.

Mary Brian nearly always wears white. At this particular party she looked awfully smart and youthful, in a white polo coat with a white beret and a white silk piqué frock. There was no color at all with her outfit. Her purse was white linen and her shoes white buckskin.

Kay Francis is one of the few girls who can wear bright red and yellow. They go perfectly with her dark eyes and hair and olive skin. She had on a flowered crêpe frock of bright red and yellow flowers against a dark background. The circular cape—my, but aren't those circular capes popular—formed a partial covering for her arms, as the dress had no sleeves. The hem line of the dress was even and almost ankle length. Over this brilliant costume she wore a coat of dull black crêpe, knee length, with another circular cape.

LITTLE Ruth Gilbert looked stunning in an ensemble of bright blue crêpe. The dress and coat were both of heavy chiffon, trimmed with platinum fox. You'd have to have a slim figure like Ruth's to dare those three circular

peplums which accented the hip line of the dress, and a youthful touch was added in the narrow bits of lace and organdie that bordered the short sleeves and the neck line. Her hat was blue straw crushed into a turban shape.

One thing the other guests in the big dining-room must have noticed was the perfection of detail—the gloves, bags, shoes, and all accessories—which made all the girls look as though they had just arrived from Paris.

At every place there were two gardenias, made into an attractive little shoulder corsage—gardenias, of course, will go with anything. The luncheon lasted from one until three-thirty, and the entertainment consisted entirely of conversation—and these girls chatter away about their pictures and their affairs just like any group of high school or college girls—and most of that group are young enough to fit into that catalogue.

"AND oh," Lillian Roth confided afterwards. "when I went down three days before to make arrangements, the chef, Ulrich Ehlers, gave me the recipe for those grand meat balls Roosevelt that we were all so crazy about."

Here it is; and it does make one of the nicest dishes for buffet luncheon or supper:

Take one pound of lean veal, half pound of pork, one onion, little garlic, pepper, salt, nutmeg, little thyme and parsley. Run same through meat-chopping machine. Put in a mixing bowl with two eggs, some bread with crust removed which has previously soaked in milk. Mix well so as to make a smooth paste, divide into proper rations in balls the size of an egg. Have half tomato and half brown meat sauce in flat bottom saucepan. Put meat balls in boiling sauce, cover and set in slow oven to cook for about three-quarters of an hour. Serve very hot with new peas and spaghetti.



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"C'est Mon Homme"

(Continued from page 115)

It was from the jolly, rascally little Ernst Lubitsch that I learned Chevalier was tormented by the American idea of French women. So when I touched on the subject I was prepared for Maurice's indignation.

"There is a French actress who could show America the real French woman," he said. "She is Yvonne Printemps, the wife of Sacha Guitry. But he would never let her go away from him."

I WANTED to ask, why not Yvonne Vallee—the wife of Maurice Chevalier? But I knew he would not let her, knew she replied to offers saying, "But no . . . it is for Maurice." Her ambition, true French woman, is in the career of wife. For this she gave up the stage when his name filled the billboards of Paris. It wasn't a sacrifice for her, it was progression.

"What sort of woman is she?" I asked Ernest Lubitsch . . . for I would no more ask Chevalier that question than I'd ask it of any other gentleman.

"Madame Chevalier," Ernst said, and stuttered. "She is the most mar-vee-

lous woman you can imagine. She look into the eyes of Maurice and she know just what to do, just what to say. She is the true Frenchwoman. The marvelous wife."

Robert W. Service, poet of the Klondike, was once a neighbor of mine. He has a French wife and he told me: "If I were to marry nine times every wife would be a French woman. She is not only your wife, she is your partner. Partner in business as well as home. It is her career and she is proud of success in it."

Many men who went overseas in the war brought back French wives. Many others brought back the ideal of a wife. The French girl does not trade on sex charms exclusively. She has the wisdom to know that maternal tenderness is the sentiment most craved by man. She is a charming companion.

THE French girl concentrates upon her man. He is *her* man, if only for the evening. She does not look round the café and wave at other men. Her business is pleasing *mon homme*,

as his is pleasing her, and she does not consider herself subservient in doing so. She is wholly and completely yours. Your woman, spiritually as well. As Rudie Valentino said: 'Man needs fine sympathetic companionship from woman more than anything else to complete himself.'

I had the idea the American girl was not so highly esteemed in France.

"But no," said Maurice. "Living here, you perhaps do not appreciate how beautiful she is. She has style, individuality. The French have long adored Mary Pickford. She is an idol. They like Clara Bow—all the American girls, admire them for their smartness, their originality. The American girl is something wonderful. All France, all Europe admires her. That is why I so want that the French girl should be admired here for what she is. Perhaps she is not always so beautiful, so stylish, but she has fine qualities you Americans appreciate.

NO people in the world are so appreciative as Americans. They are so open-minded. No prejudices, it seems. When I appear on the Ziegfeld roof in New York I am scared to death. I am modest. In my heart I am humble. That is something you cannot feign. Maybe it is why people like me. I like them first, I want terribly they should like me. I have maybe what you call the inferiority complex. . . ."

"You certainly *aren't* an actor," I agreed.

"So when I come out on the stage there in New York I tell you honestly I tremble. Out there in front are all the great celebrities of New York's stage. Here am I the press-agented Chevalier from France. Can I hope to please them? Well, I hope. But I tremble. Two minutes after I am on the stage they are applauding me. I am happy. Everything is all right. They like me. Eddie Cantor he rush up and kiss me." Chevalier showed a little emotion though he obviously felt he shouldn't. "I can't tell you how happy I was. Everywhere it has been the same. In San Francisco I sing for fifteen thousand people in a great auditorium packed to the galleries.

"I tell you I have never had such thrill. In Paris I have been on the stage many years. Naturally, I knew they liked me. They would applaud. When I was at some café in public they would recognize me and smile. But then I come to America. I make one picture. I go back and there are cheering crowds in Paris. The screen does something magical. It makes you seem greater than you are."

"And Paris," I asked, "She is always the same?"

"Always the same," said Maurice. "She has what you say the French girl has, all concentrated. Sympathy, understanding, motherliness for the stranger, even though he be a scapegrace in his own country. No questions asked, you are a human being."

Great to be like that. To have sympathy and understanding, to want to be liked more than to like. To concentrate on pleasing as the French woman does, as Paris does and as her favorite son also does. Great to be the *real thing*.



Out in Hollywood they call this the Carriage of Doom. Jean Arthur is standing beside the original royal coach used by the late Emperor of Austria, Franz Josef, for ceremonial occasions. The carriage, which is trimmed with gold and upholstered with costly brocades, was brought from Austria to Hollywood to be used as a movie prop.

We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from page 47)

for he was the best student in mathematics in the class. It never once occurred to him that people would pay to hear him sing. And now he has to have an expert mathematician to figure out how much he makes. It just shows how things go in this world.

He gave his first concert in Sligo, Ireland, and received \$1.25 for it. Was he content to stop here? No! The flame of ambition burned in him and he kept on studying and working. He gave his first operatic concert in the little town of Savona, Italy, a few miles from Genoa. For this he received \$3. It just shows what the flame of ambition will do.

Other men would have stopped, but John kept right on struggling onward and upward in the night while his companions slept. He went to Naples and sang Faust and received \$4. Did he let it turn his head? No! "Some day I'll make \$5," he said—and now he has the best collection of Waterford glass in the world.

He went to Dublin in 1902 to sing and, between songs, married Mavourneen Lily Foley, and now they have two children, and an adopted one.

The singing business began to look up, for now John McCormack has a castle called Moore Abbey, at Monasterevan, Ireland, with 1,200 acres of good old Irish soil surrounding it.

When he feels a bit cramped here, going from room to room, he picks up and goes to another home he has at Noroton, Connecticut.

When he gets tired of Connecticut he goes to his home in New York City, at 270 Park Avenue.

But all this is terribly inconvenient, y'know, when he is in California, so he called up the bank one day and asked how his account stood and bought another place at 2005 Fuller Avenue, Hollywood, so as to be near the picture studio. This hang-out has 145 acres of land and cost him half a million dollars, all the spare change he had at the time.

He has named it San Patrizio Parque, which is the Spanish for "St. Patrick's Park."

LAWRENCE TIBBETT: My eye wanders down the table and it falls on Sheriff Tibbett's boy Lawrence. And Lawrence is not ashamed that his father wore a badge on his suspenders and engaged in the business of running bad men to earth, for his father was the sheriff of Kern County, California, in the days when a sheriff slept with one eye open, one finger on the trigger and his boots beside his bed.

One day Bad Man McKinney came riding into Bakersfield to see what he could see, with a gun on each hip. Sheriff Tibbett started out to welcome him, and finally cornered McKinney in a Chinese joss house. McKinney hid behind a partition and, when Sheriff Tibbett came in, he fired point blank and Sheriff Tibbett died with his boots on, as a sheriff should.

Fighting runs in the family, for Lawrence's brother, Bert Tibbett, is now a chief of detectives.

The family moved from Bakersfield and came down to Los Angeles, and Lawrence entered the Manual Arts

High School with Rob Wagner, the writer, as his professor.

After school hours Lawrence would sing, and finally he became so proficient that he got a job singing all evening for the Elks Club of Los Angeles for ten dollars. When he started home that night with his wealth, he pinned it to his undershirt, for money is money, and a fella mustn't take chances. Now, if he pinned his money to his underclothes he would make Falstaff look like the Living Skeleton.

Also later he sang for Sid Grauman, the Hollywood theater man, for ten dollars a show and glad to get it, Sid.

While in Los Angeles he met Grace Smith, sang to her under a softly whispering date palm, and now they have a coupla twin boys. Later he went to New York, gave grand opera a whirl, and now has two experts to help him make out his income tax.

But don't get to thinking he is perfection, for he has his human failings just like anybody else; *he likes to sing in the bath tub*. In other ways, however, he is esteemed highly and his music appreciated.

DOLORES DEL RIO: That is her real name. Only it didn't start out that way. The first name she had was Asunsolo, which she inherited from her parents, and the name they sprinkled her down with was Dolores. So her name, when the ceremony was over, was Senorita Dolores Asunsolo. This, of course, was not a good picture name, but her parents were not to blame as they lived on a ranch in Mexico and didn't know that Dolores would ever go to Hollywood.

The day, by the way, was August 3, 1905, and the place was Durango, Mexico. She lived quietly on the ranch, eating *frijoles* and roping steers, until she was five years of age, when she took on city airs and moved to Mexico City. Here she met Jaime Martinez Del Rio, the most popular bachelor in Mexico, and at the end of three weeks he asked her to come out under a palm and quoted poetry to her in the moonlight. And so in no time at all she became Dolores Martinez Del Rio, still not taking Hollywood seriously.

Senora Del Rio then moved out to the country to her husband's ranch. And some ranch it was—one million acres. Once her husband was missing for three days.

"Where have you been?" asked Dolores when he finally came in.

"Riding up from the front gate," answered Jaime.

Dolores Del Rio is now a widow, as her husband died in Berlin in December, 1928.

Dolores, the magic maid from Mexico, has a flair for languages and can speak English, Spanish, French, German and Latin. Get that last one, all of you who have died in the Gallic wars. I said *speak*, not merely read.

This all seems very flattering, but pursuing my policy of telling the truth, regardless of how it cuts and wounds and hurts, I'll tell you one more thing about her: *she plays ping pong*.

Now, who says we tell only pleasant things about people?

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Is Rudolph Valentino's house in Beverly Hills haunted? Read what Harry Carey, the new occupant, says on page 78 of this issue. Here is a striking view of the house from the canyon side.

Seventeen

(Continued from page 71)

Polly Ann and Sally Blane—has been more or less of a hangout for some of the younger boys around Hollywood. One of the sisters was almost always bound to be at home when anyone called. So the day after he had met her, Grant Withers called at the home of Loretta Young with Bill Ince. From his actions it was not apparent that he had called upon her. In fact, he kept calling on what might be termed the "Young Sisters," showing no partiality to any of them. It was five months later before he asked Loretta to go out with him alone. She has mentioned that fact to him since then.

"I was afraid to ask you to go out alone with me," he said. "I couldn't see any particular reason why you should and I did not want to get turned down."

"Can you imagine anyone as dumb as that?" she asked me.

But, once started, Mister Withers allowed no grass to grow under his feet. He started giving her a very high speed "rush."

"And, oh, how I fell for that man!" said Loretta. "But I had no sooner fallen good and deep in love with him than things began to happen which were not so much fun."

"For one thing, Grant went away on a yachting trip. The loneliness I felt while he was gone was bad enough, but when, the first time I saw him after he came back he told me that he was not going to call on me any more, I almost wilted."

RIGHT here Loretta Young showed one or two of the things she has thought out. Whether they are correct or not, whether they will apply

to all cases, is not for me to say here.

"Just imagine," she continued, "the situation I was in. I loved a boy and knew I loved him. Knew I wanted him. And here he was telling me it was all over! I could have done several things. I could have gotten mad and called him names—and I felt like doing that. I could have cried—and I felt like doing that. But I figured either one of those would be a mistake. It would have ended everything."

"So I just said nothing and let it go at that. I tried to show him that I did not think he meant it but that if he did it would not be such a great loss in my life. But, oh, what a loss it would have been!"

"I really expected that he would telephone me the next day—but he did not. And I went to bed that night frightened. I stayed awake for hours trying to figure out what to do in case he really did mean what he said and was not going to see me any more. It was terrible."

"The second day I did not leave the house. I cancelled a couple of dates because I was afraid that he would phone while I was out. I would not even go to the corner drugstore for fear he would phone. I wanted to be there, wanted to hear his voice as soon as I could. Because you will never know—and neither will he—how I was missing it and needed to hear it."

"Why didn't you call him up if you wanted him so much?" I asked.

"I couldn't do that. Couldn't and wouldn't. If I did—well, I have heard too many girls make chumps out of themselves telephoning men. It works out sometimes but not most of the time. And Grant is a boy who wants to do

what he wants to do. He does not want to be put on the spot and be forced to take some girl out just because he is too polite to say he does not want to take her. In fact, I'm not so sure he would not come right out into the open and tell her to jump in the lake if she was too insistent."

"Besides, that was not what I wanted. I loved Grant. I wanted him to love me. And if he did he would come to me. If he did not then it was best that I get over loving him in a hurry—which I would have done because he would then be proving he was not the boy I thought he was. So I would not have loved him any longer."

I WONDERED at that one. Because women are prideful affairs, and that pride is one of the things which cause so much misunderstanding between men and women. I wondered—in spite of the way Loretta Young stated her case—whether or not she refrained from getting in touch with the boy she loved because her pride would not let her.

"Finally, on the fourth day, he called me up. Very formal, very business like. He had some insurance papers he wanted me to sign. I had had a couple of fenders wrinkled while driving his car a month or so before that. Could he come over that evening? Could he! Imagine that! And I'd been sitting at home for four days waiting."

"I said he could if he wished. It would not do to show him too much enthusiasm. I did not mention the four days or the not seeing me any more. Nor dozens of little notes I had written and not sent."

"When he came we signed the papers,"
(Continued on page 122)

His Best Friend and Severest Critic

(Continued from page 114)

to me. After his first song thunderous applause and shouts of "Bravo!" rang through the theater. Strange sound in a theater used to silence. But it was a good sound and I loved it. I experienced sheer joy because I really had not known how wonderful it was all going to be. We had had many misgivings and doubts in our numerous discussions on this picture with its various angles and I hardly knew what I had expected after so much analysis.

My mind kept running back—back to the good old La Crescenta days when we were first married—then to our first years in New York—our struggles—our joys. Back to the night at the Metropolitan Opera House when Lawrence, then a youth, made his great success with the most critical audience in the world, a New York Metropolitan audience.

OH, how wonderful it is to want. It is almost a creed with me. Always to want something—and then the joy of having a want fulfilled. And so it was now. I had wanted so much to be there—and there I was.

My eyes traversed the row of seats beside me. They were all there—his family and mine. Their faces wreathed in smiles from their hearts. I knew they, too, were proud of something that also belonged to them. I wanted to hug them all. I felt grand, and glorious, and grateful, and good. Everything was good. Everything.

Out of an occasion like that, reminiscent sentiment is probably the most predominant emotion of all. It did not matter to me what made those near me feel as they did, nor how they arrived at that natural feeling. The only thing that kept coming back to my mind was "they love him and appreciate him and realize that he has that intangible something they have wanted."

During the intermission Mr. Thalberg, who produced "The Rogue Song," asked to see me. He wanted to call Lawrence by long distance telephone during the intermission and tell him himself about all the excitement. And he did!

It all seemed to me as a charming house-warming. I felt as though I were being hostess, because everyone was so

gracious and sweet. No group can be more so, or more well-wishing, than a professional group.

IT is a strange feeling to sit and watch someone who is part of your life play a part so sympathetically that you are caught in the spell of it. I was realizing, as if a mirror were being held up to me, that this—this characteristic Lawrence was showing in "The Rogue Song"—was what had so completely captured me ten years ago. Only time has improved it. Looking up at Lawrence on the screen, thinking back to Lawrence—my husband—I had a rare, exultant feeling.

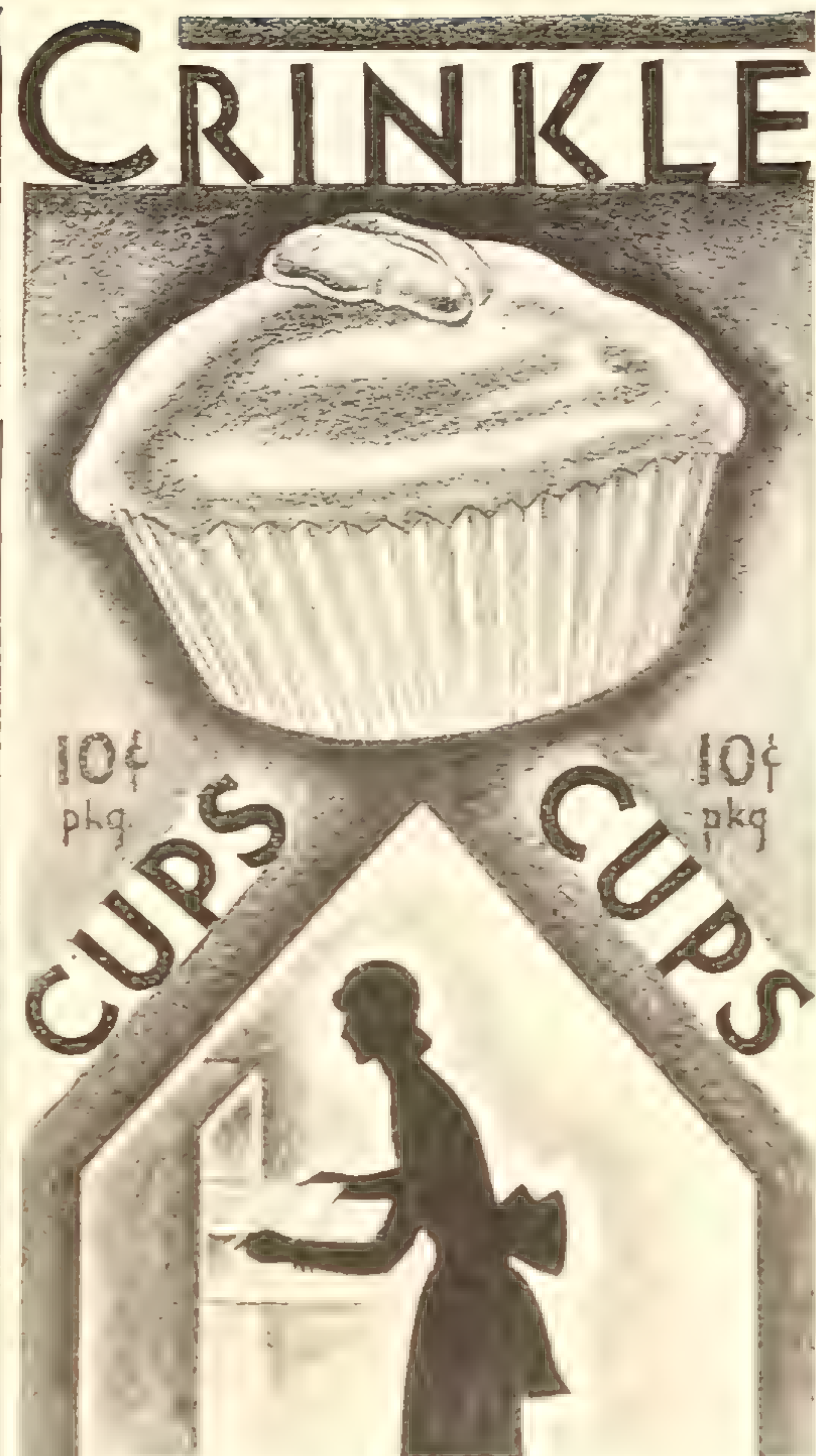
Perhaps I was not conscious that evening of all that I should have been. I know that I was having a rather selfish evening and "time of it" by myself. I was letting myself revel in the joy I felt in my heart. I was wonderfully proud. I was reminiscing of other days. And I found myself listening to him sing as though I had never had the experience before. And that gave me rather a start.

Then the lights flared up and the end came. The people were going home. They were making their various comments. I could not hear them all, but the pulse of the entire evening spelled everything encouraging.

WHEN I finally arrived home only one light was burning. I felt lost; felt as if I had been to a big banquet and had been the only guest. I went to the telephone and called a New York hotel—Room 601.

And then I told him all. I had him laughing and jumping! I had him exclaiming. I had made up my mind to ease the rank disappointment he felt in not being able to be at the premiere. I attempted to make him feel the magnificent response his work had gotten from his public. And I think I succeeded. He went to sleep feeling that his efforts had not been in vain.

I went to sleep feeling happy. Another milestone in our lives was past. This night had been Lawrence's. One of his best. He had been unable to experience it. I had taken his place and felt for him every thrill that was his—and many that were my own.



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Seventeen

(Continued from page 120)

and talked. He told me that the reason he wanted to break away from me was that he was afraid he was falling in love with me and that I was too young to get married and probably could not see him for dust anyway. He wanted to cut loose while he could.

"But he did not. Before the evening was over everything was fine and I was happy and we were going together again. I did not have to just sit and wait any more. I did not have to start to the telephone to call him and then back away because it was the wrong thing to do.

"I HAD my Grant again. I was happy. AM I happy. OOOH! You can't know how much. He's my hubby now."

We had a good talk. It was during this talk that Loretta's "seventeen" showed so plainly. It was then that it became evident that Loretta Young is going to suffer many conflicts between

the instinctive emotions which motivate women and the straightforward thinking of which she is capable.

"Am I jealous? No, of course not. I trust Grant and how can you be jealous when you trust a person. Everything they do is all right because you know they will not do anything to hurt you."

That was seventeen speaking. Because every woman is jealous, including Loretta Young, who may not think she is.

She told me the story of her wedding day—the thrill of the aeroplane trip from Hollywood to Yuma, Arizona, where they went to be married because Arizona's legal age for girls is fifteen while California's is eighteen.

Loretta Young is in Love—using a large L—with Grant Withers. She thinks he is grand, wonderful. And Old Man Experience will teach Loretta that every woman in love is capable of flirtations with the green-eyed monster

called jealousy. And when she experiences it, great will-power will be needed to enable her to refrain from making snappy little remarks to Grant. Remarks which do not make for happiness.

"I am not going to be a nagging wife, not going to ask Grant where he has been when he comes in late. If he cares, he can tell me and I'll be happy, but if he does not mention it I will not ask. I think men like that—and tell you more than if you asked.

"And I'm not going to be suspicious and show it. If—I am sure this will never happen—I do suspect Grant of trotting out with someone else I'll get all the dope, cold turkey, before I mention it to him. I do not think anything is as annoying to a man as to be accused of things on suspicion. Do you?"

I congratulated her upon knowing that much about men. It showed thought and observation on the part of this particular Miss Seventeen. But thinking that way and acting that way are two different things. Which Loretta may not know yet—but will.

"Little things are important to women and I do not know why men act as they do about them. I should think that they would be tickled to death to do little things which are not much bother for the girl they loved. I know that if Grant says that he likes a certain color, I will break my neck to get a dress of that color and wear it for him; that if he says he likes my hair a certain way I'll wear it that way; and if he mentions, just in passing, that he likes spaghetti, I'll remember it and order spaghetti for dinner.

"But Grant—although he loves me as much as I love him—does not seem to be that way. I can say that he looks nice in a blue suit and he will show up in a gray. Or that I like a certain kind of chocolates and, if he brings home any candy at all, it will be peanut-brittle.

"He is getting better on those little things. And I'm sure they will be all right."

Sure? Again I wonder. Man is not built to take cognizance of little things. He knows the big one—that he loves a girl—and in his mind that is sufficient. He does the big things and figures that they are all that are needed.

Marriage is a union, Loretta realizes, in which both sides must give and take. She is prepared to give, she is prepared to take. But where seventeen-year-old Loretta Young is just a trifle off center, is in her statement that it is all going to be so easy, so lovely.

The great majority of the time it will be, but those few times of trouble which rise up in between and smite with the force of a pile-driver are going to be hard, hard, hard.

Seventeen does not know this—yet. But it will. Loretta Young has all the glorious illusions of youth—and youth brooks no defeat.

Will those instinctive, womanly emotions prove impossible hurdles? Loretta, naturally, says they will not. But then she also admits she has not experienced many of them—the unpleasant ones—to date. So she really cannot know. Neither can we. Because Loretta Young is smart.



George O'Brien, the movie star, lives at Malibu Beach and every morning he takes a dip in the Pacific Ocean. Next month THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is going to take its readers on a pictorial visit to Malibu Beach and show you how and where the famous film folk live when they are resting between pictures.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

"What a Wonderful Age We Live In!" The radio, revealing the wonder of a washing machine that makes every Monday a holiday, only serves to make me testy. Being able to fly from New York to Hollywood for twice what I'd pay on a train doesn't excite my ejaculations when I see a dumb crowd doing it for nothing. And a house equipped with an electric ice-box is nothing more than the Eskimos have had right along. What does set my corpuscles hoofing is the possibilities of television which will equip every home with Garbo. What a dent that will make in central heating systems!

Instead of a bedtime story by a politician to set you yawning there will be the vision of Jeanette MacDonald singing in her bathtub. And who will want to fly anywhere if Fifi Dorsay will fly to him singing, "I Will Do It for You." It will all be so much more personal and tete-a-tete than in a theater.

My robe and slippers, Casper, and get me Clara Bow tonight.

WORD comes from Spain that Laurel and Hardy are rocking records by talking the toreador language in their latest epic.

They're likewise crushing 'em over here.

Laugh-wringers are the most popular and most enduring stars. He who gets the last laugh lasts longest: Lloyd, Chaplin, the sprightly Doug.

Comics pay better than sex-attractions. You want to laugh the whole year round but only stay hot through the summer.

A laughing stock doesn't slump.

Sex-attraction stuff is pretty much a myth. Garbo packs the women in and Clara Bow is flappers' delight. Men

go for Lloyd, Chaplin and Doug. Chevalier and Jack Oakie warm palms from both. Buddy Rogers is the darling of the debs but every man I know is strong for boy friend Buddy.

THERE'S always opportunity for talent in the movies:

"Universal is paying two dollars for rats and one dollar for cockroaches to appear in 'All Quiet on the Western Front'" read the newspaper notice.

I was right out there the next day bright and early seeing Ivan St. Johns, with whom I have a drag. While I was waiting my test, an assistant director rushed into the office with the newspaper notice.

"Did you put out this note, Ike?" he yelled. "A fine mess. We were paying twenty-five cents for rats and now they want two bucks after seeing this note."

"Those twenty-five cent rats must have been non-union," I interposed haughtily. "Certainly they couldn't have belonged to the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Science."

Whereupon I scampered out, squealing "A cheap outfit."

Soviets campaign for a "Godless City," but Hollywood will always be the film center.

CORINNE GRIFFITH fined heavily on income tax for 1927. A fine manly nation we are! Uncle Sam must be getting senile to fine a gal with Corinne's looks. Here we have the most beautiful woman in the world . . . Miss Universe . . . Miss Heaven-and-Earth. Instead of taxing her we ought to endow her. Suppose she gets mad and goes over to another nation? Troy had a war over less.

With the Hollywood Belittlers

(Continued from page 97)

an advance on his next fortnight's salary, Whiteman asked him what he wanted it for.

"I'se gambling in the baggage car ahead with the Pullman porters," said the sepia, "we is shootin' craps."

"Oh, you don't want your advance money," cautioned Paul, "those fellows will clean you."

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet, "I'se been playin' with them just now. I can't lose, I'se cheatin'."

WHEN Samuel Goldwyn is at home the place is invariably loaded with his friends and their wives, to hear Winnie Sheehan tell it. On one such occasion the men were one flight up playing cards and the wives were in the dining-room below chatting and meowing.

Suddenly a terrific commotion came from the card room. A quarrel followed some decision and chairs bounced all over the place. When the excitement subsided, Mrs. Goldwyn who knows her husband better than any of us, shouted: "I say, up there. Who is Sam arguing with this time?"

And there, as someone probably has said before, you are—a few anecdotes and flip cracks from the Hollywood sector, where men are men and women are extras.

They are representative of the sort that come from the movie belt where you may rest assured they do not always feel funny, considering the tragedy most of them experience trying to crash the movie heavens and show the folks back home that It Can Be Done.

THE DESERTED CITY OF FILMDOM, a striking feature, with remarkakle illustrations, in the next NEW MOVIE.



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The Amazing Mother

(Continued from page 25)

Their great qualities are applauded with all her heart.

Their mistakes are forgiven but not overlooked.

Their faults rate a certain amount of plain and open comment.

I imagine it has always been like that, from the time the little family started, in days of poverty and hardship, love and laughter. The change from the days when she did all her own work, made her own dresses and those of her daughters, fought the bills and made ends meet, did china painting on the side to add to the very slender family income, the change from those days to her own car and chauffeur and every luxury haven't mattered a great deal to Peg. Glitter, even at thousands of dollars per carat, doesn't impress her in the slightest. Perhaps that is why one so seldom sees Norma Talmadge wearing her marvelous jewels.

"Life is the great thing," Peg said to me the other day, when I was lucky

enough to catch her in front of the fire in Bill Haines' marvelous library. "Life is greater than theories, than people, greater than beliefs, greater than any of its gifts or hurts. Stand up to it."

But she does value money and she has taught her daughters to value it and insisted upon a sound economic policy. She believes that poverty, debt, financial worries, can limit and burden sufficiently to cripple, to prevent the real achievement of which people are capable.

"**MONEY** doesn't mean a thing," she told her girls in the early days when money was beginning to flow in to the unbelievable tune of hundreds of dollars a week—and probably she repeated it, when the hundreds went up to thousands—"money doesn't mean a thing, but the lack of it means a lot. Money can't make you happy, but the lack of it can sometimes keep you from being happy. So don't be foolish."

And she kept right on hammering

that into them, until today all three of them are independently rich. Constance could have retired when she married Townsend Netcher, even if he hadn't had a lot of money himself.

There is something in Peg that suggests weeding out the weak and the incompetent, getting rid of the weak and unsatisfactory in society and in the individual. For all her gentleness and generosity, there is a streak of ruthless steel in Peg Talmadge. No soft and smothering mother, but a woman demanding of her daughters what one man demands of another—honor, square dealing, decency, mutual respect.

"Peg doesn't come to see me half often enough," Norma used to say, when she lived in her big house on Hollywood Boulevard. "I call her up, and call her up, but she really isn't here half as often as I'd like her to be."

Somebody repeated that to Peg. Peg grunted.

"That's a good way for her to feel," she said. "Much better than if I was always hanging around there and maybe she'd like to be alone. I know Norma. She's used to being run after. I don't run after her and it's a relief. She seeks me and we see a lot more of each other. We don't impose on each other, so our love remains happy. You can't impose, even on love."

At various times, Peg has lived with one or the other of her daughters. But not for long. She likes her own home best. Now she spends a good deal of time with Natalie and her two sons, and her apartment is in the same building with Norma, and she goes to Constance's gorgeous new beach house for visits, but she doesn't live with them. It is her choice, not theirs.

"**PEOPLE** of different ages have different interests and viewpoints," says Peg. "I like having a place of my own. I'm fortunate in having all the girls around me. I'm fortunate in that they always want me with them. But it's better for a woman like me to have her own surroundings, where she can have her own books and friends without interruption."

Yet I know that Peg Talmadge has stood like a rock, fought, sacrificed, worked for her children as completely as any mother in the world.

There is in her a hard strength. I think she sees life as Jack London used to see it—as something tremendous, vital, splendid, brutal. That hard strength in her says that life at its best is difficult and must be faced. It is the hardness which makes great foundations on which to build beautiful structures.

I remember seeing Peg once some seven years ago, about a week after the birth of Natalie's first baby. She still looked drawn and anxious. But there was a steadiness about her that must have been soul-satisfying to her daughter. No maudlin sympathy, for that Peg considers dangerous.

"It's been going on for a good many years, this having children, and most of us survive," she said. "There's too much fuss made about it. A natural, normal thing can always be faced in a natural, normal way. We must try to



What's this? George Bancroft, the great big he-man, chasing a little golf ball around the greens? Is this any way for a virile player of underworld scoundrels to put in his spare time? Anyway, George is a golf bug—and doesn't care who knows it.

take the advantages of civilization without allowing it to weaken us, without losing our primitive virtues."

Her grandchildren do more than love her. They want to be with her—which is often quite a different thing. She doesn't coddle them much. "I do have a grand time with them," she said. "You always do with grandchildren. You don't have all that weight of responsibility. You can spoil them some. I adored my kids when they were little, and we had an awful lot of fun together. But I didn't spoil them."

NORMA told me one time that as long as she lived she would never forget a talk she had with her mother when she was a young girl in high school.

"I had been playing hookey to act some plays in the park with a couple of other girls," she said. "I was just crazy about acting, though I'd never thought of being an actress."

"Mother found out about it. She didn't scold me, but she came up to my room that night and for the first time Dutch and Nate were shut out. Then she sat down and explained to me very carefully my position in life. That I had no money and no position back of me, that I would be forced to earn my own living and that I would have to get whatever I wanted out of life by my own efforts. She showed me how hard it had been for her to give me an education, and what it should mean to me."

"She told me that everyone must face things as they were and that the worst crime of all was not to play square with others and with yourself. She showed me that playing hookey when I should be getting an education for use later on was the worst kind of sportsmanship."

"She always made us play fair in everything and we loved it. We loved doing our share, helping her, carrying what part of things we could. I'm sure we loved her much, much better than if she'd spoiled us. We respected her so much."

I HAVE been to many a "cat party" in Hollywood where there were twenty or thirty girls and seen Norma and Connie and Peg seek one corner in which to eat their supper—just because they actually had more fun together.

The Peg Talmadge who mothered and raised three such girls as Norma, Constance and Natalie, the Peg Talmadge who stood back of them and fought for them, is an amazing woman, of course. Much more amazing than her daughters, as the creator is often more amazing than the thing he creates.

But the Peg Talmadge of today is even more amazing. Many mothers can meet the problems of feeding, washing, disciplining children of eight or ten. But the mother who on through all the years of her daughters' lives stands as their best friend, their most sought companion and their most feared and respected critic, is more unusual.

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The Reviews of all the New Pictures

on Pages 84-86

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star.

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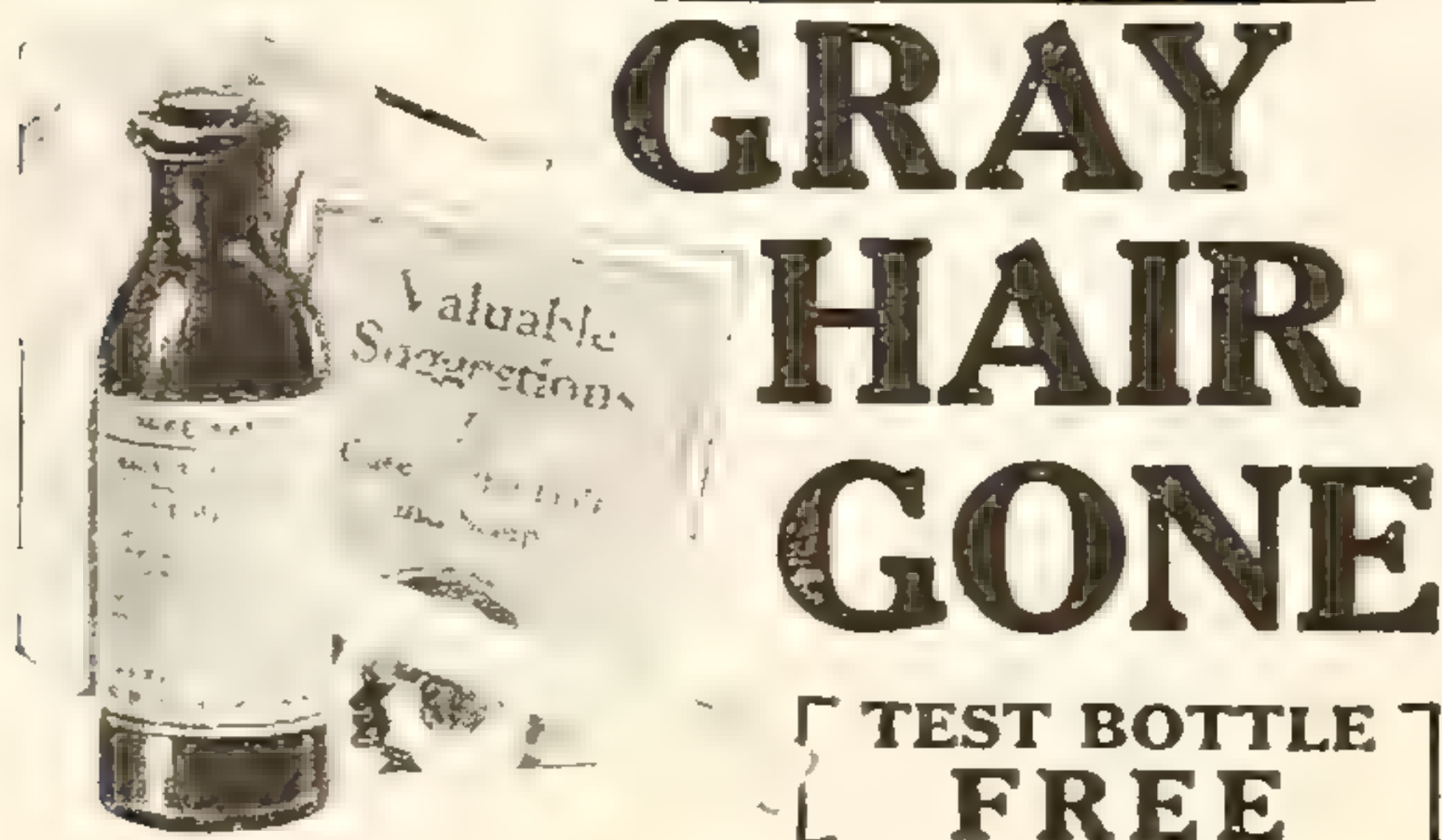
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MARY T. GOLDMAN

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Color of your hair?.....

Adela Rogers St. Johns Interviews Al Jolson

(Continued from page 50)

but I forget what cards have been played."

He looked childishly depressed.

"Well," he said, brightening, "there were certainly lots of things doing around here Saturday night, weren't there? Mayfairs, and Embassys, and parties. Joe wanted me to go to that party with him. But I never go to parties. You know what my wife and I did Saturday night?"

"**W**ELL, we had dinner at home—roast beef and mashed potatoes, and my cook can sure cook that and it's my favorite dish, next to spare ribs and cabbage—and then we went down to the RKO theater and saw a picture. It was a good picture, too. Then I said, 'Ruby, what do you want to do now?' She said, 'I'd like a cup of hot chocolate.' So we went into a Piggly-Wiggly shop—no, a Pig and Whistle Shop—and had a hot chocolate and then we went out to Grauman's Chinese and saw the midnight show of 'The Rogue Song.' Wasn't that wonderful? Ruby had seen it before, and she liked it better the second time. Then we had another hot-chocolate and went home to bed. That's my idea of a fine evening."

I thought of the fascinating and vivacious Ruby Keeler, who, before she became Mrs. Al Jolson, had been the idol of New York night life. I said, "How does Mrs. Jolson like such a quiet life?"

He twinkled all over and all the little laugh lines around his eyes broke out. "It's funny," he said, "but she's beginning to like it a lot. I told her it was worth a try, because I'd found it was the best way, not always to be tearing around after other folks and now—she actually likes it."

"Is she going to play opposite you in your next picture as the paper said?" I asked him.

"**I**T'S not settled yet," he said, "but I don't think so. They asked her if she wanted to play the feminine lead, but she said to me, 'Al, I don't want to play the feminine lead. I don't know anything about pictures. I'd rather start in some smaller part. You'd be nervous and I'd be nervous. I don't think it would be so good.' She's no dumbbell, if she is my wife. Sam Goldwyn wanted her for a big part with Eddie Cantor in 'Whoopie' but she turned that down. She said to me, 'They'll never get a chance to bill a Jolson under a Cantor.'"

"She doesn't seem to care so much about working. She's taken up piano and Pekinese. Dogs, you know. She's doing wonderfully on the piano. Only five lessons, and she's doing fine. She said to me the other night, 'Al, in another year I'll be making your orchestration.'"

He grinned broadly. Even the

casual eye can see that Al Jolson is very much in love.

I wondered why the Jolson estate and mansion hadn't been added to the other movie estates in Beverly Hills. I asked him.

"Not for me," he said. "No houses for me. Ever since I've been out here those real estate cuckoos have been trying to sell me houses. One of them hasn't given up yet. But not for me. I should have a swimming pool on my shoulders."

"About a year ago, Joe Schenck said to me, 'Al, where do you want to live? Do you want me to get you a nice house somewhere?' I said 'No, I don't want any houses. I'd like a nice apartment somewhere. When I was young and broke, I always thought if I could have a real nice apartment it would suit me down to the ground. I guess I'll stick to that.' So Joe says, 'Well, do you want an apartment in Beverly Hills?' and I said, 'No, down-town somewhere, near the theaters. I haven't got time to live in Beverly Hills.' Well, Joe owns the Talmadge apartments on Wilshire Boulevard, so he says, 'Al, I'll shake you dice, double or nothing for a life lease on an apartment there.' I won."

"It's a fine way for a busy man to live. Not too big, got two bedrooms and a grand piano. I spent five thousand dollars fixing up a bedroom for my wife for Christmas. She lets me sleep there, too."

"But it's simple. We haven't any servant problem, or any guest problem, and we don't have to worry about the swimming pool and the furnace, and entertaining. I haven't time for that. If I've got to worry, I'd rather worry about my work. We're satisfied just like we are."

HE is a very hard worker, and his work absorbs him. He is very happy over "Mammy," which has just been previewed in Los Angeles and hailed with delight by critics and producers.

"It's not a tear picture," he said emphatically. "I think you can overdo sentimentality. I think we've overdone it a bit. But I didn't have anything to do with that. Anyway, 'Mammy' is mostly laughs. I hope people will like it as well as I do. I think it's my best picture."

Just before I said goodbye, Jolson, in speaking of Maurice Chevalier, said, "Personality is a universal language."

It is. He has it. His last picture ran eleven months in Paris and his fan mail from Germany is enormous.

Anyone who speaks a universal language is a blessing to mankind. He is unconsciously furthering the cause of universal peace, which now more than ever is close to every woman's heart. Al Jolson speaks laughter and tears in every language.

THE NEW MOVIE will take its readers next month upon a pictorial trip through Malibu Beach, the seaside Movie Colony

Watch for This Feature!

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

a professional finish. Another excellent help in holding a wave in the hair is a fine cap to be worn at night, during the bath or at home during the day when you are anxious to keep that wave looking its best. The cap holds the original design of the wave and keeps the hair from becoming tumbled about.

It is, of course, pleasant to dry one's hair in the sun whenever it is possible. However, too much sunlight can injure the scalp just as it injures the skin, and constant exposure to the sun, particularly in midsummer, tends to make the hair itself streaky and bleached looking. Many women return from the summer vacations with their hair several shades lighter than its winter color. The scalp, I need not say, should not be sunburned, as a sunburn is as disagreeable as dandruff and much more painful.

IN brushing the hair, be sure to take a long, even stroke with the brush and do not be hasty or careless about it. You are apt to whip the hair and break off the ends in uneven lengths. The brush should loosen the scalp, but the scalp should be brushed just enough to give a brisk glow and not hard enough to injure the delicate skin.

For hair which has a tendency to grow lifeless, nothing is so effective as a hot oil shampoo. Heat the oil—and it should be pure olive oil—to a temperature that feels pleasantly warm to the scalp but not hot enough to burn. With a comb, part the hair into narrow strands and apply the oil with a small piece of cotton. After the scalp is thoroughly saturated rub in the oil briskly with the fingers, using a rotary movement.

In giving a hot oil shampoo, expert hair dressers plunge a towel into steaming hot water, wring it out and wrap it around the head. The hot towel is allowed to stay on the head for several minutes, as the heat opens the pores and the oil soaks into the scalp.

Such a shampoo—and, indeed, no other sort of shampoo where such simple materials are used—will not make the hair dry. Naturally, all the oil is washed from the hair. But after using the oil, you will need plenty of hot water and plenty of good liquid soap.

INQUIRIES

MRS. M. B. Y., *St. Louis, Mo.* The exercises you are using are excellent for reducing, but you haven't given them a fair chance. You cannot expect to reduce so drastically in one week. All reducing exercises must be pursued with persistence and patience, if they are to be successful. And such a routine should be adopted before you have allowed yourself to gain so much extra poundage.

CARLOTTA T., *Jersey City.* To be strictly correct, a girl of fourteen should wear very little make-up. But I realize that "all the girls do it." A little powder, applied with discretion, is all right and, for parties, you may use a light lipstick. But be careful not to exceed the bounds of good taste. If you are careful and discreet about it, you will not be criticized. I do not consider the use of make-up a sign of vanity. And, anyway, all women should be a little vain.

J. I. K., *Los Angeles, Calif.* With your coloring—and considering the semi-tropical climate in which you live—I would suggest greens, with plenty of yellow in them—yellow-oranges, dark reds and rich browns. But no dark blues and no blacks unless enlivened by white or gayer colors. As for the question of hats, the new models which have a small brim shading the face are most attractive for women who have rather large features.

LOIS M., *New Orleans, La.* Gently massage the nails with oil before you manicure them and do not cut the cuticle. The cuticle should be gently pushed back with an orange stick. Use a good hand lotion, too, after washing your hands.



Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.

celebrated motion picture star, whose latest production is the First National picture, "Loose Ankles," says:

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IF you are interested in first-hand news of the pictures and the stars... read "The New Movie Magazine" every month. The star writers of Hollywood and New York are regular contributors... Adela Rogers St. Johns and Herbert Howe are among those who write for "The New Movie Magazine" exclusively in the motion picture field.

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"Let's take Butch for a ride," remarks Scartoath.
"He rattled de cup on de beer mob."

Roxy Usher Makes Good

(Continued from page 31)

Buppy: Life is a high spring-board over a frog pond, eh Cholmondeley?

Cholmondeley: Rather a ghastly tale by Edgar Wallace—but let's carry on, Buppy.

Buppy: Righto, no end.

Cholmondeley: Two lumps of arsenic?

Buppy: C'est vrai, mon vieux!

Cholmondeley: Pip pip!

tween Othello and Desdemona. Or even between Othello and Peter Pan.

Othello: Yeah?

Peter Pan: Yeah!

Othello: Oh yeah?

Peter Pan: Yeah!

Othello: Sez you.

Peter Pan: Sez me.

Othello: Oh yeah?

Peter Pan: Yeah.

I WILL be very glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience, Mr. Editor. You can address me, Aisle Three, Section A, Sub-Division Forty-Six, North-North-East Sector, Mezzanine XU-11, The Roxy Theatre, New York City.

Sincerely,

Oswald Scramonoff

(Coming soon to this theatre—another talking short: *How To Write Talking Picture Reviews.*)

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Adela Rogers St. Johns will tell the absorbing and dramatic story of the popular young star

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The Lost Legion

(Continued from page 55)

has since fought all over the world in various armies. He wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, both the French and Polish Croix de Guerre, the Médaille Coloniale du Tonkin and numerous other decorations. He acted and served as technical director on "Beau Geste" and other important pictures of the Legion.

AUSTRALIA gives us Major Frank C. Baker, veteran of Gallipoli and wearer of the Military Cross, the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Croix de Guerre. Major Maurice Talbot, who served in the King's Royal Rifles and later as an officer, saw hard fighting in India, Egypt, South Africa, the Soudan and Mesopotamia. Paul de Gaston saw service with the French and Americans and his father was one of the few white men ever raised to the rank of a mandarin of China. He speaks and writes, in addition to English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, fifteen Chinese dialects. The Hungarian Army saw Lieutenant Louis Gergey, an officer of Field Artillery from 1914 to 1918. He later fought in the Bela Kuhn revolution and wears five bravery medals. The son of a desert chieftain is Dawood Ayoob who served in the Turkish army, was an outlaw in the mountains and deserts for three years and was with the Lawrence (King Feisal) expedition.

Among America's World War heroes there are many who are now members of Hollywood's peace-time army. Dave Hayden won his Congressional Medal of Honor and the Italian Medal Militaire for gallantry while serving with the Sixth Marines at Thiachourt. Louis Van Irsul and Ed Lindquist are also Congressional Medal men while J. P. Ligon won the D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre.

MANY of the stars and feature players of the movies have seen active service but probably only Victor McLaglen can merit the title of Soldier of Fortune. "Vic" has fought and adventured in every part of the world before finally settling down to picture making.

This movie army, like every other man's army, must eat, sleep, be clothed, equipped and given medical attention while in the field and requires a vast organization behind the front in order that it may function as a fighting unit. When working on the lot, they stay at home but when on location they live very much as do soldiers in the field. They are quartered in regulation army tents, fall in line with their mess kits for meals and indulge in outdoor sports when not working. Some directors insist that military discipline and army regulations be observed and carried out in every way. During the filming of "Beau Geste" on location in the Arizona desert, the men were awakened by the bugle call, fell in for roll-call, saluted their officers and stood "retreat" each evening, but it is seldom that military effect is carried to this extent. In this picture of the Foreign Legion, incidentally, twenty-three nations furnished the fighting men who made up the movie "army." Even

(Continued on page 131)

FRECKLES



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Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 89)

were honest, middle-class folks who did as much as they could for their baby girls.

At the age of fourteen Norma was a doll-like blonde of piquant prettiness, high-spirited, full of fun, mimicking everything and everybody with whom she came in contact and enjoying a popularity which would have spoilt a less well-balanced nature.

She sought engagements in several local amateur theatrical organizations and appeared in quite a few with success. But this did not satisfy her ambitions and when the opportunity presented itself she and her sister set off for New York with a slender purse, the dubious blessing of their parents and a few letters of introduction from a Montreal newspaper man to theatrical and film producers in New York City and district.

They were fortunate in securing an engagement very shortly after their arrival and went through the routine experience of chorus work on the road. After the season of touring the sisters separated, and Norma continued discovering how hard and uninteresting theatrical life can be in a touring company, while her sister Athol chose the less ambitious but more comfortable existence of a show girl on Broadway.

NORMA SHEARER'S first effort to enter the movies was not crowned with success, for although she made several fugitive appearances in crowds at Fort Lee and elsewhere under the ægis of the Fox Company, it was some considerable time before she attracted the attention of the director and was entrusted with a very minor rôle.

From the start, however, she had held before her a definite goal and as she was a girl of exceptional common-sense, determination, and perseverance she was never downcast by slow progress, but kept on making applications until eventually, by her diligence and by her sedulous cultivation of a definite, characteristic type, and by her easy adaptation of herself to the special requirements and limitations of the film studio, she convinced her directors that

she was well qualified to play a major rôle.

Her first leading rôle was in "Pleasure Mad" and the success she recorded in this was both artistic and practical, and was the means of securing for her a very profitable contract with the Metro-Goldwyn Corporation. She did not, however, neglect her studies but devoted more time than ever to learning the many seemingly trifling but really significant details of the film studio. She studied every part given her very closely with the result that when she was entrusted with the rôle of the heroine in "He Who Gets Slapped" she was able to give such a performance as caused no little sensation even in the blasé film world of Hollywood.

Since then Miss Shearer has never looked back. Such films as "His Secretary," "Upstage" and "Old Heidelberg," served to establish her reputation firmly with an ever-widening circle of film fans by whom she is regarded with very loyal affection. She has always enjoyed a singularly clear articulation and her voice is ideal for the talking film. This was demonstrated particularly in "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

She is one of the few film actresses who give personal, not second-hand attention to their mail, and her sympathetic help has been keenly appreciated by many a young girl with ambitions to enter the film world.

Five feet three inches in height, with luxurious hair and blue eyes, Norma also enjoys a complexion of brilliant quality. She takes sedulous personal care of herself, lives a normal, energetic healthy life, is an ardent reader, enjoys sport and is always a welcome figure at any social gathering. Her marriage to Irving Thalberg a short time ago was a swift culmination to a genuine romance. He is one of the most interesting and ablest of the younger producers.

Miss Shearer has invested her money very wisely and is today a heavy holder of valuable real estate in Los Angeles and vicinity. Her mother acts as her secretary, and her father is now in California, too.

"I'm Not Afraid of Ghosts"

(Continued from page 80)

house the way it is now. Remember the gorgeous velvet drapes and heavy expensive and imported tapestries; to say nothing of artistic furniture he had in these rooms? Look at them now. All we did was move a flock of the ranch stuff into the place and let it go at that. Harry and I do not want the place Valentino and Natacha wanted. We've lived on the ranch too long to be comfortable in that sort of place. And what the kids would do to it would be nobody's business.

"That's the closest I can come to ghosts. If Rudy has one I'll bet a

plugged nickel against a ten-dollar bill that all the noises we hear are moans of pain when he sees the way his former palace—which he and Natacha spent so much time on decorating—has been turned into a ranch house for a good old ranch family which does not put on any dog. A family which will have horses and dogs and kids around the house—but no ghosts."

And it is thus that the ghost of Rudolph Valentino is laid. Thus that the Haunted House of Benedict Canyon is no more. Rudy's ghost, if he has one, has sought other places.

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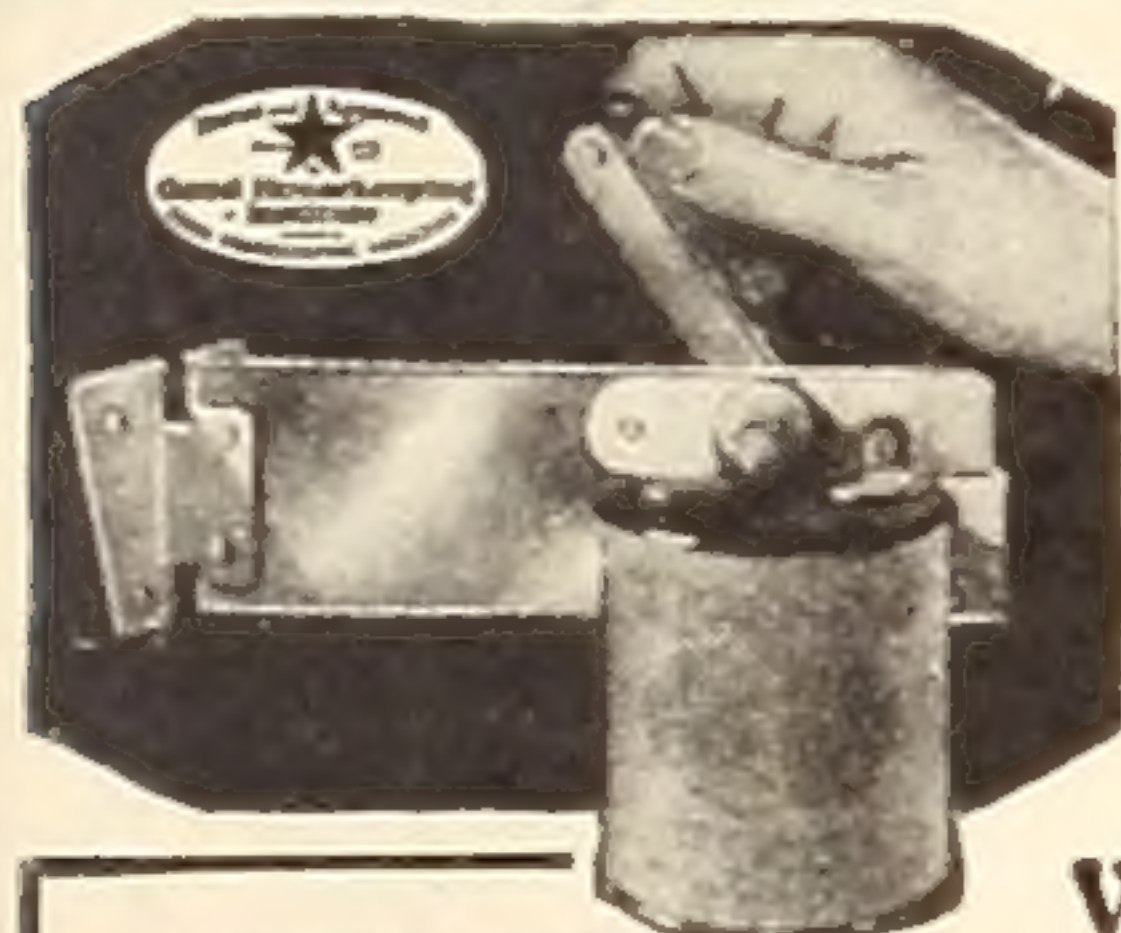
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The Lost Legion

(Continued from page 129)

Ronald Colman, the star is a veteran British officer.

Supplying the movie army with uniforms is in itself a big business. These uniforms must be technically correct in every detail and are obtained by the studios from big costume houses in Los Angeles, who usually purchase them direct from various foreign governments. So huge and complete are their stocks that they can at any time furnish complete uniforms for any army, during any period, in lots of hundreds, or in some cases, thousands. When the uniforms desired are not available, they must be made to special order. Many of the uniforms used in World War pictures saw actual service in the lines.

THE supplying of weapons and field equipment for the "army" forms another branch of the business. The major part of this equipment is owned by a private corporation and leased to the various studios as needed. According to Jack Giddings, one of the executives of this corporation, they now have on hand in various warehouses, more than \$2,000,000 worth of such equipment, ranging from side arms to siege guns and from mess kits to captive balloons such as were used for observation purposes during the war. They, too, can supply equipment for armies of all nations and all periods, from Revolutionary flint-locks to modern machine-guns. The various armies of the world notify them when sales of military equipment are to be held and their agents are always on hand to bid on equipment for Hollywood's "army."

There are, of course, many other men who contribute their share to the success of war pictures and who can rightfully be termed members of the moving picture army. The flying men, headed by Dick Grace, premier stunt man, are nearly all men who won their wings above the trenches. Another interesting group are the technical directors upon whose shoulders falls the burden of seeing that uniforms, battlefields, equipment, weapons, drills, regulations, etc., used in various battles are technically perfect. This knowledge comes largely from personal experience and a number of the men already mentioned in this article also serve in that capacity.

Hard boiled "top kicks" of the old regular army have also found their place in Hollywood's "army" where their abilities are used to drill and handle large groups of men. "Red" Blaire, one of the best known of these, can not only handle men but can also instruct them in the drill manual of any army from the Chinese to the Swiss National Guard and have them letter perfect.

And so, although the world is more or less at peace and disarmament conferences are the order of the day, as long as film fans thrill to the conflict of armed men, Hollywood's standing "army" will not be mustered out, and here in the shadows of the studios there will be a place where the fighting men of the world can fill their nostrils with the smell of burning powder, their ears with the thunder of the guns and their souls with the satisfaction of the comradeship of real men!

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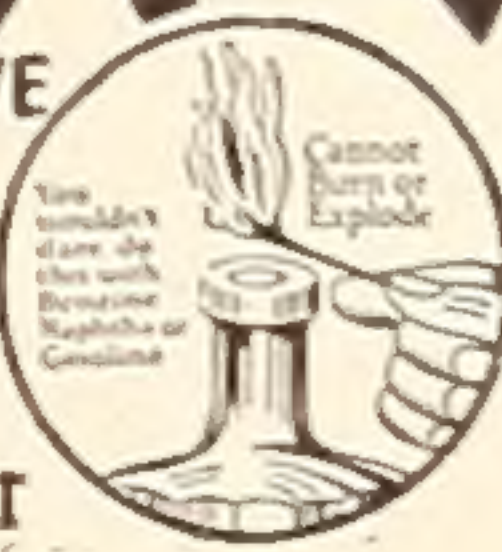
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The Seriousness of Being Funny in Four Languages

(Continued from page 68)



Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel look over a copy of their favorite motion picture magazine, *THE NEW MOVIE*. Stan is pointing out Homer Croy's "We Have With Us Tonight" to his comedy pal.

loudly that the landlady could not hear the sizzling.

Meantime Oliver Hardy started

out to be a great and learned lawyer—and ended up by letting people throw pies at him. But, lads and

lassies, there's more money in the pie business, roughly speaking than in the learned law business. He was graduated from the law department of the University of Georgia, and hung out his shingle but spiders came and clouded it up.

"If spiders are the only ones who ever come to my office, I am going out to look for something else," quoth the brilliant young legal mind, and forthwith he got himself a job singing on the stage. The first time he ever stood in front of a camera was in Jacksonville, Florida, for the old Lubin company.

HARDY gets relief from being funny in four languages by playing golf. He is a golf fiend, and has twenty-four cups sitting on his mantel-piece, to say nothing of two gold medals which he picked up along the way.

Herr Laurel and Monsieur Hardy are sometimes thrown into the breach when things look too solemn. M-G-M., so 'tis said, had four reels of "The Rogue Song" finished and, when they looked at it in the little fateful projecting-room, they decided it lacked humor, and so a fleet-footed messenger raced down Washington Boulevard to the Roach studio, went into conference, papers were signed and Laurel and Hardy were brought on the run. At night, when the rest of the Rogue players would clear off, Laurel and Hardy would come on with their own rogueries, and the picture made history. Of course, it was not due to Laurel and Hardy, but they had, so to speak, a finger in the pie.

IN looking back over this article I see that I have not been as heavy and impressive as I should have been, so now as I approach my peroration I will throw in the solemn part for those who love solemnity. And that is about the speed with which American talking pictures are spreading over the world—and the shock troops are Laurel and Hardy.

For a time it seemed as if talking pictures would put a quietus on the American invasion abroad; it seemed as if each country would rush in and make their own pictures, and then the impresarios of Hollywood hit on the idea of doing several versions of the same picture. And that is what is being done right now and today in Hollywood. But mostly stars are hired who can manipulate two languages, with the minor parts filled with actors native to the land where the pictures are to be shown. For instance, Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in "The Big Pond."

And then along came Laurel and Hardy who can speak only English and American and are required to do pictures in four languages! But they are doing it and doing it successfully.

Bravo! Also, Banzai!—which pretty soon they'll probably have to be doing, too.

They're good scouts—long may they rave.



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